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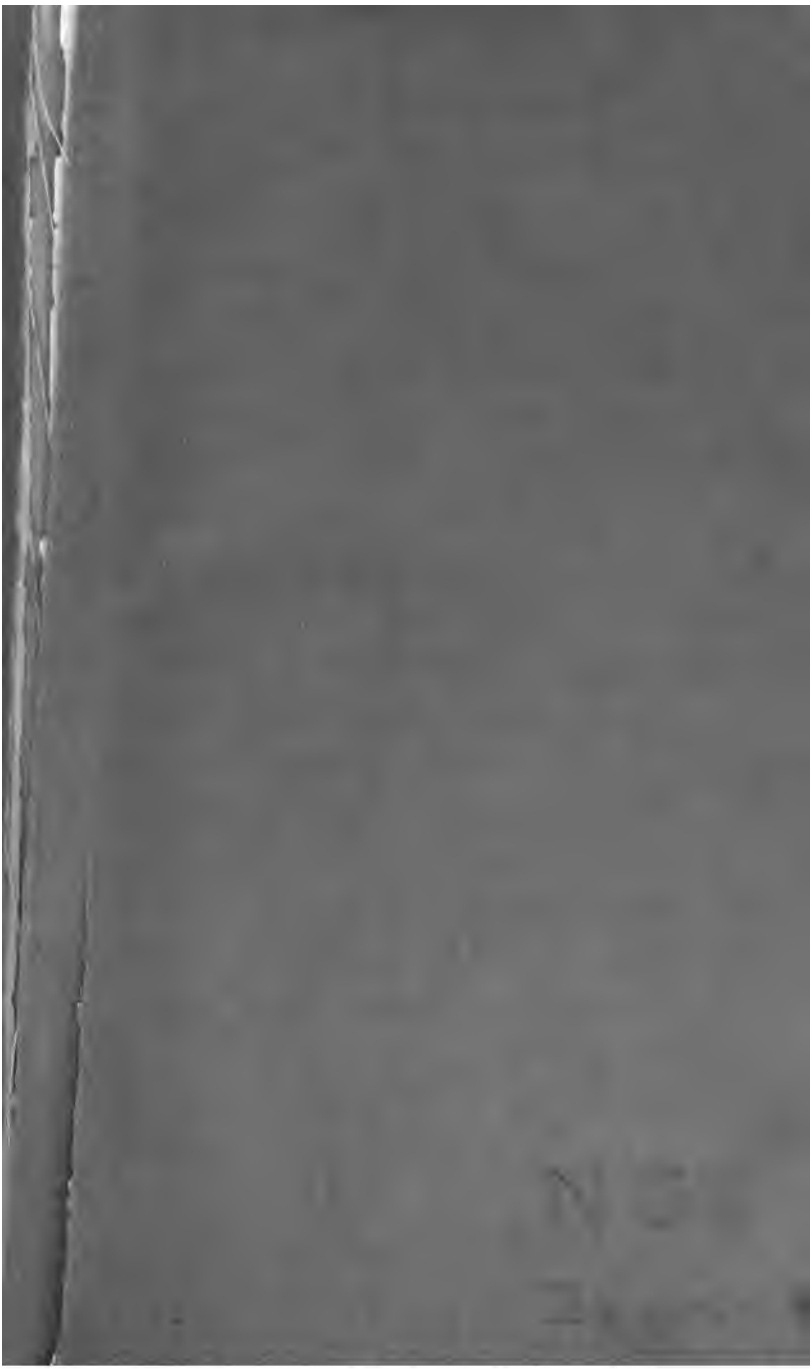

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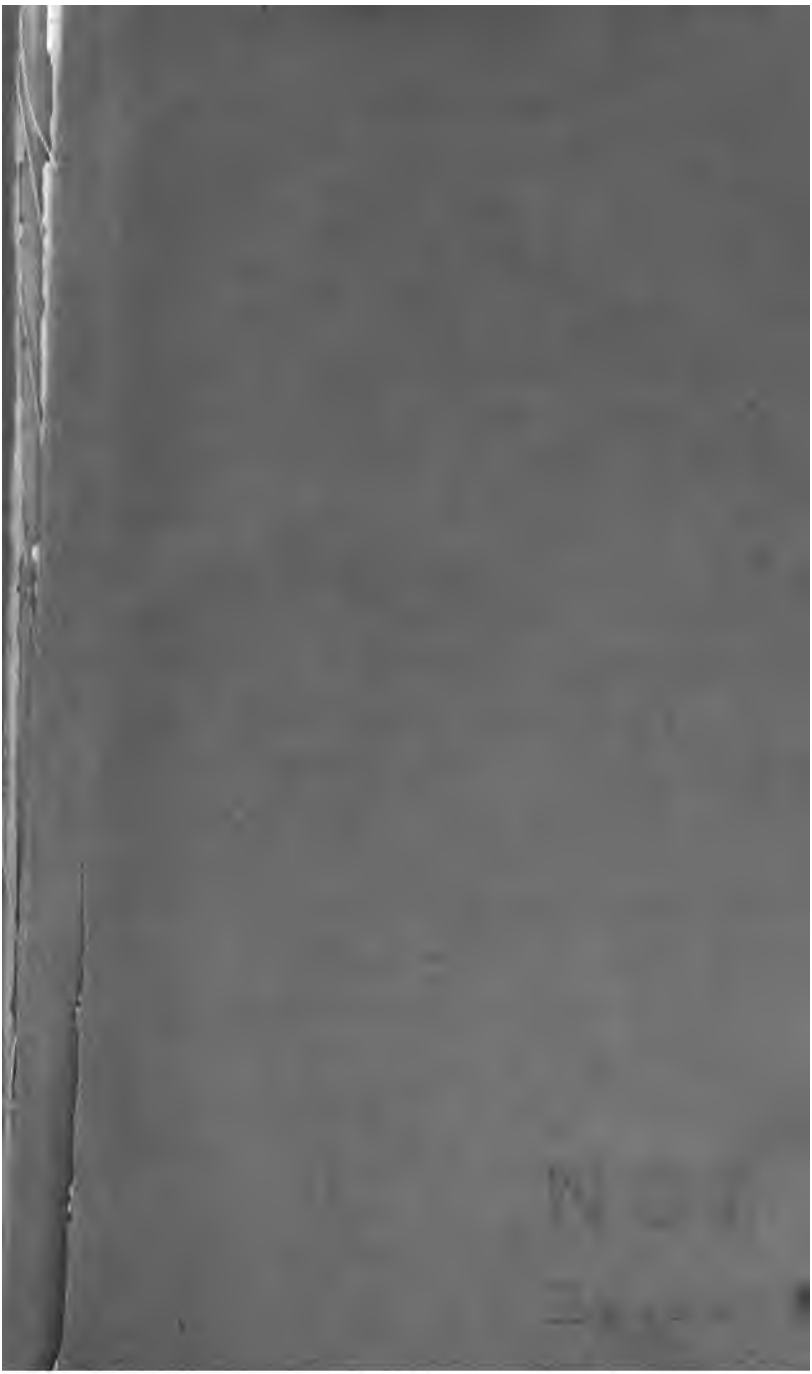

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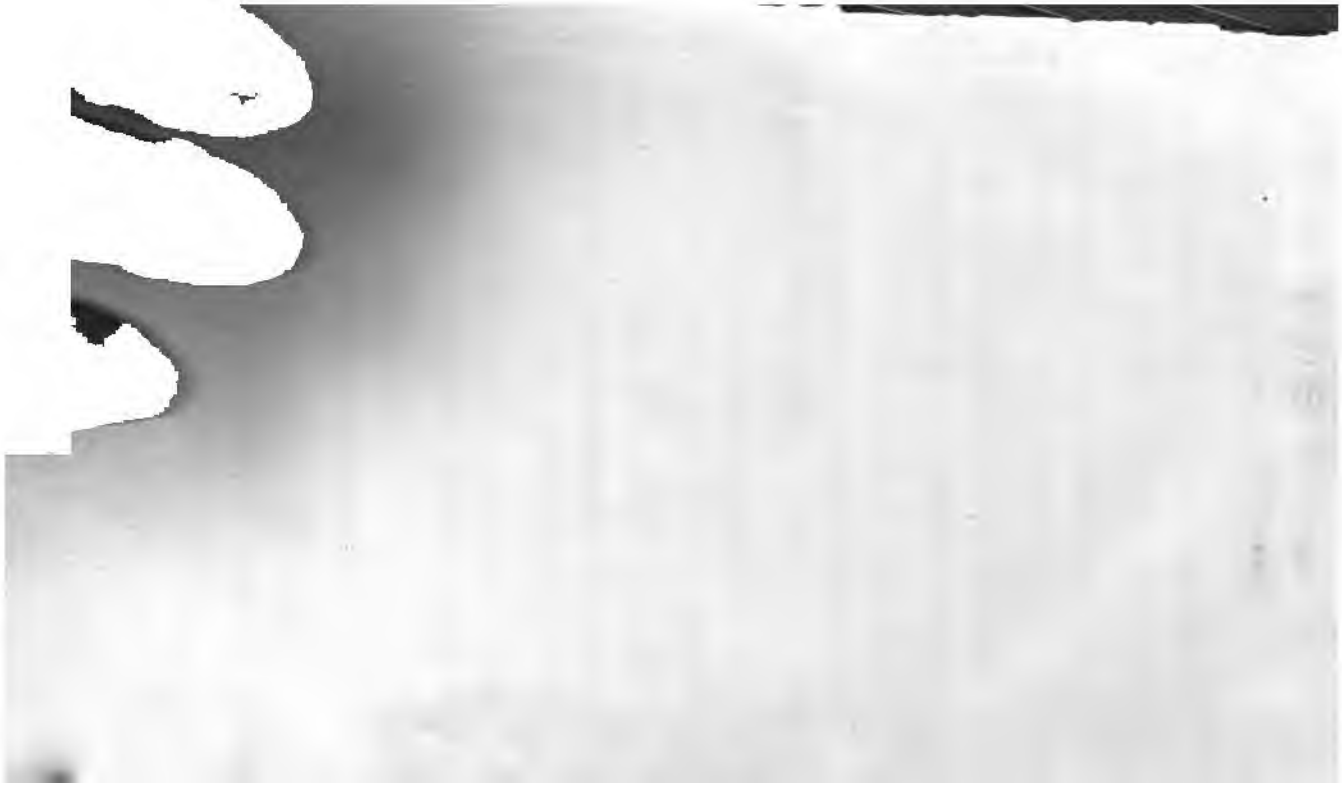

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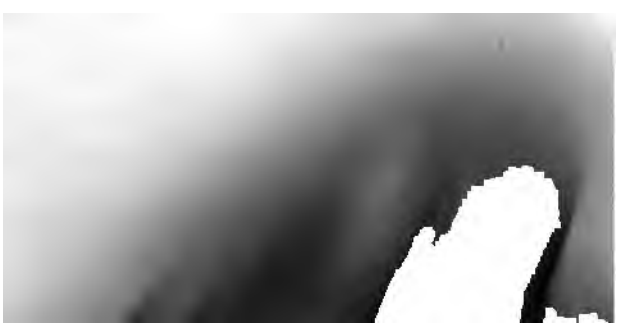

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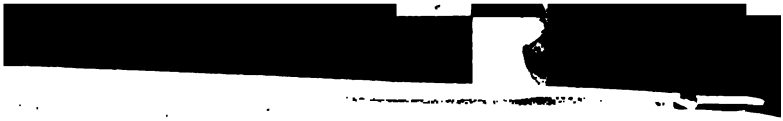

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MA(

Mac Flecknoe.

ALL human things are ſubject to decay,
And, when Fate ſummons, Monarchs muſt obey:
This *Flecknoe* found, who, like *Auguſtus*, young
Was call'd to Empire, and had govern'd long:
In Proſe and Verſe, was own'd, without diſpute,
Through all the Realms of *Non-ſenſe*, abſolute.
This aged Prince now flouriſhing in Peace,
And bleſt with iſſue of a large increaſe;
Worn out with buſineſs, did at length debate
To ſettle the Succeſſion of the State:
And pond'ring which of all his Sons was fit
To Reign, and wage immortal War with Wit:
Cry'd, 'tis reſolv'd; for Nature pleads that He
Should only rule, who moſt reſembles me:

Sh——alone my perfect image bears,
Nature in dulneſs from his tender years.
Sh——alone of all my Sons is he
Who ſtands confirm'd in full ſtupidity.
The reſt to ſome faint meaning make pretence,
But *Sh*—— never deviates into ſenſe.
Some Beams of Wit on other Souls may fall,
Strike through and make a lucid interval;
But *Sh*—'s genuine night admits no ray,
His riſing Fogs prevail upon the Day:
Beſides, his goodly Fabrick fills the eye,
And ſeems deſign'd for thoughtleſs Majeſty:
Thoughtleſs as Monarch Oaks, that ſhade the plain
And, ſpread in ſolemn ſtate, ſupinely reign.
Heywood and *Sherley* were but Types of thee,
Thou laſt great Prophet of Tautology:
Even I, a dunce of more renown than they,
Was ſent before but to prepare thy way:
And courſly clad in *Norwich* Drugget came
To teach the Nations in thy greater name.
My warbling Lute, the Lute I whilom ſtrung,
When to King *John* of *Portugal* I ſung,

Wa

Was but the prelude to that glorious day,
When thou on ſilver *Thames* did'ſt cut thy way,
With well-tim'd Oars before the Royal Barge,
Swell'd with the Pride of thy Celeſtial charge;
And big with Hymn, Commander of an Hoſt,
The like was ne'er in *Epſom* Blankets toſt.
Methinks I ſee the new *Arion* Sail,
The Lute ſtill trembling underneath thy nail.
At thy weſt ſharpned thumb from Shore to Shore
The Treble ſqueaks for fear, the Baſes roar:
Echoes from *Piſſing-Ally*, *Sh*— call,
And *Sh*— they reſound from *Aſton Hall.*
About thy Boat the little Fiſhes throng,
As at the morning Toaſt, that Floats along.
Sometimes as Prince of thy Harmonious band
Thou weild'ſt thy Papers in thy threſhing hand.
St. *Andre's* feet ne'er kept more equal time,
Not ev'n the feet of thy own *Pſyche*'s Rhime:
Though they in number as in ſenſe excel;
So juſt, ſo like Tautology they fell,

That, pale with envy, *Singleton* foreſwore
The Lute and Sword which he in Triumph bore,
And vow'd he ne'er wou'd act *Villerius* more.
Here ſtopt the good old *Syre*; and wept for joy
In ſilent raptures of the hopeful boy.
All Arguments, but moſt his Plays, perſwade,
That for anointed dulneſs he was made.

Cloſe to the Walls which fair *Auguſta* bind,
(The fair *Auguſta* much to fears inclin'd)
An ancient fabrick, rais'd t' inform the ſight,
There ſtood of yore, and *Barbican* it hight:
A watch Tower once; but now, ſo Fate ordains,
Of all the Pile an empty name remains.
From its old Ruins Brothel-houſes riſe,
Scenes of lewd loves, and of polluted joys.
Where their vaſt Courts the Mother-Strumpets keep,
And, undiſturb'd by Watch, in ſilence ſleep.
Near theſe a Nurſery erects its head,
Where Queens are form'd, and future Hero's bred;
Where unfledg'd Actors learn to laugh and cry,
Where infant Punks their tender Voices try,
And little *Maximins* the Gods defie.

Great

Great *Fletcher* never treads in Buskins here,
Nor greater *Johnſon* dares in Socks appear.
But gentle *Simkin* juſt reception finds
Amidſt this Monument of vaniſht minds:
Pure Clinches, the ſuburbian Muſe affords;
And *Panton* waging harmleſs War with words.
Here *Flecknoe*, as a place to Fame well known,
Ambitiouſly deſign'd his *Sh*——'s Throne.
For antient *Decker* propheſi'd long ſince,
That in this Pile ſhould reign a mighty Prince,
Born for a ſcourge of Wit, and flayle of Senſe:
To whom true dulneſs ſhould ſome *Pſyches* owe,
But Worlds of *Miſers* from his pen ſhould flow;
Humoriſts and *Hypocrites* it ſhould produce,
Whole *Raymond* Families, and Tribes of *Bruce*.

Now Empreſs *Fame* had publiſht the renown
Of *Sh*——'s Coronation through the Town.
Rows'd by report of Fame, the Nations meet,
From near *Bun-hill*, and diſtant *Watling-ſtreet*.
No *Perſian* Carpets ſpread th' Imperial way,
But ſcatter'd Limbs of mangled Poets lay:

From dusty shops neglected Authors come,
Martyrs of Pies, and Reliques of the Bum.
Much *Heywood*, *Shirly*, *Ogleby* there lay,
But loads of *Sh*— almost choakt the way.
Bilk't *Stationers* for Yeomen stood prepar'd,
And *H*—*n* was Captain of the Guard.
The Hoary Prince in Majesty appear'd,
High on a Throne of his own Labours rear'd.
At his right hand our young *Ascanius* sate
Rome's other hope, and Pillar of the State,
His Brows thick fogs, instead of glories, grace,
And lambent dulness plaid around his face.
As *Hannibal* did to the Altars come,
Swore by his *Syre* a mortal Foe to *Rome*;
So *Sh*— swore, nor should his Vow be vain,
That he till Death true dulness would maintain;
And in his father's Right, and Realms defence,
Ne'r to have peace with Wit, nor truce with Sense.
The King himself the sacred Unction made,
As King by Office, and as Priest by Trade:
In his sinister hand, instead of Ball,
He plac'd a mighty Mug of potent Ale;

Love's

Love's Kingdom to his right he did convey,
At once his Sceptre and his rule of Sway;
Whoſe righteous Lore the Prince had practis'd young,
And from whoſe Loyns recorded *Pſyche* ſprung.
His Temples laſt with Poppies were o'erſpread,
That nodding ſeem'd to conſecrate his head:
Juſt at that point of time, if Fame not lye,
On his left hand twelve reverend *Owls* did fly.
So *Romulus*, 'tis ſung, by *Tyber*'s Brook,
Preſage of Sway from twice ſix Vultures took.
Th' admiring throng loud acclamations make,
And Omens of his future Empire take.
The *Syre* then ſhook the honours of his head,
And from his brows damps of oblivion ſhed
Full on the filial dulneſs: long he ſtood,
Repelling from his Breaſt the raging God;
At length burſt out in this prophetick mood:
Heavens bleſs my Son, from *Ireland* let him reign
To far *Barbadoes* on the Weſtern main;
Of his Dominion may no end be known,
And greater than his Father's be his Throne,

Beyond love's Kingdom let him ſtretch his Pen;
He paus'd, and all the people cry'd *Amen.*
Then thus, continu'd he, my Son advance
Still in new Impudence, new Ignorance.
Succeſs let others teach, learn thou from me
Pangs without birth, and fruitleſs Induſtry.
Let *Virtuoſo's* in five Years be writ;
Yet not one thought accuſe thy toyl of Wit.
Let gentle *George* in triumph tread the Stage,
Make *Dorimant* betray, and *Loveit* rage;
Let *Cully*, *Cockwood*, *Fopling*, charm the Pit,
And in their folly ſhew the Writers wit.
Yet ſtill thy fools ſhall ſtand in thy defence,
And juſtifie their Author's want of ſenſe.
Let 'em be all by thy own model made
Of dulneſs, and deſire no foreign aid:
That they to future ages may be known,
Not Copies drawn, but iſſue of thy own.
Nay let thy men of Wit too be the ſame,
All full of thee, and differing but in name;
But let no alien *S--dl--y* interpoſe
To lard with wit thy hungry *Epſom* proſe.

And

And when falſe flowers of *Rhetorick* thou would'ſt cull,
Truſt Nature, do not labour to be dull;
But write thy beſt, and top; and in each line,
Sir *Formal*'s oratory will be thine,
Sir *Formal*, though unſought, attends thy quill,
And does thy *Northern Dedications* fill.
Nor let falſe friends ſeduce thy mind to fame,
By arrogating *Johnſon*'s Hoſtile name.
Let Father *Flecknoe* fire thy mind with praiſe,
And Uncle *Ogleby* thy envy raiſe.
Thou art my blood, where *Johnſon* has no part;
What ſhare have we in Nature or in Art?
Where did his wit on learning fix a brand,
And rail at Arts he did not underſtand?
Where made he love in Prince *Nicander*'s vein,
Or ſwept the duſt in *Pſyche*'s humble ſtrain?
Where ſold he Bargains, Whip-ſtitch, kiſs my Arſe,
Promis'd a Play, and dwindled to a Farce?
When did his Muſe from *Fletcher* ſcenes purloin,
As thou whole *Eth'ridge* doſt transfuſe to thine?
But ſo transfus'd as Oyl on Waters flow,
His always floats above, thine ſinks below.

This

This is thy Province, this thy wondrous way,
New Humours to invent for each new Play:
This is that boaſted Byaſs of thy mind,
By which one way, to dulneſs, 'tis inclin'd.
Which makes thy writings lean on one ſide ſtill,
And in all changes that way bends thy will.
Nor let thy mountain belly make pretence
Of likeneſs; thine's a tympany of ſenſe.
A Tun of Man in thy large Bulk is writ,
But ſure thou'rt but a Kilderkin of wit.
Like mine thy gentle numbers feebly creep,
Thy Tragick Muſe gives ſmiles, thy Comick ſleep.
With whate'er gall thou ſett'ſt thy ſelf write,
Thy inoffenſive Satyrs never bite.
In thy fellonious heart, though Venom lies,
It does but touch thy *Iriſh* pen, and dyes.
Thy Genius calls thee not to purchaſe fame
In keen Iambicks, but mild Anagram:
Leave writing Plays, and chuſe for thy command
Some peaceful Province in Acroſtick Land.
There thou may'ſt wings diſplay and Altars raiſe,
And Torture one poor word Ten thouſand ways.

Or

Or if thou would'ſt thy diff'rent talents ſuit,
Set thy own Songs, and ſing them to thy lute.
He ſaid, but his laſt words were ſcarcely heard,
For *Bruce* and *Longvil* had a *Trap* prepar'd,
And down they ſent the yet declaiming Bard.
Sinking he left his Drugget Robe behind,
Born upwards by a Subterranean wind.
The Mantle fell to the young Prophet's part,
With double portion of his Father's Art.

FINIS.

ABSA-

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A

POEM.

——*Si Propriùs ſtes*
Te Capiet Magis——

The Eighth Edition.

LONDON,

Printed for *Jacob Tonſon*. 1699.

БЕГИ

УСПЕЛОБНЕГ

УБЕГИ

TO THE

READER.

'TIS not my intention to make an Apology for my Poem: *Some will think it needs no Excuſe; and others will receive none. The deſign, I am ſure, is honeſt: But he who draws his Pen for one Party, muſt expect to make Enemies of the other. For,* Wit *and* Fool, *are Conſequents of* Whig *and* Tory: *And every Man is a Knave or an Aſs to the contrary ſide. There's a Treaſury of Merits in the* Phanatick Church, *as well as in the* Papiſt; *and a Pennyworth to be had of Saintſhip, Honeſty and Poetry, for the Leud, the Factious, and the Blockheads: But the longeſt Chapter in* Deuteronomy, *has not Curſes enough for an Anti-*Bromingham. *My Comfort is, their manifeſt Prejudice to my Cauſe, will render their judgement of leſs Authority againſt me. Yet if a* Poem *have a* Genius, *it will force its own reception in the World. For there's a ſweetneſs in good Verſe, which Tickles even while it Hurts: And no man can be heartily angry with him, who pleaſes him againſt his will. The Commendation of Adverſaries, is the greateſt Triumph of a Writer; becauſe it never comes unleſs Extorted. But I can be ſatisfied on more eaſie terms: If I happen to pleaſe the more Moderate ſort I ſhall be ſure of an honeſt Party; and, in all proba-*

probability, of the beſt Judges: For, the leaſt Con-
cern'd, are commonly the leaſt Corrupt. And, I con-
feſs, I have laid in for thoſe, by rebating the Satyr
(where Juſtice would allow it) from carrying too ſharp
an Edge. They, who can Criticize ſo weakly, as to
imagine I have done my Worſt, may be convinc'd, at
their own Coſt, that I can write Severely, with more
eaſe, than I can Gently. I have but laugh'd at ſome
mens Follies, when I could have declaim'd againſt
their Vices: And, other mens Vertues I have commend-
ed, as freely as I have tax'd their Crimes. And
now, if you are a Malicious Reader, *I expect you*
ſhould return upon me, that I affect to be thought
more impartial than I am. But, if men are not to
be judg'd by their Profeſſions, God forgive you Com-
men-wealths men, *for Profeſſing ſo plauſible for the*
Government. You cannot be ſo Unconſcionable, as to
charge me for not ſubſcribing of my Name; for that
would reflect too groſly upon your own Party, who never
dare; though they have the advantage of a Jury to
ſecure them. If you like not my Poem, *the fault may,*
poſſibly, be in my Writing: (though 'tis hard for an
Author to judge againſt himſelf;) But more probably
'tis in your Morals, which cannot bear the truth of it.
The Violent, on both ſides, will condemn the Character
of Abſalom, *as either too favourably or too hardly*
drawn. But they are not the Violent, whom I deſire
to pleaſe. The fault, on the right hand, is to Exte-
nuate, Palliate, and Indulge; and, to confeſs freely, I

have

have endeavoured to convict it. Beſides the reſpect which I owe his Birth, I have a greater for his Heroick Virtues: and, David *himſelf, could not be more tender of the Young-man's Life, than I would be of his Reputation. But, ſince the moſt excellent Natures are almoſt the moſt eaſie; and, as being ſuch, are the ſooneſt perverted by ill Counſels, eſpecially when baited with Fame and Glory; 'tis no more a wonder that he withſtood not the temptations of* Achitophel, *than it was for* Adam, *not to have reſiſted the two Devils, the Serpent and the Woman: The Concluſion of the Story, I purpoſely forbore to proſecute: becauſe, I could not obtain from my ſelf, to ſhew* Abſalom *Unfortunate. The Frame of it was cut out, but for a Picture to the Waſte; and, if the Draught be ſo far true, 'tis as much as I deſign'd.*

Were I the inventor, who am only the Hiſtorian, I ſhould certainly conclude the Piece, with the Reconcilement of Abſalom *to* David. *And, who knows but this may come to paſs? Things were not brought to an Extremity where I left the Story; There ſeems, yet, to be room left for a Compoſure; hereafter, there may only be for Pity. I have not ſo much as an uncharitable wiſh againſt* Achitophel; *but, am content to be Accus'd of a good natur'd Errour; and to hope with* Origen, *that the Devil himſelf may, at laſt, be ſav'd. For which reaſon, in this* Poem, *he is neither brought to ſet his Houſe in order, nor to diſpoſe of his Perſon afterwards, as he in Wiſdom ſhall think fit. God is*

 infi-

infinitely merciful: And his Vicegerent is only not ſo, becauſe he is not Infinite.

The true end of Satyr, *is the amendment of Vices by correction. And he who writes Honeſtly, is no more an Enemy to the Offender, than the Phyſician to the Patient, when he preſcribes harſh Remedies to an inveterate Diſeaſe: for thoſe, are only in order to prevent the Chyrurgeon's work of an* Enſe reſcindendum, *which I wiſh not to my very Enemies. To conclude all; If the Body Politique have any Analogie to the Natural, in my weak judgment, an Act of* Oblivion *were as neceſſary in a Hot, Diſtemper'd State, as an* Opiate *would be in a Raging Fever.*

TO

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THIS EXCELLENT POEM.

TAke it as earneſt of a Faith renew'd,
Your Theme is vaſt, your Verſe divinely good;
Where, tho' the nine their beauteous ſtroaks repeat,
And the turn'd Lines on Golden Anvils beat,
It looks as if they ſtrook 'em at a heat.
So all Serenely Great, ſo juſt refin'd,
Like Angels Love to Humane Seed enclin'd,
It ſtarts a Giant, and exalts the Kind.
'Tis Spirit ſeen, whoſe fiery Atoms roul,
So brightly fierce, each Syllable's a Soul.
'Tis minature of Man, but he's all heart;
'Tis what the World would be, but wants the Art;
To whom ev'n the Phanaticks Altars raiſe,
Bow in their own deſpite, and grin your praiſe.

As if a *Milton* from the Dead aroſe,
Fil'd off the Ruſt, and the right Party choſe.
Nor, Sir, be ſhock'd at what the Gloomy ſay,
Turn not your feet too inward, nor too ſplay.
'Tis Gracious all, and Great: Puſh on your Theme,
Lean your griev'd head on *David*'s Diadem.
David that rebel *Iſrael*'s Envy mov'd,
David by God and all Good Men belov'd.
The Beauties of your *Abſalom* excel:
But more the Charms of Charming *Annabel*;
Of *Annabel*, than *May*'s firſt Morn more bright,
Chearful as Summer's Noon, and chaſt as Winter's Night.
Of *Annabel* the Muſes deareſt Theme,
Of *Annabel* the Angel of my Dream.
Thus let a broken Eloquence attend,
And to your Maſter-piece theſe Shadows ſend.

Nat. Lee.

TO

TO THE UNKNOWN AUTHOR OF THIS ADMIRABLE POEM.

I Thought, forgive my Sin, the boaſted fire
Of Poets Souls did long ago expire;
Of Folly or of Madneſs did accuſe
The wretch that thought himſelf poſſeſt with Muſe;
Laugh'd at the God within, that did inſpire
With more than human thoughts the tuneful Quire;
But ſure 'tis more than Fancy, or the Dream
Of Rhimers ſlumbring by the Muſes ſtream.
Some livelier Spark of Heav'n, and more refin'd
From Earthly droſs, fills the great Poet's Mind.
Witneſs theſe mighty and immortal Lines,
Through each of which th'informing Genius ſhines.
Scarce a diviner Flame inſpir'd the King,
Of whom thy Muſe does ſo ſublimely ſing.

Not *David*'s ſelf could in a nobler Verſe
His gloriouſly offending Son rehearſe;
Tho' in his Breaſt the Prophets Fury met,
The Father's Fondneſs, and the Poet's Wit.
Here all conſent in Wonder and in Praiſe,
And to the Unknown Poet Altars raiſe.
Which thou muſt needs accept with equal joy,
As when *Æneas* heard the Wars of *Troy*,
Wrapt up himſelf in darkneſs and unſeen,
Extoll'd with Wonder by the *Tyrian* Queen.
Sure thou already art ſecure of Fame,
Nor want'ſt new Glories to exalt thy Name:
What Father elſe would have refus'd to own
So great a Son as God-like *Abſalon*?

R. Duke.

TO

TO THE CONCEAL'D
U T H O R
OF THIS
NCOMPARABLE POEM.

I Ail Heav'n born-Muſe! hail ev'ry Sacred page!
The Glory of our Iſle and of our Age.
' inſpiring Sun to *Albion* draws more nigh,
e North at length teems with a work to vie
th *Homer*'s Flame and *Virgil*'s Majeſty.
ıile *Pindus* lofty Heights our Poet ſought,
s raviſht Mind with vaſt *Idea*'s fraught)
r Language fail'd beneath his riſing Thought;
is checks not his Attempt, for *Maro*'s Mines,
dreins of all their Gold t'adorn his Lines:
rough each of which the *Mantuan Genius* ſhines.
e Rock obey'd the pow'rful *Hebrew* Guide,
r flinty Breaſt diſſolv'd into a Tide:
us on our ſtubborn Language he prevails,
d makes the *Helicon* in which he ſails.
e Dialect, as well as ſenſe, invents,
d, with his Poem, a new ſpeech preſents.

Hail then thou matchleſs Bard, thou great unknown,
That give your Country Fame, yet ſhun your own!
In vain—for ev'ry where your Praiſe you find,
And not to meet it you muſt ſhun Mankind.
Your Loyal Theme each Loyal Reader draws,
And ev'n the factious give your Verſe applauſe,
Whoſe lightning ſtrikes to ground their Idol cauſe.
The Cauſe for whoſe dear ſake they drank a Flood
Of Civil Gore, nor ſpar'd the Royal-blood:
The Cauſe whoſe Growth to cruſh, our Prelates wrote
In vain, almoſt in vain our *Hero*'s fought.
Yet by one Stab of your keen Satyr dies:
Before your Sacred Lines their ſhatter'd *Dagon* lies.
Oh! If unworthy we appear to know
The Sire, to whom this lovely Birth we owe:
(Deny'd our ready Homage to expreſs,
And can at beſt but thankful be by gueſs:)
This hope remains,—May *David*'s God-like Mind,
(For him 'twas wrote) the unknown Author find:
And, having found, ſhow'r equal Favours down
On Wit ſo vaſt as cou'd oblige a Crown.

N. Tate.

ABSA-

ABSALOM AND ACHITOPHEL.

A POEM.

IN pious Times, e'er Prieſt-craft did begin,
Before *Polygamy* was made a Sin;
When Man on many multiply'd his kind,
E'er one to one was, curſedly, confin'd:
When Nature prompted, and no Law deny'd
Promiſcuous uſe of Concubine and Bride;
Then, *Iſrael*'s Monarch, after Heavens own heart,
His vigorous warmth did variouſly impart.

To

To Wives and Slaves: and, wide as his Command,
Scatter'd his Maker's Image through the Land.
Michal, of Royal Blood, the Crown did wear;
A Soil ungrateful to the Tiller's Care:
Not ſo the reſt; for ſeveral Mothers bore
To God-like *David*, ſeveral Sons before.
But, ſince like Slaves his Bed they did aſcend,
No true Succeſſion cou'd their Seed attend.
Of all the numerous Progeny was none
So Beautiful, ſo Brave as *Abſalom*:
Whether, inſpir'd by ſome diviner Luſt,
His Father got him with a greater Guſt;
Or that his conſcious Deſtiny made way,
By manly Beauty to Imperial Sway.
Early in foreign Fields he won Renown,
With Kings and States Ally'd to *Iſrael*'s Crown:
In Peace the thoughts of War he cou'd remove,
And ſeem'd as he were only born for Love.
What e'er he did, was done with ſo much eaſe,
In him alone, 'twas Natural to pleaſe:
His motions all accompany'd with grace;
And *Paradiſe* was open'd in his face.

With

With ſecret Joy, indulgent *David* view'd
His Youthful Image in his Son renew'd:
To all his wiſhes nothing he deny'd;
And made the Charming *Annabel* his Bride.
What faults he had, (for who from faults is free?)
His Father cou'd not, or he wou'd not ſee.
Some warm exceſſes, which the Law forbore,
Were conſtru'd Youth that purg'd by boiling o'er:
And *Amnon*'s Mother by a ſpecious Name,
Was call'd a juſt Revenge for injur'd Fame.
Thus prais'd, and lov'd, the noble Youth remain'd,
While *David*, undiſturb'd in *Sion* reign'd.
But life can never be ſincerely bleſt:
Heav'n puniſhes the bad, and proves the beſt.
The *Jews*, a Headſtrong, Moody Murm'ring race,
As ever try'd th' extent and ſtretch of grace;
God's pamper'd People whom, debauch'd with eaſe,
No King cou'd govern, nor no God cou'd pleaſe;
(Gods they had try'd of every ſhape and ſize,
That God-ſmiths cou'd produce, or Prieſts deviſe:)
Theſe *Adam*-wits, too fortunately free,
Began to dream they wanted Liberty,

And

And when no rule, no preſident was found,
Of Men, by Laws leſs circumſcrib'd and bound;
They led their wild deſires to Woods and Caves;
And thought that all but Savages were Slaves.
They who, when *Saul* was dead, without a blow,
Made fooliſh *Iſhboſheth* the Crown forego;
Who baniſht *David* did from *Hebron* bring,
And, with a general ſhout, proclaim'd him King:
Thoſe very *Jews*, who, at their very beſt,
Their Humour more than Loyalty expreſt,
Now, wondred why, ſo long, they had obey'd
An Idol-Monarch which their hands had made:
Thought they might ruin him they cou'd create;
Or melt him to that Golden Calf, a State.
But theſe were random bolts: No form'd Deſign,
Nor Intereſt made the Factious Croud to joyn:
The ſober part of *Iſrael*, free from ſtain,
Well knew the value of a peaceful Reign;
And, looking backward with a wiſe affright,
Saw ſeams of wounds, diſhoneſt to the ſight:
In contemplation of whoſe ugly Scars,
They curſt the memory of Civil Wars.

The

The Moderate ſort of Men, thus qualifi'd,
Inclin'd the Ballance to the better ſide:
And, *David*'s mildneſs manag'd it ſo well,
The bad found no occaſion to Rebel.
But, when to Sin our byaſt Nature leans,
The careful Devil is ſtill at hand with means;
And providently Pimps for ill deſires;
The Good Old Cauſe reviv'd, a Plot requires.
Plots, true or falſe, are neceſſary things,
To raiſe up Common-wealths, and ruine Kings.

Th' Inhabitants of Old *Jeruſalem*
Were *Jebuſites*: the Town ſo call'd from them;
And their's the Native right—
But when the choſen People grew more ſtrong,
The rightful Cauſe at length became the wrong:
And every loſs the Men of *Jebus* bore,
They ſtill were thought God's Enemies the more.
Thus, worn and weaken'd, well or ill content,
Submit they muſt to *David*'s Government:
Impoveriſht and depriv'd of all Command,
Their Taxes doubled as they loſt their Land;

And

And, what was harder yet to fleſh and blood,
Their Gods diſgrac'd,& burnt like common Wood.
This ſet the Heathen Prieſthood in a flame;
For Prieſts of all Religions are the ſame:
Of whatſoe'er deſcent their Godhead be,
Stock, Stone, or other homely Pedigree,
In his Defence his Servants are as bold,
As if he had been born of beaten Gold.
The *Jewiſh Rabbins*, though their Enemies,
In this conclude them honeſt Men and wiſe:
For 'twas their Duty, all the Learned think,
T' eſpouſe his Cauſe by whom they eat and drink.
From hence began that Plot, the Nation's Curſe,
Bad in it ſelf, but repreſented worſe.
Rais'd in extremes, and in extremes decry'd;
With Oaths affirm'd, with dying Vows deny'd.
Not weigh'd, or winnow'd by the Multitude;
But ſwallow'd in the Maſs, unchew'd and crude.
Some truth there was, but daſht and brew'd with [Lies,
To pleaſe the Fools,and puzzle all the Wiſe.
Succeeding Times did equal Folly call,
Believing nothing, or believing all.

Th'

Th' *Egyptian* Rites the *Jebuſites* embrac'd;
Where Gods were recommended by their taſte.
Such ſav'ry Deities muſt needs be good,
As ſerv'd at once for Worſhip and for Food.
By force they could not introduce theſe Gods;
For Ten to One, in former days was odds.
So Fraud was us'd, (the Sacrificer's Trade,)
Fools are more hard to conquer than perſwade.
Their buſie Teachers mingled with the *Jews*;
And rak'd for Converts, even the Court and Stews:
Which *Hebrew Prieſts* the more unkindly took,
Becauſe the Fleece accompanies the Flock.
Some thought the Gods Anointed meant to ſlay
by Guns, invented ſince full many a day:
Our Author ſwears it not; but who can know
How far the Devil and *Jebuſites* may go?
This *Plot*, which fail'd for want of common Senſe,
Had yet a deep and dangerous Conſequence:
For as when raging Fevers boil the Blood,
The ſtanding Lakes ſoon floats into a Flood;
And ev'ry hoſtile Humour; which before
Slept quiet in its Chanels, bubbles o'er:

So,

So, ſeveral factions from this firſt Ferment,
Work up to Foam, and threat the Government.
Some by their Friends, more by themſelves thought wiſe,
Oppos'd the Power, to wch they could not riſe.
Some had in Courts been great, and thrown from thence,
Like Fiends, were harden'd in impenitence.
Some, by their Monarch's fatal mercy grown
From pardon'd Rebels, Kinſmen to the Throne;
Were rais'd in Pow'r and Publick Office high:
Strong Bands, if Bands ungrateful men cou'd tye.
Of theſe the falſe *Achitophel* was firſt:
A Name to all ſucceeding Ages curſt.
For cloſe Deſigns, and crooked Counſels fit;
Sagacious, Bold, and Turbulent of Wit:
Reſtleſs, unfixt in Principles and Place;
In Pow'r unpleas'd, impatient of Diſgrace.
A fiery Soul, which working out its way,
Fretted the Pigmy-Body to decay;
And o'er inform'd the Tenement of Clay.
A daring Pilot in extremity;
Pleas'd with the Danger, when the Waves went high:

He

e ſought the Storms: But for a Calm unfit,
/ould ſteer too nigh the Sands, to boaſt his Wit.
reat Wits are ſure to madneſs near ally'd;
nd thin Partitions do their Bounds divide;
lſe, why ſhould he, with Wealth and Honour bleſt,
efuſe his Age the needful Hours of Reſt?
uniſh a Body which he cou'd not pleaſe;
ankrupt of Life, yet Prodigal of eaſe?
nd all to leave, what with his Toil he won,
'o that unfeather'd, two legg'd thing, a Son:
ot, while his Soul did huddl'd Notions try;
nd born a ſhapeleſs Lump, like Anarchy.
n Friendſhip falſe, implacable in Hate:
eſolv'd to Ruin or to Rule the State.
'o Compaſs this, the Triple Bond he broke;
'he Pillars of the Publick Safety ſhook:
nd fitted *Iſrael* for a Foreign Yoke.
'hen, ſeiz'd with Fear, yet ſtill affecting Fame,
Iſurp'd a Patriot's All-attoning Name.
o eaſie ſtill it proves in Factious Times,
Vith publick Zeal to cancel private Crimes:

How ſafe is Treaſon, and how ſacred Ill,
Where none can ſin againſt the Peoples Will?
Where Crouds can wink; and no offence be known,
Since in another's guilt they find their own.
Yet, Fame deſerv'd, no Enemy can grudge;
The Stateſman we abhor, but praiſe the Judge.
In *Iſrael*'s Courts ne'er ſat an *Abbethdin*
With more diſcerning Eyes, or Hands more clean;
Unbrib'd, unſought, the Wretched to redreſs;
Swift of Diſpatch, and eaſie of Acceſs.
Oh, had he been content to ſerve the Crown,
With Virtues only proper to the Gown;
Or, had the rankneſs of the Soil been freed
From Cockle, that oppreſt the Noble Seed:
David, for him his tuneful Harp had ſtrung,
And Heav'n had wanted one Immortal Song.
But wild Ambition loves to ſlide, not ſtand;
And fortunes Ice prefers to Virtues Land:
Achitophel, grown weary to poſſeſs
A lawful Fame, and lazy Happineſs;
Diſdain'd the Golden Fruit to gather free,
And lent the Croud his Arm to ſhake the Tree.

Now

Now, manifeſt of Crimes, contriv'd long ſince,
He ſtood at bold Defiance with his Prince:
Held up the Buckler of the Peoples Cauſe,
Againſt the Crown; and ſculk'd behind the Laws.
The wiſh'd occaſion of the Plot he takes;
Some Circumſtances finds, but more he makes.
By buzzing Emiſſaries, fills the ears
Of liſtning Crouds, with Jealouſies and Fears
Of Arbitrary Counſels brought to light,
And proves the King himſelf a *Jebuſite.*
Weak Arguments! which yet he knew full well,
Were ſtrong with People eaſie to Rebel.
For, govern'd by the *Moon*, the giddy *Jews*
Tread the ſame Track when ſhe the Prime renews:
And once in twenty years, their Scribes Record,
By natural Inſtinct they change their Lord.
Achitophel ſtill wants a Chief, and none
Was found ſo fit as War-like *Abſalom.*
Not, that he wiſh'd his greatneſs to create,
(For Polititians neither love nor hate:)
But, for he knew, his Title not allow'd,
Would keep him ſtill depending on the Croud:

That Kingly pow'r, thus ebbing out, might be
Drawn to the Dregs of a Democracy.
Him he attempts, with ſtudied Arts to pleaſe,
And ſheds his Venom in ſuch words as theſe.
Auſpicious Prince, at whoſe Nativity
Some Royal Planet rul'd the Southern Sky;
Thy longing Countries Darling and Deſire;
Their cloudy Pillar, and their guardian Fire:
Their ſecond *Moſes*, whoſe extended Wand
Divides the Seas, and ſhews the promis'd Land:
Whoſe dawning Day, in every diſtant Age,
Has exercis'd the Sacred Prophet's rage:
The Peoples Pray'r, the glad Diviner's Theme,
The Young mens Viſion, and the old mens Dream!
Thee, *Saviour*, Thee, the Nations Vows confeſs;
And, never ſatisfi'd with ſeeing, bleſs:
Swift, unbeſpoken Pomps, thy ſteps proclaim,
And ſtammering Babes are taught to liſp thy Name.
How long wilt thou the general Joy detain;
Starve, and defraud the People of thy Reign?
Content inglorioufly to paſs thy days
Like one of Virtues Fools that feeds on Praiſe;
Till

Till thy freſh Glories, which now ſhine ſo bright,
Grow Stale and Tarniſh with our dayly ſight.
Believe me, Royal Youth, thy Fruit muſt be,
Or gather'd Ripe, or rot upon the Tree.
Heav'n, has to all allotted, ſoon or late,
Some lucky Revolution of their Fate:
Whoſe Motions, if we watch and guide with Skill,
(For human Good depends on human Will,)
Our Fortune rolls as from a ſmooth deſcent,
And, from the firſt Impreſſion, takes the Bent:
But, if unſeiz'd, ſhe glides away like wind;
And leaves repenting Folly far behind.
Now, now ſhe meets you with a glorious prize,
And ſpreads her Locks before her as ſhe flies.
Had thus Old *David*, from whoſe Loins you Spring,
Not dar'd, when Fortune call'd him, to be King,
At *Gath* an Exile he might ſtill remain;
And Heav'ns Anointing Oyl had been in vain.
Let his ſucceſsful Youth your hopes ingage;
But ſhun th' example of Declining Age:
Behold him ſetting in his Weſtern Skies,
The ſhadows lengthning as the Vapours riſe.

He is not now, as when on *Jordan*'s Sand
The joyful People throng'd to ſee him Land,
Cov'ring the *Beech*, and blackning all the *Strand*:
But, like the Prince of Angels from his height,
Comes tumbling downward with diminiſh'd light:
Betray'd by one poor Plot to publick Scorn:
(Our only bleſſing ſince his curſt Return:)
Thoſe heaps of People which one Sheaf did bind,
Blown off, and ſcatter'd by a puff of Wind.
What ſtrength can he to your Deſigns oppoſe,
Naked of Friends, and round beſet with Foes?
If *Pharaoh*'s doubtful Succour he ſhould uſe,
A Foreign Aid wou'd more incenſe the *Jews*:
Proud *Ægypt* wou'd diſſembled Friendſhip bring;
Foment the War, but not ſupport the King:
Nor wou'd the Royal party e'er unite
With *Pharaoh*'s Arms, t'aſſiſt the *Jebuſite*;
Or if they ſhou'd, their Intereſt ſoon wou'd break,
And, with ſuch odious Aid, make *David* weak.
All ſorts of men, by my ſucceſsful Arts,
Abhorring Kings, eſtrange their alter'd Hearts.

From

From *David*'s Rule: And 'tis their general Cry,
Religion, Common-wealth, and Liberty.
If you, as Champion of the Publick Good,
Add to their Arms a Chief of Royal Blood;
What may not *Iſrael* hope, and what Applauſe
Might ſuch a General gain by ſuch a Cauſe?
Not barren Praiſe alone, that Gaudy Flow'r,
Fair only to the ſight, but ſolid Pow'r:
And Nobler is a limited Command,
Giv'n by the Love of all your Native Land,
Than a ſucceſſive Title, Long and Dark,
Drawn from the Mouldy Rolls of *Noah*'s Ark.
What cannot Praiſe effect in Mighty Minds,
When Flattery Sooths, and when Ambition Blinds!
Deſire of Pow'r, on Earth a Vitious Weed,
Yet, ſprung from High, is of Cœleſtial Seed:
In God 'tis Glory: And when Men Aſpire,
'Tis but a Spark too much of Heavenly Fire.
Th' Ambitious Youth, too Covetous of Fame,
Too full of Angels Metal in his Frame;
Unwarily was led from Virtues ways;
Made Drunk with Honour, and debauch'd with [Praiſe.

Half loath, and half conſenting to the Ill,
(For Royal Blood within him ſtruggled ſtill)
He thus reply'd.—And what Pretence have I
To take up Arms for Publick Liberty?
My Father Governs with unqueſtion'd Right:
The Faiths Defender, and Mankinds Delight:
Good, Gracious, Juſt, Obſervant of the Laws;
And Heav'n by Wonders has eſpous'd his Cauſe.
Whom has he wrong'd in all his peaceful Reign?
Who ſues for Juſtice to his Throne in vain?
What Millions has he pardon'd of his Foes,
Whom juſt Revenge did to his Wrath expoſe?
Mild, Eaſie, Humble, Studious of our Good;
Enclin'd to Mercy, and averſe from Blood.
If Mildneſs ill with Stubborn *Iſrael* ſuit,
His Crime is God's beloved Attribute.
What could he gain, his People to betray,
Or change his Right, for Arbitrary Sway?
Let haughty *Pharaoh* Curſe with ſuch a Reign,
His Fruitful *Nile*, and Yoak a Servile Train.
If *David's* Rule *Jeruſalem* Diſpleaſe,
The *Dog-ſtar* heats their Brains to this Diſeaſe.

Why

Why then ſhould I, encouraging the Bad,
Turn Rebel, and run popularly Mad?
Were he a Tyrant who, by Lawleſs Might,
Oppreſt the *Jews*, and rais'd the *Jebuſite*,
Well might I Mourn; but Nature's holy bands
Wou'd Curb my Spirits, and reſtrain my Hands:
The People might aſſert their Liberty;
But what was Right in them, were Crime in me.
His Favour leaves me nothing to require;
Prevents my Wiſhes, and out-runs Deſire;
What more can I expect while *David* lives?
All but his Kingly Diadem he gives:
And that: But there he paus'd; then ſighing, ſaid,
Is juſtly deſtin'd for a Worthier Head.
For when my Father from his Toyls ſhall Reſt,
And late Augment the Number of the Bleſt:
His Lawful Iſſue ſhall the Throne aſcend;
Or the *Collat'ral* Line where that ſhall end.
His Brother, though Oppreſt with Vulgar Spight,
Yet Dauntleſs and Secure of Native Right,
Of every Royal Virtue ſtands poſſeſt;
Still dear to all the Braveſt, and the Beſt.

His

His Courage Foes, his Friends his Truth Proclaim;
His Loyalty the King, the World his Fame.
His Mercy ev'n th' offending Croud will find;
For ſure he comes of a Forgiving Kind.
Why ſhould I then Repine at Heavens Decree;
Which gives me no pretence to Royalty?
Yet oh that Fate, propitiouſly inclin'd,
Had rais'd my Birth, or had debas'd my Mind,
To my large Soul, not all her Treaſure lent,
And then betray'd it to a mean Deſcent.
I find, I find my mounting Spirits Bold,
And *David*'s part diſdains my Mother's Mold.
Why am I ſcanted by a Niggard Birth?
My Soul diſclaims the Kindred of her Earth;
And, made for Empire, whiſpers me within;
Deſire of Greatneſs is a God-like Sin.

Him ſtaggering ſo when Hells dire Agent found,
While fainting Virtue ſcarce maintain'd her Ground,
He pours freſh Forces in, and thus Replies:

Th' Eternal God, ſupremely Good and Wiſe,
Imparts not theſe prodigious Gifts in vain;
What Wonders are Reſerv'd to bleſs your Reign?

Againſt

Againſt your will your Arguments have ſhown,
Such Virtue's only given to guide a Throne.
Not that your Father's Mildneſs I contemn;
But manly Force becomes the Diadem.
'Tis true he grants the People all they crave;
And more perhaps than Subjects ought to have:
For Laviſh Grants ſuppoſe a Monarch tame,
And more his Goodneſs than his Wit proclaim.
But when ſhould People ſtrive their bonds to break,
If not when Kings are negligent or weak?
Let him give on till he can give no more,
The Thrifty Sanhedrin ſhall keep him poor:
And every Sheckle which he can receive,
Shall coſt a Limb of his Prerogative.
To ply him with new Plots, ſhall be my care;
Or plunge him deep in ſome Expenſive War;
Which when his Treaſure can no more ſupply,
He muſt, with the Remains of Kingſhip, buy;
His faithful Friends, our Jealouſies and Fears,
Call *Jebuſites*; and *Pharaoh*'s Penſioners:
Whom, when our Fury from his Aid has torn,
He ſhall be naked left to publick Scorn.

The

The next Succeſſor, whom I fear and hate,
My Arts have made obnoxious to the State;
Turn'd all his Virtues to his Overthrow,
And gain'd our Elders to pronounce a Foe.
His Right, for Sums of neceſſary Gold,
Shall firſt be Pawn'd, and afterwards be Sold:
Till time ſhall Ever-wanting *David* draw,
To paſs your doubtful Title into Law:
If not; the People have a Right Supreme
To make their Kings; for Kings are made for them.
All Empire is no more than Pow'r in Truſt:
Which when reſum'd, can be no longer Juſt.
Succeſſion, for the general Good deſign'd,
In its own wrong a Nation cannot bind:
If altering that, the People can relieve,
Better one ſuffer than a Nation grieve.
The *Jews* well know their pow'r: e'er *Saul* they [choſe,
God was their King, and God they durſt Depoſe.
Urge now your Piety, your Filial Name,
A Father's Right, and Fear of future Fame;
The Publick Good, that Univerſal Call,
To which even Heaven ſubmitted, anſwers all.

Nor

Nor let his Love Enchant your generous Mind;
'Tis Nature's trick to propagate her Kind.
Our fond Begetters, who would never die,
Love but themſelves in their Poſterity.
Or let his Kindneſs by th' Effects be try'd,
Or let him lay his vain Pretence aſide.
God ſaid he lov'd your Father; could he bring
A better Proof, than to Anoint him King?
It ſurely ſhew'd he lov'd the Shepherd well,
Who gave ſo fare a Flock as *Iſrael.*
Would *David* have you thought his Darling Son?
What means he then to Alienate the Crown?
The name of Godly he may bluſh to bear:
'Tis after God's own heart to Cheat his Heir.
He to his Brother gives Supreme Command;
To you a Legacy of Barren Land:
Perhaps th' old Harp on which he thrums his Lays;
Or ſome dull *Hebrew* Ballad in your Praiſe.
Then the next Heir, a Prince, Severe and Wiſe,
Already looks on you with Jealous Eyes;
Sees through the thin Diſguiſes of your Arts,
And marks the Progreſs in the Peoples Hearts.

Though

Though now his mighty Soul its Grief contains;
He meditates Revenge who leaſt complains.
And like a Lion, Slumbring in the way,
Or Sleep diſſembling, while he waits his Prey,
His fearleſs Foes within his diſtance draws;
Conſtrains his Roaring, and Contracts his Paws:
Till at the laſt, his time for Fury found,
He ſhoots with ſudden Vengeance from the Ground:
The Proſtrate Vulgar, paſſes o'er, and ſpares,
But with a Lordly Rage, his Hunters tears.
Your Caſe no tame Expedients will afford:
Reſolve on Death, or Conqueſt by the Sword,
Which for no leſs a Stake than Life, you draw;
And Self-defence is Nature's Eldeſt Law.
Leave the warm People no Conſidering time:
For then Rebellion may be thought a Crime.
Prevail your ſelf of what Occaſion gives,
But try your Title while your Father lives:
And, that your Arms may have a fair Pretence,
Proclaim, you take them in the King's Defence:
Whoſe Sacred Life each minute would expoſe,
To Plots, from ſeeming Friends, and ſecret Foes.

And

And who can ſound the depth of *David*'s Soul?
Perhaps his fear, his kindneſs may Controul.
He fears his Brother, though he loves his Son,
For plighted Vows too late to be undone.
If ſo, by Force he wiſhes to be gain'd:
Like Womens Leachery to ſeem conſtrain'd;
Doubt not: but, when he moſt affects the Frown,
Commit a pleaſing Rape upon the Crown.
Secure his Perſon to ſecure your Cauſe;
They who poſſeſs the Prince, poſſeſs the Laws.
He ſaid, and this Advice above the reſt,
With *Abſalom*'s Mild Nature ſuited beſt;
Unblam'd of Life, (Ambition ſet aſide,)
Not ſtain'd with Cruelty, nor puft with Pride.
How happy had he been, if Deſtiny
Had higher plac'd his Birth, or not ſo high!
His Kingly Virtues might have claim'd a Throne;
And bleſt all other Countries but his own.
But charming Greatneſs ſince ſo few refuſe;
'Tis juſter to Lament him, than Accuſe.
Strong were his hopes a Rival to remove,
With Blandiſhments to gain the publick Love;

To

To head the Faction while their Zeal was hot,
And popularly proſecute the Plot.
To further this, *Achitophel* Unites
The Male-contents of all the *Iſraelites:*
Whoſe differing Parties he could wiſely Joyn,
For ſeveral Ends, to ſerve the ſame Deſign.
The Beſt, and of the Princes ſome were ſuch,
Who thought the pow'r of Monarchy too much:
Miſtaken Men, and Patriots in their Hearts;
Not Wicked, but ſeduc'd by impious Arts.
By theſe the Springs of Property were bent,
And wound ſo high, they crack't the Government.
The next for Int'reſt ſought t'embroil the State,
To ſell their Duty at a dearer rate;
And make their *Jewiſh* Markets of the Throne;
Pretending Publick Good, to ſerve their own.
Others thought Kings an uſeleſs heavy Load,
Who coſt too much, and did too little Good.
Theſe were for laying honeſt *David* by,
On Principles of pure good Husbandry.
With them joyn'd all th' Haranguers of the Throng,
That thought to get Preferment by the Tongue.

Who

Who follow next, a double danger bring,
Not onely hating *David*, but the King;
The *Solymæan* Rout; well Vers'd of old,
In Godly Faction, and in Treaſon bold;
Cowring and Quaking at a Conqu'ror's Sword,
But Lofty to a Lawful Prince Reſtor'd;
Saw with Diſdain an *Ethnick* Plot begun,
And ſcorn'd by *Jebuſites* to be Out-done.
Hot *Levites* Headed theſe; who pull'd before
From th' *Ark*, which in the Judges days they bore,
Reſum'd their Cant, and with a Zealous Cry,
Purſu'd their old belov'd Theocracy.
Where Sanhedrin and Prieſt enſlav'd the Nation,
And juſtifi'd their Spoils by Inſpiration:
For who ſo fit for Reign as *Aaron*'s Race,
If once Dominion they could found in Grace?
Theſe led the Pack; though not of ſureſt ſcent,
Yet deepeſt mouth'd againſt the Government.
A numerous Hoſt of dreaming Saints ſucceed;
Of the true old Enthuſiaſtick Breed:
'Gainſt Form and Order they their Pow'r employ,
Nothing to Build, and all things to Deſtroy.

But far more numerous was the Herd of ſuch,
Who think too little, and who talk too much.
Theſe out of mere inſtinct, they knew not why,
Ador'd their Father's God, and Property:
And, by the ſame blind Benefit of Fate,
The Devil and the *Jebuſite* did hate:
Born to be ſav'd, even in their own deſpight;
Becauſe they could not help believing right.
Such were the Tools; but a whole Hydra more
Remains, of ſprouting heads too long to ſcore.
Some of their Chiefs were Princes of the Land:
In the firſt Rank of theſe did *Zimri* ſtand:
A man ſo various, that he ſeem'd to be
Not one, but all Mankind's Epitome.
Stiff in Opinions, always in the wrong;
Was every thing by ſtarts, and Nothing long;
But, in the courſe of one revolving Moon,
Was Chymiſt, Fidler, Stateſman and Buffoon:
Then all for Women, Painting, Rhiming, Drinking;
Beſides ten thouſand Freaks that dy'd in thinking.
Bleſt Madman, who cou'd every hour employ,
With ſomething New to wiſh, or to enjoy!

Rail

Railing and praiſing were his uſual Themes;
And both (to ſhew his Judgment) in Extremes:
So over Violent, or over Civil,
That every Man, with him, was God or Devil.
In ſquandring Wealth was his peculiar Art:
Nothing went unrewarded, but Deſert.
Beggar'd by Fools, whom ſtill he found too late:
He had his Jeſt, and they had his Eſtate.
He laugh'd himſelf from Court; then ſought Relief
By forming Parties, but could ne'er be Chief:
For, ſpight of him, the weight of Buſineſs fell
On *Abſalom*, and wiſe *Achitophel*:
Thus, wicked but in Will, of Means bereft,
He left not Faction, but of That was left.
Titles and Names 'twere tedious to rehearſe
Of Lords, below the dignity of Verſe.
Wits, Warriors, Common-wealths-men, were the beſt:
Kind Husbands, and mere Nobles all the reſt.
And therefore, in the name of Dulneſs, be
The well-hung *Balaam* and cold *Caleb* free.
And Canting *Nadab* let Oblivion damn,
Who made new Porridge for the Paſchal-Lamb.

Let Friendſhips holy Band ſome Names aſſure:
Some their own Worth, and ſome let Scorn ſecure.
Nor ſhall the Raſcal Rabble here have Place,
Whom Kings no Titles gave, and God no Grace:
Not Bull-fac'd *Jonas*, who cou'd Statutes draw
To mean Rebellion, and make Treaſon Law.
But he, though bad, is follow'd by a worſe,
The Wretch, whoſe Heav'ns Anointed dar'd to curſe:
Shimei, whoſe Youth did early Promiſe bring
Of Zeal to God, and Hatred to his King;
Did wiſely from Expenſive Sins refrain,
And never broke the Sabbath, but for Gain:
Nor ever was he known an Oath to vent,
Or Curſe, unleſs againſt the Government.
Thus, heaping Wealth, by the moſt ready way
Among the *Jews*, which was to Cheat and Pray;
The City, to reward his pious Hate
Againſt his Maſter, choſe him Magiſtrate:
His Hand a Vare of Juſtice did uphold;
His Neck was loaded with a Chain of Gold.
During his Office, Treaſon was no Crime,
The Sons of *Belial* had a Glorious Time:

For

For *Shimei*, though not prodigal of Pelf,
Yet lov'd his wicked Neighbour as himſelf:
When two or three were gather'd to Declaim
Againſt the Monarch of *Jeruſalem*,
Shimei was always in the midſt of them.
And, if they Curſt the King when he was by,
Would rather Curſe, than break good Company.
If any durſt his Factious Friends accuſe,
He pact a Jury of diſſenting *Jews*:
Whoſe fellow-feeling in the godly Cauſe,
Woü'd free the ſuff'ring Saint from Humane Laws.
For Laws are onely made to puniſh thoſe
Who ſerve the King, and to protect his Foes.
If any leiſure time he had from Pow'r,
(Becauſe 'tis Sin to miſ-employ an hour:)
His Bus'neſs was, by Writing to perſwade,
That Kings were Uſeleſs, and a Clog to Trade:
And, that his noble Style he might refine,
No *Rechabite* more ſhun'd the fumes of Wine.
Chaſt were his Cellars; and his Shrieval Board
The Groſſneſs of a City Feaſt abhor'd:

His Cooks, with long diſuſe, their Trade forgot;
Cool was his Kitchen, though his Brains were hot.
Such frugal Vertue Malice may accuſe;
But ſure 'twas neceſſary to the *Jews*:
For Towns once burnt, ſuch Magiſtrates require
As dare not tempt God's Providence by Fire.
With Spiritual Food he fed his Servants well,
But free from Fleſh, that made the *Jews* rebel:
And *Moſes*'s Laws he held in more account,
For forty days of faſting in the Mount.
To ſpeak the reſt, who better are forgot,
Would tire a well breath'd Witneſs of the Plot:
Yet, *Corah*, thou ſhalt from Oblivion paſs;
Erect thy ſelf thou Monumental Braſs:
High as the Serpent of thy Metal made,
While Nations ſtand ſecure beneath thy ſhade.
What though his birth were baſe, yet Comets riſe
From Earthly Vapours e'er they ſhine in Skies.
Prodigious Actions may as well be done
By Weaver's Iſſue, as by Prince's Son.
This Arch-Atteſtor for the Publick Good,
By that one deed Enobles all his Blood.

Who

Who ever ask'd the Witneſſes high Race,
Whoſe Oath with Martyrdom did *Stephen* grace?
Ours was a *Levite*, and as times went then,
His Tribe were God Almightie's Gentlemen.
Sunk were his Eyes, his Voice was harſh and loud,
Sure ſigns he neither Cholerick was, nor Proud:
His long Chin prov'd his Wit; his Saint-like Grace
A Church Vermillion, and a *Moſes*'s Face.
His Memory miraculouſly great,
Cou'd Plots, exceeding Man's belief, repeat;
Which therefore cannot be accounted Lies,
For human Wit cou'd never ſuch deviſe.
Some future Truths are mingled in his Book;
But where the Witneſs fail'd, the Prophet ſpoke:
Some things like Viſionary flights appear;
The ſpirit caught him up the Lord knows where:
And gave him is *Rabinical* Degree,
Unknown to Foreign Univerſity.
His Judgment yet his Mem'ry did excell;
Which piec'd his wondrous Evidence ſo well:
And ſuited to the temper of the Times;
Then groaning under *Jebuſitick* Crimes.

Let *Iſrael*'s Foes ſuſpect his Heav'nly call,
And raſhly judge his Writ Apocryphal:
Our Laws for ſuch affronts have Forfeits made:
He takes his Life, who takes away his Trade.
Were I my ſelf in Witneſs *Corah*'s place,
The Wretch who did me ſuch a dire diſgrace,
Shou'd whet my memory, though once forgot,
To make him an Appendix of my Plot.
His Zeal to Heav'n, made him his Prince deſpiſe,
And load his Perſon with indignities:
But Zeal peculiar privilege affords;
Indulging latitude to Deeds and Words.
And *Corah* might for *Agag*'s Murther call:
In terms as courſe as *Samuel* us'd to *Saul.*
What others in his Evidence did joyn,
(The beſt that cou'd be had for love or coin,)
In *Corah*'s own predicament will fall:
For *Witneſs* is a Common Name to all.
Surrounded thus with Friends of every ſort,
Deluded *Abſalom*, forſakes the Court:
Impatient of high hopes, urg'd with Renown,
And Fir'd with near poſſeſſion of a Crown;

Th'

Th' admiring Croud are dazled with ſurprize,
And on his Goodly Perſon feed their Eyes:
His joy conceal'd, he ſets himſelf to ſhow;
On each ſide bowing popularly low:
His looks, his geſtures, and his words he frames,
And with familiar eaſe repeats their Names.
Thus form'd by Nature, furniſht out with Arts,
He glides unfelt into their ſecret hearts.
Then, with a kind compaſſionating look,
And ſighs, beſpeaking pity e're he ſpoke,
Few words he ſaid; but eaſie thoſe and fit,
More ſlow than Hybla-drops, and far more ſweet.

I mourn, my Country-men, your loſt Eſtate;
Though far unable to prevent your Fate:
Behold a baniſht Man, for your dear Cauſe
Expos'd a Prey to Arbitrary Laws!
Yet oh! that I alone cou'd be undone,
Cut off from Empire, and no more a Son!
Now all your Liberties a Spoil are made;
Ægypt and *Tyrus* intercept your Trade,
And *Jebuſites* your Sacred Rites invade.

My

My Father, whom with Reverence yet I name,
Charm'd into eaſe, is careleſs of his Fame:
And brib'd with petty ſums of Foreign Gold,
Is grown in *Bathſheba*'s Embraces old:
Exalts his Enemies, his Friends deſtroys:
And all his pow'r againſt himſelf employs.
He gives, and let him give my Right away:
But why ſhould he his own, and yours betray?
He only, he can make the Nation bleed,
And he alone from my revenge is freed.
Take then my Tears (with that he wip'd his Eyes)
'Tis all the Aid my preſent pow'r ſupplies:
No Court-Informer can theſe Arms accuſe;
Theſe Arms may Sons againſt their Fathers uſe;
And 'tis my wiſh the next Succeſſor's Reign
May make no other *Iſraelite* complain.
Youth, Beauty, Graceful Action ſeldom fail:
But Common Intereſt always will prevail:
And Pity never ceaſes to be ſhown,
To him, who makes the Peoples wrongs his own.
The Croud, (that ſtill believe their Kings oppreſs,)
With lifted hands their young *Meſſiah* bleſs:

Who

Who now begins his progreſs to ordain;
With Chariots, Horſemen, and a numerous Train:
From Eaſt to Weſt his Glories he diſplays:
And, like the Sun, the Promis'd Land ſurveys.
Fame runs before him, as the Morning-Star;
And ſhouts of Joy ſalute him from afar:
Each houſe receives him as a Guardian God;
And conſecrates the Place of his abode:
But hoſpitable Treats did moſt commend
Wiſe *Iſſachar*, his wealthy Weſtern Friend.
This moving Court, that caught the Peoples Eyes,
And ſeem'd but Pomp, did other Ends diſguiſe:
Achitophel had form'd it, with intent
To ſound the depths, and fathom where it went,
The Peoples hearts; diſtinguiſh Friends from Foes;
And try their ſtrength before they came to Blows.
Yet all was colour'd with a ſmooth pretence
Of ſpecious Love, and Duty to their Prince.
Religion, and Redreſs of Grievances,
Two names, that always cheat, and always pleaſe
Are often urg'd; and good King *David*'s life
Endanger'd by a Brother and a Wife.

Thus

Thus in a Pageant Shew; a Plot is made;
And peace it ſelf is War in Maſquerade.
Oh fooliſh *Iſrael*! never warn'd by ill!
Still the ſame bait, and circumvented ſtill!
Did ever men forſake their preſent eaſe,
In midſt of Health Imagine a Diſeaſe;
Take pains Contingent miſchiefs to foreſee,
Make heirs for Monarchs, and for God decree?
What ſhall we think! Can People give away,
Both for themſelves and Sons, their native Sway?
Then they are left defenceleſs to the Sword
Of each unbounded arbitrary Lord:
And Laws are vain, by which we Right enjoy,
If Kings unqueſtion'd can thoſe Laws deſtroy.
Yet if the Croud be Judge of fit and Juſt,
And Kings are onely Officers in Truſt,
Then this reſuming Cov'nant was declar'd
When Kings were made, or is for ever bar'd:
If thoſe who gave the Scepter cou'd not tie
By their own deed their own Poſterity,
How then cou'd *Adam* bind his future Race?
How cou'd his forfeit on Mankind take place?

Or

Or how cou'd Heavenly Juſtice damn us all,
Who ne're conſented to our Father's Fall?
Then Kings are ſlaves to thoſe whom they com-[mand,
And Tenants to their Peoples pleaſure ſtand.
Add, that the Pow'r for Property allow'd,
Is miſchievouſly ſeated in the Croud:
For who can be ſecure of private Right,
If Sovereign Sway may be diſſolv'd by Might?
Nor is the Peoples Judgment always true:
The Moſt may err, as groſly as the Few.
And faultleſs Kings run down, by Common Cry,
For Vice, Oppreſſion, and for Tyranny.
What Standard is there in a fickle Rout,
Which flowing to the Mark, runs faſter out?
Nor onely Crouds, but Sanhedrins may be
Infected with this Publick Lunacy:
And Share the madneſs of Rebellious Times,
To Murther Monarchs for Imagin'd Crimes.
If they may give and take whene're they pleaſe,
Not Kings alone, (the God-head Images,)
But Government it ſelf at length muſt fall
To Natures State, where all have Right to all.

Yet,

Yet, grant our Lords the People Kings can make,
What prudent men a ſetled Throne wou'd ſhake?
For whatſoe'er their Sufferings were before,
That Change they Covet makes them ſuffer more.
All other Errours but diſturb a State;
But Innovation is the Blow of Fate.
If ancient Fabricks nod, and threat to fall,
To Patch the Flaws, and Buttreſs of the Wall,
Thus far 'tis Duty; but here fix the Mark;
For all beyond it is to touch our Ark.
To change Foundations, caſt the Frame anew,
Is work for Rebels who baſe Ends purſue:
At once Divine and Human Laws controul;
And mend the Parts by ruine of the Whole.
The tamp'ring World is ſubject to this Curſe,
To Phyſick their Diſeaſe into a worſe.
Now what Relief can Righteous *David* bring?
How Fatal 'tis to be too good a King!
Friends he has few, ſo high the madneſs grows;
Who dare be ſuch, muſt be the Peoples Foes:
Yet ſome there were, ev'n in the worſt of days;
Some let me Name, and Naming is to Praiſe.

In

In this ſhort File *Barzillai* firſt appears;
Barzillai crown'd with Honour and with Years;
Long ſince, the riſing Rebels he withſtood
In regions Waſte beyond the *Jordan*'s Flood:
Unfortunately Brave to buoy the State;
But ſinking underneath his Maſter's Fate:
In Exile with his Godlike Prince he mourn'd:
For him he Suffer'd, and with him Return'd.
The Court he practis'd, not the Courtier's Art:
Large was his Wealth, but larger was his Heart:
Which, well the Nobleſt Objects knew to chuſe,
The Fighting Warriour, and Recording Muſe.
His Bed cou'd once a fruitful Iſſue boaſt;
Now more than half a Father's Name is loſt.
His Edleſt Hope, with every Grace adorn'd,
By me (ſo Heav'n will have it) always Mourn'd,
And always honour'd, ſnatch'd in Manhoods prime
B' unequal Fates, and Providences Crime:
Yet not before the Goal of Honour won,
All Parts fulfill'd of Subject and of Son;
Swift was the Race, but ſhort the Time to run.

Oh

Oh Narrow Circle, but of Pow'r Divine,
Scanted in Space, but perfect in thy Line!
By Sea, by Land, thy matchleſs Worth was known;
Arms thy Delight, and War was all thy Own:
Thy force, infus'd, the fainting *Tyrians* prop'd;
And haughty *Pharaoh* found his Fortune ſtop'd.
Oh Ancient Honour, Oh unconquer'd Hand,
Whom Foes unpuniſh'd never cou'd withſtand!
But *Iſrael* was unworthy of his Name:
Short is the date of all Immoderate Fame.
It looks as Heav'n our Ruine had deſign'd,
And durſt not truſt thy Fortune and thy Mind.
Now free from Earth, thy diſencumbred Soul
Mounts up, and leaves behind the Clouds and Starry Pole:
From thence thy kindred Legions maiſt thou bring,
To aid the Guardian Angel of thy King.
Here ſtop, my Muſe, here ceaſe thy painful flight;
No pinions can purſue Immortal height:
Tell good *Barzillai* thou canſt ſing no more,
And tell thy Soul he ſhould have fled before;
Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this Verſe
To hang on her departed Patron's Hearſe?

Now

Now take thy ſteepy flight from Heav'n, and ſee
If thou canſt find on Earth another He;
Another He would be too hard to find,
See then whom thou canſt ſee not far behind.
Zadoc the Prieſt, whom, ſhunning Pow'r and Place,
His lowly mind advanc'd to *David*'s Grace:
With him the *Sagan* of *Jeruſalem*,
Of hoſpitable Soul, and noble Stem;
Him of the weſtern dome, whoſe weighty ſenſe
Flows in fit words and heavenly eloquence.
The Prophets Sons by ſuch Example led,
To Learning and to Loyalty were bred:
For *Colleges* on bounteous Kings depend,
And never Rebel was to Arts a Friend.
To theſe ſucceed the Pillars of the Laws:
Who beſt cou'd plead, and beſt can judge a Cauſe.
Next them a train of Loyal Peers aſcend,
Sharp judging *Adriel*, the Muſes Friend,
Himſelf a Muſe:—In Sanhedrins debate
True to his Prince; but not a Slave of State.
Whom *David*'s Love with Honours did adorn,
That from his diſobedient Son were torn.

Jotham of piercing Wit, and pregnant Thought
Endu'd by Nature, and by Learning taught
To move Aſſemblies, who but onely try'd
The worſe a-while, then choſe the better ſide:
Nor choſe alone, but turn'd the Balance too;
So much the weight of one Brave man can do.
Huſhai the Friend of *David* in diſtreſs,
In publick ſtorms of manly ſtedfaſtneſs;
By Foreign Treaties he inform'd his Youth;
And join'd Experience to his Native Truth.
His frugal care ſupply'd the wanting Throne;
Frugal for that, but bounteous of his own:
Tis eaſie Conduct when Exchequers flow;
But hard the task to manage well the low:
For Soveraign Pow'r is too depreſt or high,
When Kings are forc'd to ſell or Crouds to buy
Indulge one labour more, my weary Muſe,
For *Amiel*; who can *Amiel*'s praiſe refuſe?
Of ancient Race by birth, but nobler yet
In his own worth, and without Title Great:
The Sanhedrin long time as Chief he rul'd,
Their Reaſon guided, and their Paſſion cool'd;

So dextrous was he in the Crown's defence,
So form'd to ſpeak a Loyal Nation's Senſe,
That as their Band was *Iſrael*'s Tribes in ſmall,
So fit was he to repreſent them all.
Now raſher Charioteers the Seat aſcend,
Whoſe looſe Careers his ſteady Skill commend:
They, like th' unequal Ruler of the Day,
Miſguide the Seaſons, and miſtake the Way;
While he withdrawn at their mad Labour ſmiles,
And ſafe enjoys the Sabbath of his Toils.

Theſe were the chief; a ſmall but faithful Band
Of Worthies, in the Breach who dar'd to ſtand
And tempt th' united Fury of the Land.
With grief they view'd ſuch powerful Engines bent,
To batter down the Lawful Government.
A numerous Faction with pretended frights,
In Sanhedrins to plume the Regal Rights.
The true Succeſſor from the Court remov'd:
The Plot, by hireling Witneſſes, improv'd.
Theſe Ills they ſaw, and as their Duty bound,
They ſhew'd the King the danger of the Wound;

That no Conceſſions from the Throne wou'd pleaſe;
But Lenitives fomented the Diſeaſe:
That *Abſalom*, ambitious of the Crown,
Was made the Lure to draw the People down:
That falſe *Achitophel*'s pernicious Hate,
Had turn'd the Plot to ruine Church and State:
The Council violent, the Rabble worſe:
That *Shimei* taught *Jeruſalem* to Curſe.

With all theſe loads of Injuries oppreſt,
And long revolving in his careful Breaſt
Th' event of things; at laſt, his Patience tir'd,
Thus, from his Royal Throne, by Heav'n inſpir'd,
The God-like *David* ſpoke; with awful fear
His Train their Maker in their Maſter hear.

Thus long have I by Native Mercy ſway'd,
My wrongs diſſembl'd, my Revenge delay'd:
So willing to forgive th' Offending Age;
So much the Father did the King Aſſwage.
But now ſo far my Clemency they ſlight,
Th' Offenders queſtion my Forgiving Right.
That one was made for many, they contend;
But 'tis to Rule, for that's a Monarch's End.

They

They call my tenderneſs of Blood, my Fear:
Though manly Tempers can the Longeſt bear.
Yet, ſince they will divert my Native courſe,
'Tis time to ſhew I am not good by force.
Thoſe heap'd Affronts that haughty Subjects bring,
Are Burthens for a Camel, not a King:
Kings are the publick Pillars of the State,
Born to ſuſtain and prop the Nation's weight:
If my young *Sampſon* will pretend a Call
To ſhake the Column, let him ſhare the Fall:
But, oh, that yet he would repent and live!
How eaſie 'tis for Parents to forgive!
With how few Tears a Pardon might be won
From Nature, pleading for a Darling Son!
Poor, pitied Youth, by my Paternal care,
Rais'd up to all the height his Frame cou'd bear:
Had God ordain'd his Fate for Empire Born,
He wou'd have given his Soul another turn:
Gull'd with a Patriot's name, whoſe Modern ſenſe
Is one that wou'd by Law ſupplant his Prince:
The Peoples Brave, the Politicians Tool;
Never was Patriot yet, but was a Fool.

Whence

Whence comes it that Religion and the Laws,
Should more be *Abſalom*'s than *David*'s Cauſe?
His old Inſtructor, e're he loſt his Place,
Was never thought indu'd with ſo much Grac
Good Heav'ns, how Faction can a Patriot Paint
My Rebel ever proves my People's Saint:
Wou'd *They* impoſe an Heir upon the Throne?
Let Sanhedrins be taught to give their Own.
A King's at leaſt a part of Government;
And mine as requiſite as their Conſent:
Without my leave a future King to Chooſe,
Infers a Right the Preſent to Depoſe:
True, they petition me t' approve their Choice:
But *Eſau*'s Hands ſuit ill with *Jacob*'s Voice.
My pious Subjects for my Safety pray,
Which to ſecure, they take my Pow'r away.
From Plots and Treaſons Heav'n preſerve my Year
But ſave me moſt from my Petitioners.
Unſatiate as the barren Womb or Grave;
God cannot grant ſo much as they can crave.
What then is left, but with a jealous Eye
To guard the ſmall Remains of Royalty?

Th

The Law ſhall ſtill direct my peaceful Sway,
And the ſame Law teach Rebels to obey:
Votes ſhall no more Eſtabliſh'd Pow'r controul,
Such Votes as make a Part exceed the Whole:
No groundleſs Clamours ſhall my Friends remove,
Nor Crouds have Pow'r to puniſh e're they prove:
For Gods, and God-like Kings their Care expreſs,
Still to defend their Servants in diſtreſs.
Oh, that my Pow'r to Saving were confin'd!
Why am I forc'd, like Heav'n, againſt my mind,
To make Examples of another Kind?
Muſt I at length the Sword of Juſtice draw?
Oh, curs'd Effects of neceſſary Law!
How ill my Fear they by my Mercy ſcan,
Beware the Fury of a Patient Man.
Law they require, let Law then ſhew her Face;
They could not be content to look on Grace
Her hinder Parts, but with a daring Eye
To tempt the Terror of her Front, and Dye.
By their own Arts, 'tis Righteouſly decreed,
Thoſe dire Artificers of Death ſhall bleed.

Againſt

Againſt themſelves their Witneſſes will ſwear,
Till, Viper-like, their Mother Plot they tear:
And ſuck for Nutriment that bloody Gore
Which was their Principle of Life before.
Their *Belial* with their *Beelzebub* will fight;
Thus on my Foes, my Foes ſhall do me right:
Nor doubt th' Event: for Factious Crouds engage
In their firſt Onſet, all their Brutal Rage.
Then let 'em take an unreſiſted Courſe:
Retire and Traverſe, and Delude their Force:
But when they ſtand all Breathleſs, urge the Fight,
And riſe upon 'em with redoubled Might:
For lawful Pow'r is ſtill Superiour found,
When long driv'n back, at length it ſtands the [ground.

He ſaid. Th' Almighty nodding gave conſent;
And Peals of Thunder ſhook the Firmament.
Henceforth a Series of new Time began,
The mighty Years in long Proceſſion ran:
Once more the God-like *David* was reſtor'd,
And willing Nations knew their lawful Lord.

FINIS.

PART OF
VIRGIL's
IV. GEORGICK.

Engliſh'd by the Earl *of* Mulgrave.

'Is not for nothing when juſt Heav'n do's [frown,
The wretched *Orpheus* brings theſe judgments
Whoſe wiſe avoiding to become thy prey, [down;
And all his Joys at once were ſnatch'd away;
The poor Nymph doom'd that dangerous way to
Spy'd not the Snake lye lurking in the graſs: [paſs,
A mournful noiſe the ſpacious Vally fills,
With echoing cryes from all the neighbouring hills;
The *Dryades* roar'd out in deep deſpair,
And with united voice bewail'd the Fair.
For ſuch a loſs he ſought no vain relief,
But with his Lute indulg'd his tender grief;

All o'er the lonely ſands did wildly ſtray,
And with ſad Songs begin and end the day.
At laſt to Hell a frightful journey made,
Paſs'd the wide gaping Gulf and diſmal Shade;
Viſits the Ghoſts, and to that King repairs,
Whoſe heart's inflexible to humane prayers.
Hell ſeems aſtoniſh'd with ſo ſweet a Song,
Light Souls, and airy Spirits ſlide along
In troops, like millions of the feather'd kind,
Driv'n home by night or ſome tempeſtuous wind:
Matrons and Men, raw Youths and unripe Maids,
And mighty Heroes more majeſtick Shades;
Sons burnt before their mournful Parents face,
Styx does all theſe in narrow bounds embrace
Nine times with loathſom mud, and noy ſome weeds,
And all the filth which ſtanding water breeds:
Amazement reacht e'en the deep Caves of death
The Siſters with blue ſnaky curls took breath;
Ixion's Wheel a while unmov'd remain'd,
And the great-Dog his three-mouth'd-voice re-[ſtrain'd
Now ſafe return'd, and all theſe dangers paſt,
His Spouſe reſtor'd to breathe freſh air at laſt,

Following

allowing, for ſo *Proſerpina* was pleas'd,
ſudden rage th' unwary Lover ſeiz'd;
e when the firſt bright glimps of day-light ſhin'd,
unmindful, and impatient, look't behind,
fault of Love, could Hell compaſſion find.
dreadful noiſe thrice ſhook the *Stygian* coaſt,
is hopes now fled, and all his labour loſt.
hy haſt thou thus undone thy ſelf and me?
hat madneſs this? Again I'm ſnatch'd from thee,
e faintly cry'd; Night, and the powers of Hell
rrounded my eyes, O *Orpheus*, O farewell!
y hands ſtretch forth to reach thee as before,
t all in vain, alas, I'm thine no more;
o more allow'd to behold him or day;
hen from his ſight like ſmoak ſhe ſlipt away.
uch he wou'd fain have ſpoke, but Fate, alas,
ou'd ne'er again conſent to let him paſs.
hus twice undone, what courſe now cou'd he take
o redeem her already paſs'd the Lake?
ow bear his loſs? what tears procure him eaſe?
r with what Vows the angry Powers appeaſe?

'Tis ſaid, he ſeven long months bewail'd his loſs
On bleak and barren Rocks, on whoſe cold moſs,
While languiſhing he ſung his fatal flame,
He mov'd e'en Trees, and made fierce Tigers tame.
So the ſad *Nightingale*, when Childleſs made
By ſome rough Swain who ſteals her young away,
Bewails her loſs under a Poplar ſhade,
Weeps all the night, in murmurs waſts the day;
Her ſorrows does a mournful pleaſure yield,
And melancholly muſick fills the Field.
Marriage, nor Love could ever move his mind,
But all alone, beat by the Northern wind,
Shivering on *Tanais* Snowy banks remain'd,
Still of the Gods and their vain grace complain'd.
Ciconian Dames, enrag'd to be deſpis'd,
As they the feaſt of *Bacchus* ſolemnis'd,
Kill'd the poor Youth, and ſtrew'd about his limbs;
His Head torn off from the fair body ſwims,
Down that ſwift current, where the *Hebre* flows,
And ſtill his Tongue in doleful accents goes;
Ah, poor *Euridice*, it dying cry'd,
Euridice reſounds from every ſide.

THE

THE PARTING OF *SIRENO* and *DIANA*.

Engliſh'd by Sir Car. Scrope.

THE ARGUMENT.

Sireno *and* Diana *having lov'd each other with a moſt violent paſſion,* Sireno *is compell'd, upon the account of his Maſter's ſervice, to go for ſometime into a Foreign Country. The Melancholly parting of the two Lovers is the Subject of the following* Eclogue.

Cloſe by a ſtream, whoſe flowry bank might give
Delight to Eyes that had no cauſe to grieve,
The ſad *Sireno* ſate, and fed his Sheep,
Which now, alas! he had no Joy to keep;
Since his hard Fate compell'd him to depart
From her dear ſight, who long had charm'd his heart.

Fix'd were his thoughts upon the Fatal day
That gave him firſt what this muſt take away;
Through all the Story of his Love he ran,
And nought forgot that might increaſe his pain.
Then with a ſigh raiſing his heavy Eyes,
Th' approach of his afflicted Nymph he ſpies;
Sad as ſhe was, ſhe loſt no uſual Grace,
But as ſhe paſs'd ſeem'd to adorn the place:
Thither ſhe came to take her laſt farewel,
Her ſilent Look did her ſad Buſineſs tell.
Under a neighbouring Tree they ſat 'em down,
Whoſe ſhade had oft preſerv'd 'em from the Sun;
Each took the other by the willing hand,
Striving to ſpeak, but could no word Command:
With mutual Grief both were ſo overcome,
The much they had to ſay had made 'em dumb.
There many a time they two had met before,
But met, alas! upon a happier ſcore:
Cruel reverſe of Fate, which all the Joys
Their mutual preſence us'd to bring deſtroys.
Sireno ſaw his Fatal hour draw near,
And wanted ſtrength the parting pang to bear;

All

All drown'd in tears he gaz'd upon the Maid,
And ſhe with equal Grief the Swain ſurvey'd;
Till his impriſon'd paſſion forc'd its way,
And gave him leave faintly at laſt to ſay,

SIRENO.

O my *Diana*! who wou'd have believ'd
That when the ſad *Sireno* moſt had griev'd,
Any affliction cou'd have fall'n on me
That wou'd not vaniſh at the ſight of thee?
Thy charming Eyes cou'd all my Clouds diſpel,
Let but *Diana* ſmile, and all was well.
Abſent from thee my Soul no Joy cou'd know,
And yet, alas! I dye to ſee thee now.

DIANA.

Turn, O *Sireno*! turn away thy Face,
While all her ſhame a bluſhing Maid betrays;
For though my Eyes a ſecret pain reveal,
My tongue at leaſt ſhou'd my fond thoughts conceal:
Yet I wou'd ſpeak, cou'd ſpeaking do me good,
And ſince it is to thee, methinks it ſhou'd.
O Shepherd think how wretched I ſhall be,
When hither I return depriv'd of thee!

When ſitting all alone within this ſhade,
Which thou ſo oft thy tender Choice has made,
I read my Name Engrav'd on every bark,
Of our paſt Love the kind affecting mark;
Then my deſpairing Soul to death muſt fly,
And muſt thou be content to let me dye?
Why doſt thou weep? Alas! thoſe Tears are vain,
Since 'tis thy Fault that both of us Complain.
By this the Falſhood of thy Vows I know,
For were thy ſorrow true, thou wou'dſt not go.

SIRENO.

Ceaſe, cruel Nymph, ſuch killing Language ceaſe,
And let the poor *Sireno* dye in peace.
Witneſs ye Everlaſting Powers above,
That never Shepherd bore a truer Love!
With thee I wiſh't had been my happy doom,
With thee alone to ſpend my Life to come;
That we now part is by no fault of mine,
Nor yet, my deareſt Shepherdeſs of thine;
For as no Faith did ever mine excel,
So never any Nymph deſerv'd ſo well.

the great Shepherd whom we all obey,
s his Command that forces me away;
iat ever he ordains none dare refuſe;
iuſt my Joy, or elſe my Honour loſe;
uld I to him deny th' Allegiance due,
ou might'ſt to thee think me diſloyal too.

DIANA.

Jo, no, *Sireno*, now too late I find,
w fond ſhe is that can believe Mankind;
o ſuch Excuſes for himſelf pretends
ll eas'ly bear the abſence he defends.
ittle time, I fear, will quite deface
y thoughts of me, to give another place;
ol that I was my weakneſs to betray,
one not mov'd with all that I can ſay.
, cruel Man, imbark when e'er you pleaſe,
: take this with you as you paſs the Seas;
o' with the fierceſt Winds the Waves ſhould roar,
at Tempeſt will be leſs than mine on Shore.

SIRENO.

Tis hard unjuſt ſuſpicions to abide,
: who can ſuch obliging Anger chide?

Fair

Fair as thou art, that Charm cou'd never move
My heart to this degree without thy Love:
For 'tis thy tender ſenſe of my ſad Fate,
That does my ſharpeſt, deadly'ſt pain create.
Ah fear not, to what place ſoe'er I go,
That I ſhall ever break my ſacred Vow:
When for another I abandon thee,
May Heaven, for ſuch a Crime, abandon me.

DIANA.

If ever I my deareſt Swain deceive,
Or violate the Faith that here I give:
When to their Food my hungry Flocks I lead,
May the freſh Graſs ſtill wither where they tread;
And may this River, when I come to drink,
Dry up as ſoon as I approach the brink.
Take here this Bracelet of my Virgin hair,
And when for me thou can'ſt a minute ſpare,
Remember this poor pledge was once a part
Of her, who with it gave thee all her heart.
Where e'er thou go'ſt may Fortune deal with thee
Better than thou, alas! haſt dealt with me.

Farewell,

Farewell, my Tears will give me leave to ſay
No more than this, To all the Gods I pray
Theſe weeping Eyes may once enjoy thy ſight,
Before they cloſe in Deaths eternal Night.

SIRENO.

Then let *Sireno* baniſh all his fears,
Heaven cannot long reſiſt ſuch pious Tears.
The Righteous Gods, from whom our paſſion came,
Will pity (ſure) ſo innocent a Flame;
Reverſe the hard Decree for which we mourn,
And let *Sireno* to his Joys return.
I ſhall again my Charming Nymph behold,
And never part, but in her Arms grow old:
That hope alone my breaking heart ſuſtains,
And arms my tortur'd Soul to bear my Pains.

THE

THE STORY of LUCRETIA,

Out of Ovid *de Faſtis*. Book II.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Creech.

NOw *Tarquin* the laſt King did govern *Rome*,
Valiant abroad 'tis true, tho fierce at home;
Some Towns he won, ſome he did fairly beat,
And took the *Gabii* by a mean deceit;
For of his three brave Youths his youngeſt Son,
His Nature fierce, his Manners like his own,
His Father's Child outright pretends a flight,
And came amidſt the Enemies by Night;
They drew their Swords, come kill me now he ſaid,
My Father will rejoyce to ſee me dead:
See how his Rods my tender Entrails tore,
(To prove this true he had been whipt before)
The men grow mild, they ſheath their threatning Swords
And view his wounds, and thoſe confirm his words:
Then

hen each man weeps, and each his wrongs reſents,
nd begs to ſide with them, and he conſents.
hus gull'd, the crafty Youth, and once in truſt,
he firſt occaſion ſought to be unjuſt,
nd the unthinking *Gabii's* Town betray,
onſults his Father for the ſureſt way.
here was a Garden crown'd with fragrant Flowers,
little Spring ran through the pleaſant Bowers,
he ſoft retreat of *Tarquin*'s thinking hours.
'here when the meſſage came he chanc'd to ſtand,
nd lopt the talleſt Lillies with his wand:
Vith that the Meſſenger return'd, and ſaid,
ſaw your Father crop the lofty head
Of each tall Flower, but not one word to you;
Well, ſays the Son, I know what I muſt do,
And ſtreight the Nobles kill'd; when thoſe were gon,
He ſoon betray'd the poor defenceleſs Town.
When lo (a wond'rous ſight) a Serpent came,
And ſnatcht the Entrails from the dying Flame;
Phœbus advis'd, and thus the Anſwer ran
He that ſhall kiſs (for ſo the Fates ordain)
His Mother firſt ſhall be the greateſt man.

Then

Then ſtreight with eager haſte th'unthinking Crowd
Their Mothers kiſs'd, nor underſtood the God.
But wiſer *Brutus*, who did act the Fool,
Leſt *Tarquin* ſhould ſuſpect his riſing Soul,
Fell down, as if 't had been a caſual fall,
And kiſs'd his Mother Earth before them all.
Now *Ardea* was beſieg'd, the Town was ſtrong,
The men reſolv'd, and ſo the Leaguer long:
And whilſt the Enemy did the War delay,
Diſſolv'd in Eaſe the careleſs Souldiers lay,
And ſpent the vacant time in ſport and play.
Young *Tarquin* doth adorn his Noble Feaſts,
The Captains treats, and thus beſpeaks his Gueſts;
Whilſt we lye lingring in a tedious War,
And far from Conqueſt tired out with Care,
How do our Women lead their Lives at *Rome*?
And are we thought on by our Wives at home?
Each ſpeaks for his, each ſays I'll ſwear for mine,
And thus a while they talkt, grown flaſht with Wine;
At laſt young *Collatine* ſtarts up and cryes,
What need of words, come let's believe our Eyes;

Away

Away to *Rome*, for that's the safeſt Courſe,
They all agree, ſo each man mounts his Horſe.
Firſt to the Court, and there they found no Guard,
No Watchman there, and all the Gates unbarr'd;
Young *Tarquin*'s Wife, her hair diſorder'd lay
And looſe, was ſitting there at Wine and play.
Thence to *Lucretia*'s, She a lovely Soul,
Her Basket lay before her, and her Wooll,
Sate midſt her Maids, and as they wrought ſhe ſaid,
Make haſte, 'tis for my Lord as ſoon as made;
Yet what d'ye hear? (for you perchance may hear)
How long is't e'er they hope to end the War?
Yet let them but return; But ah, my Lord
Is raſh, and meets all dangers with his Sword:
Ah when I fanſie that I ſee him fight,
I ſwoon and almoſt periſh with the fright.
Then wept, and leaving her unfiniſht thread
Upon her boſom lean'd her lovely head.
All this became, graceful her grief appears,
And ſhe, chaſt Soul, lookt beautious in her Tears.
Her Face lookt well, by Natures art deſign'd,
All charming fair, and fit for ſuch a mind.

I come,

I come, ſays *Collatine*, diſcard thy Fear,
At that ſhe ſtraight reviv'd, and oh my Dear, [there.
She claſpt his Neck, and hung a welcome burthen
Mean while Young *Tarquin* gathers luſtful Fire,
He burns and rages with a wild Deſire;
Her Shape, her Lilie-white, and Yellow hair,
Her natural Beauty, and her graceful Air,
Her words, her voice, and every thing does pleaſe,
And all agree to heighten the Diſeaſe;
That ſhe was Chaſt doth raiſe his wiſhes higher,
The leſs his hopes, the greater his Deſire.
But now 'twas Morning, and the warlike Train
Return from *Rome*, and take the Field again:
His working Powers her abſent Form reſtore,
The more he minds her, ſtill he loves the more;
Twas thus ſhe ſate, thus ſpun, and thus was dreſt,
And thus her Locks hung dangling o'er her breaſt;
Such was her Mein, and ſuch each Air and Grace,
And ſuch the charming figure of her Face.
As when a furious ſtorm is now blown o'er
The Sea ſtill troubl'd, and the Waters roar
And curle upon the Winds that blew before.

So

So he tho' gone the pleaſing Form retains,
The Fire her preſent Beauty rais'd remains;
He burns, and hurry'd by reſiſtleſs Charms,
Reſolves to force, or fright her to his Arms.
I'll venture, let whatever Fates attend,
The daring bold have Fortune for their friend;
By daring I the *Gabii* did o'ercome;
This ſaid, he takes his Horſe, and ſpeeds for *Rome*:
The Sun was ſetting when he reach'd the place,
With more than Evening bluſhes in his Face;
A Gueſt in ſhew, an Enemy in deſign
He reach'd the ſtately Court of *Collatine*,
And's welcom'd there, for he was nearly kin.
How much are we deceiv'd? She makes a Feaſt,
And treats her Enemy as a welcome Gueſt;
Now Supper's done, and ſleep invites to Bed,
And all was huſht, as Nature's ſelf lay dead.
The Lamps put out, and all for reſt deſign'd,
No Fire in all the Houſe, but in his mind:
He roſe, and drew his Sword, with luſtful ſpeed
Away he goes to chaſte *Lucretia*'s Bed;

And when he came, *Lucretia*, not a word,
For look, *Lucretia*, here's my naked Sword;
My Name is *Tarquin*, I that Title own,
The King's young Son, his beſt beloved Son.
Half dead with fear, amaz'd *Lucretia* lay,
As harmleſs Lambs, their Mothers gone away,
Expos'd to ravenous Wolves an eaſie prey.
Her Speech, her Courage, Voice, and Mind did fail,
She trembled, and ſhe breath'd, and that was all:
What could ſhe do? Ah! could ſhe ſtrive? with whom?
A Man! a Woman's eaſily o'ercome.
Should ſhe cry out, and make Complaints of wrong,
His violent Sword had quickly ſtopt her tongue.
What ſhould ſhe ſtrive to fly? that hope was gone,
Young *Tarquin* held her faſt, and kept her down.
He preſt her Boſom with a luſtful hand,
That chaſt, that charming Breaſt then firſt prophan'd.
The Loving Foe ſtill ſues, reſolv'd to gain
With promiſe, threats, and bribes: but all in vain.
At laſt, 'tis Folly to reſiſt, he cry'd,
My Love will riſe to Rage, if long deny'd;

For I'll accuſe thee of unlawful Luſt,
Kill thee, and ſwear, tho' falſe, thy Death was juſt.
I'll ſtabb a Slave, and what's the worſt of harms,
Black Fame ſhall ſay I caught thee in his Arms.
This Art prevail'd, ſhe fear'd an injur'd name,
And liv'd and ſuffer'd, to ſecure her Fame.
Why doſt thou ſmile, Triumphant Raviſher?
This ſhameful Victory ſhall coſt thee dear.
Thy ruin pay for this thy forc'd delight,
How great a price! a Kingdom for a Night!
The guilty Night was gone, the day appears,
She bluſht, and roſe, and double Mourning wears,
As for her onely Son, ſhe ſits in Tears.
And for her Father, and her Husband ſends,
Each quickly hears the meſſage, and attends.
But when they came, and ſaw her drown'd in Tears,
Amaz'd they ask'd the Cauſe, what violent Fears,
What real ill did wound her tender mind;
What Friend was dead, for whom this Grief deſign'd?
But ſhe ſate ſilent ſtill, ſtill ſadly cry'd,
And hid her bluſhing Face, and wept, and ſigh'd.

Both ſtrive to comfort, both lament her Fate,
And fear ſome deadly ill, they know not what.
Thrice ſhe would ſpeak, thrice ſtopt, again ſhe tryes
To ſpeak her wrong, yet durſt not raiſe her Eyes:
This too on *Tarquin*'s ſcore, ſhe cry'd, I place;
I'll ſpeak, I'll ſpeak, ah me! my own diſgrace,
And what they could her modeſt words expreſt,
The laſt remain'd, her Bluſhes ſpoke the reſt.
Both weep, and both the forc'd offence forgive,
In vain you pardon me, I can't receive
The pity you beſtow, nor can I live.
This ſaid, her fatal Dagger pierc'd her ſide,
And at her Father's feet ſhe fell and dy'd.
Her Soul flew through the wound, and mounts above
As white, and innocent as a Virgin Dove,
Not ſpotted with one thought of Lawleſs Love.
Yet as ſhe fell, her dying thoughts contriv'd
The fall as modeſtly as ſhe had liv'd.
The Father o'er the Corps, and Husband fall,
And mourn, and both the common loſs bewail.
While thus they mourn'd, the generous *Brutus* came,
And ſhew'd his Soul ill-ſuited with his Name.

He

e graſpt the Dagger reeking in her Gore,
nd as he held it, thus devoutely ſwore;
y thee, by this thy chaſte and innocent Blood,
nd by thy Ghoſt, which I'll eſteem a God;
arquin, and all his Race ſhall be expell'd,
ſy Virtue long enough hath lain conceal'd.
t that ſhe rais'd her Eyes, ſhe ſeem'd to bow
er head, and with her Nod approv'd the Vow.
he Pomp appears, and as it paſſes by
he gaping Wound expos'd to publick View,
ill'd all the Crow'd with rage, and juſtly drew
urſes from every Heart, and Tears from every Eye.
oung *Brutus* heads the Crowd, proclaims the wrong,
nd tells them they endure the King too long:
he King's expell'd, and Conſuls they create,
nd thus the Kingdom chang'd into a State.

On Mr. *Dryden's*

RELIGIO LAICI.

By the Earl of *Roſcomon.*

BEgon you Slaves, you Idle Vermin go,
Fly from the Scourges, and your Maſter know;
Let free, impartial men from *Dryden* learn
Myſterious Secrets, of a high concern,
And weighty truths, ſolid convincing Senſe,
Explain'd by unaffected Eloquence.
What can you (*Reverend Levi*) here take ill?
Men ſtill had faults, and men will have them ſtill;
He that hath none, and lives as Angels do,
Muſt be an Angel; but what's that to you?
While mighty *Lewis* finds the Pope too Great,
And dreads the Yoke of his impoſing Seat,
Our Sects a more Tyrannick Power aſſume,
And wou'd for Scorpions change the Rods of *Rome*:
That Church detain'd the Legacy Divine;
Fanaticks caſt the Pearls of Heaven to Swine:

What

What then have honeſt thinking men to do,
But chuſe a mean between th'Uſurping two?
Nor can the *Ægyptian* Patriarch blame my Muſe,
Which for his firmneſs does his heat Excuſe;
What ever Counſels have approv'd his Creed,
The *PREFACE* ſure was his own Act and Deed,
Our Church will have that Preface read (you'll ſay)
'Tis true, But ſo ſhe will the *Apocrypha*;
And ſuch as can believe them freely may.
But did that *God* (ſo little underſtood)
Whoſe darling Attribute is being good,
From the dark Womb of the rude Chaos bring
Such various Creatures, and make Man their King;
Yet leave his *Favorite*, Man, his chiefeſt care,
More wretched than the vileſt Inſects are?
O! how much happier and more ſafe are they?
If helpleſs Millions muſt be doom'd a Prey
To Yelling Furies, and for ever burn
In that ſad place from whence is no return,
For unbelief in one they never knew,
Or for not doing what they could not do!

The very *Fiends* know for what Crime they fell,
(And ſo do all their followers that Rebell)
If then, a blind, well-meaning *Indian* ſtray,
Shall the great Gulph be ſhow'd him for the way?
For better ends our kind Redeemer dy'd,
Or the faln Angels Rooms will be but ill ſupply'd.
That *Chriſt*, who at the great deciding day
(For He declares what He reſolves to ſay)
Will Damn the Goats, for their *Ill-natur'd faults*,
And ſave the Sheep, for *Actions* not for Thoughts,
Hath too much mercy to ſend men to Hell,
For humble Charity, and hoping well.
To what Stupidity are Zealots grown,
Whoſe inhumanity profuſely ſhown
In Damning Crouds of Souls, may Damn their own!
I'll err at leaſt on the ſecurer ſide,
A Convert free from Malice and from Pride.

TO
Mr. DRYDEN
ON HIS
RELIGIO LAICI.

THoſe Gods the pious Ancients did adore
They learn in Verſe devoutly to implore,
Thinking it rude to uſe the common way
Of Talk when they did to ſuch Beings pray.
Nay they that taught Religion firſt, thought fit
In Verſe its ſacred Precepts to tranſmit:
So *Solon* too did his firſt Statutes draw,
And every little Stanza was a Law.
By theſe few Precedents we plainly ſee
The Primitive Deſign of Poetry;
Which by reſtoring to its Native uſe,
You generouſly have reſcu'd from abuſe.
Whilſt your lov'd Muſe does in ſweet Numbers ſing,
She vindicates her God, and God-like King.

Atheiſt

Atheiſt, and Rebel too, She does oppoſe,
(God and the King have always the ſame Foes.)
Legions of Verſe you raiſe in their defence,
And write the Factious to Obedience ;
You the bold *Arian* to Arms defie,
A conquering Champion for the Deity
Againſt the Whigs firſt Parents, who did dare
To diſinherit God-Almighty's Heir.
And what the hot-brain'd *Arian* firſt began
Is carried on by the *Socinian*,
Who ſtill Aſſociates to keep God a Man.
But 'tis the Prince of Poets Task alone
T' aſſert the Rights of God's, and *Charles* his Throne.
Whilſt vulgar Poets purchaſe vulgar Fame
By chaunting *Cloris*, or fair *Phillis* Name ;
Whoſe Reputation ſhall laſt as long,
As Fops and Ladies ſing the amorous Song.
A Nobler Subject wiſely they refuſe,
The Mighty weight would cruſh their feeble Muſe.
So Story tells, a Painter once would try
With his bold hand to Limn a Deity ;

And

And He, by frequent practiſing that part,
Could draw a Minor-God with wondrous Art:
But when great *Jove* did to the Workman ſit,
The Thunderer ſuch horrour did beget,
That put the frighted Artiſt to a ſtand,
And made his Penſil drop from's baffl'd Hand.

The XXII. ODE of the FIRST BOOK OF *HORACE.*

By the Earl of *Roſcomon.*

Integer Vitæ, &c.

VErtue, Dear Friend, needs no defence,
The ſureſt Guard is Innocence:
None knew till Guilt created Fear
What Darts or poiſon'd Arrows were.
Integrity undaunted goes
Through *Libyan* ſands or *Scythian* ſnows,
Or where *Hydaſpes* wealthy ſide
Pays Tribute to the *Perſian* pride.

For

For as (by amorous Thoughts betray'd)
Careleſs in *Sabin* Woods I ſtray'd,
A griſly foaming Wolf unfed,
Met me unarm'd, yet trembling, fled.
No Beaſt of more portentous ſize,
In the *Hercinian* Foreſt lies;
None fiercer, in *Numidia* bred,
With *Carthage* were in Triumph led.
Set me in the remoteſt place,
That *Neptune*'s frozen Arms embrace;
Where angry *Jove* did never ſpare
One Breath of kind and temperate Air.
Set me where on ſome pathleſs Plain
The ſwarthy *Africans* complain,
To ſee the Chariot of the Sun
So near their ſcorching Country run.
The burning Zone, the frozen Iſles,
Shall hear me ſing of *Cælia*'s Smiles,
All cold but in her Breaſt I will deſpiſe,
And dare all heat but that in *Cælia*'s Eyes.

THE VI. ODE,

OF THE

THIRD BOOK OF *HORACE.*

Of the Corruption of the Times.

By the Earl of *ROSCOMON.*

THoſe ills your Anceſtors have done,
Romans are now become your own;
And they will coſt you dear,
Unleſs you ſoon repair
The falling Temples which the Gods provoke,
And Statues ſully'd yet with Sacrilegious Smoke.
Propitious Heaven that rais'd your Fathers high,
For humble, grateful Piety,
(As it rewarded their Reſpect)
Hath ſharply puniſh'd your neglect;
All Empires on the Gods depend,
Begun by their command, at their command they End.
Let *Craſſus* Ghoſt and *Labienus* tell
How twice by *Jove*'s revenge our Legions fell,

And

And with inſulting Pride
Shining in *Roman* ſpoils the *Parthian* Victors ride.
The *Scythian* and *Ægyptian* Scum
Had almoſt ruin'd *Rome*,
While our Seditions took their part
Fill'd each *Ægyptian* ſail, and wing'd each *Scythian* [dart.
Firſt, thoſe Flagitious times,
(Pregnant with unknown Crimes)
Conſpire to violate the Nuptial Bed,
From which poluted head
Infectious Streams of crowding Sins began,
And through the ſpurious breed and guilty Nation
Behold a ripe and melting Maid, [ran.
Bound Prentice to the wanton Trade;
Ionian Artiſts at a mighty price
Inſtruct her in the Myſteries of Vice,
What Nets to ſpread, where ſubtile Baits to lay,
And with an early hand they form the temper'd Clay.
Marry'd, their Leſſons ſhe improves
By practice of Adult'rous Loves,
And ſcorns the common mean deſign
To take advantage of her Husband's Wine,

Or

Or ſnatch in ſome dark place
A haſty Illegitimate Embrace.
No! the brib'd Husband knows of all,
And bids her riſe when Lovers call;
Hither a Merchant from the Straits
Grown wealthy by forbidden Freights,
Or City *Cannibal* repairs,
Who feeds upon the fleſh of Heirs,
Convenient Bruits, whoſe tributary flame,
Pays the full price of luſt, and guilds the ſlighted
'Tis not the Spawn of ſuch as theſe, [ſhame.
That dy'd with *Punick* Blood the Conquer'd Seas,
And quaſht the ſtern *Æacides*;
Made the proud *Aſian* Monarch feel
How weak his Gold was againſt *Europe*'s ſteel,
Forc'd e'en dire *Hannibal* to yield;
And won the long diſputed world at *Zama*'s fatal field.
But Souldiers of a Ruſtick Mould
Rough, hardy, ſeaſon'd, manly, bold,
Either they dug the ſtubborn Ground,
Or through hewn Woods their weighty ſtrokes did [ſound.

And

And after the declining Sun
Had chang'd the ſhadows, and their Task was done,
Home with their weary Team they took their way,
And drown'd in friendly Bowls the labour of the day.
Time ſenſibly all things impairs,
Our Fathers have been worſe than theirs;
And we than Ours, next Age will ſee
A Race more profligate than we
(With all the pains we take) have skill enough to be

THE IV. ODE,

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF *HORACE.*

COnquer'd with ſoft and pleaſing Charms,
And never failing Vows of her return,
Winter unlocks his froſty Arms
To free the joyful Spring;
Which for freſh Loves with youthful heat do's burn;
Warm South-winds Court her, and with fruitful [ſhow'rs
Awake the drowſie flowers,

Who

Yet tho' commanded by a double fire,
Both by the flames of Wine, and hot deſire;
Tho' my lewd hand would naughtily have ſtray'd,
And I would fain my Arms have ready made;
I durſt not in the ſoft aſſault engage,
Dreading to wake her well experienc'd rage;
But ſo my greedy eyes ſurvey'd her o'er,
The waking *Argus* watcht not *Io* more;
Sometimes I loos'd the Chaplet from my Brow,
And try'd how ſweetly 'twould on *Cynthia*'s ſhow.
Sometimes corrected her diſorder'd hair,
That looſely wanton'd with the ſportive Air;
And when ſhe ſigh'd, I credulouſly fear'd
Some frightful Viſion to my Love appear'd.
Till the bright Moon thro' the wide Window ſhone,
(The Moon that would not ſuddenly be gone;)
She with her ſubtile rays unclos'd her eyes,
When thus againſt me did her fury riſe.
At length affronted by ſome tawdry Jade,
Kick'd out of doors, your forc'd into my Bed;
For where is it you ſpend my Nights? you come
Drawn off and impotent at Morning home;

I wiſh

The City Dame takes this pretence
(Weary of Husband and of Innocence)
To quit the ſmoak and buſineſs of the Town,
And to her Country-houſe retires,
Where ſhe may bribe, then graſp ſome brawny Clown,
Or her appointed Gallant come
To feed her looſe deſires;
Whilſt the poor Cuckold by his ſweat at home
Maintains her Luſt and Pride
Bleſt as he thinks in ſuch a beauteous Bride.
Since all the World's thus gay and free,
Why ſhould not we?
Let's then accept our Mother Natures treat,
And pleaſe our ſelves with all that's ſweet;
Let's to the ſhady Bowers,
Where Crown'd with gaudy flowers
We'll drink and laugh away the gliding hours.
Truſt me, *Thyrſis*, the grim Conqueror Death
With the ſame freedom ſnatches a King's breath,
He huddles the poor fetter'd Slave,
To's unknown Grave.

Tho' each day with coſt repair,
: mocks our greateſt skill and utmoſt care ;
Nor loves the Fair, nor fears the Strong,
ıd he that lives the longeſt dyes but young ;
And once depriv'd of light
We're wrapt in miſts of endleſs Night.
ıce come to thoſe dark Cells of which we're told
many ſtrange Romantick Tales of Old,
ı things unknown Invention's juſtly bold)
No more ſhall Mirth and Wine
Our loves and wits refine.
No more ſhall your *Phyllis* have,
Phyllis ſo long you've priz'd :
Nay ſhe too in the Grave
Shall lye like us deſpis'd.

THE IV. ODE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE*.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Duke.

Bluſh not, my Friend, to own the Love
Which thy fair Captives Eyes do move:
Achilles once the Fierce, the Brave,
Stoopt to the Beauties of a Slave;
Tecmeſſa's Charms could over-power
Ajax her Lord and Conquerour;
Great *Agamemnon*, when ſucceſs
Did all his Arms with Conqueſt bleſs;
When *Hector*'s fall had gain'd him more
Than ten long rolling years before,
By a bright Captive Virgin's Eyes
E'en in the midſt of Triumph dyes.

You know not to what mighty Line
The lovely Maid may make you joyn;
See but the Charms her ſorrow wears,
No common Cauſe could draw ſuch Tears;
Thoſe ſtreams ſure that adorn her ſo
For loſs of Royal Kindred flow:
Oh! think not ſo divine a thing
Could from the Bed of Commons ſpring;
Whoſe Faith could ſo unmov'd remain,
And ſo averſe to ſordid gain,
Was never born of any Race
That might the nobleſt Love diſgrace.
Her blooming Face, her ſnowy Arms,
Her well ſhap'd Leg, and all her Charms
Of her Body and her Face,
I, poor I, may ſafely praiſe.
Suſpect not Love the youthful Rage
From *Horace*'s declining Age,
But think remov'd by forty years
All his flames and all thy fears.

The VIII. ODE OF THE SECOND BOOK OF *HORACE*

Engliſh'd by Mr. Duke.

IF ever any injur'd Power
By which the falſe *Barine* ſwore,
Falſe, fair *Barine*, on thy head
Had the leaſt mark of Vengeance ſhed;
If but a Tooth or Nail of thee
Had ſuffer'd by thy Perjury,
I ſhould believe thy Vows; but thou
Since perjur'd doſt more charming grow,
Of all our Youth the Publick care,
Not half ſo falſe as thou art Fair.
It thrives with thee to be forſworn
By thy dead Mother's ſacred Urn,

By Heaven and all the Stars that ſhine
Without, and every God within:
Venus hears this, and all the while
At thy empty Vows does ſmile,
Her Nymphs all ſmile, her little Son
Does ſmile, and to his Quiver run;
Does ſmile and fall to whet his Darts,
To wound for thee freſh Lovers hearts.
See all the Youth does thee obey,
Thy train of ſlaves grows every day;
Nor leave thy former Subjects thee
Tho' oft they threaten to be free,
Tho' oft with Vows falſe as thine are,
Their forſworn Miſtreſs they forſwear.
Thee every careful Mother fears
For her Son's blooming tender years;
Thee frugal Sires, thee the young Bride
In *Hymen*'s Fetters newly ty'd,
Leſt thou detain by ſtronger Charms
Th' expected Husband from her Arms.

HORACE and *LYDIA*.

THE IX. ODE.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Duke.

HORACE.

WHilſt I was welcome to your heart
In which no happier Youth had part,
And full of more prevailing Charms,
Threw round your Neck his dearer Arms,
I flouriſh'd richer and more bleſt
Than the great Monarch of the Eaſt.

LYDIA.

Whilſt all thy Soul with me was fill'd,
Nor *Lydia* did to *Chloe* yield,
Lydia, the celebrated Name,
The only Theme of Verſe and Fame,
I flouriſh'd more than ſhe renown'd,
Whoſe Godlike Son our *Rome* did found.

HORACE

HORACE.

Me *Chloe* now, whom every Muſe,
And every Grace adorn, ſubdues;
For whom I'd gladly dye, to ſave
Her dearer Beauties from the Grave.

LYDIA.

Me lovely *Calais* does fire
With mutual flames of fierce deſire;
For whom I twice would dye, to ſave
His Youth more precious from the Grave.

HORACE.

What if our former Loves return,
And our firſt fires again ſhould burn?
If *Chloe*'s baniſh'd to make way
For the forſaken *Lydia*?

LYDIA.

Tho' he is ſhining as a Star,
Conſtant and kind as he is Fair;
Thou light as Cork, rough as the Sea,
Yet I would live, would dye with thee.

A DIA-

A

DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

HORACE and *LYDIA.*

Engliſh'd by another Hand.

HORACE.

WHile I remain'd the Darling of your heart,
And no encroaching Lover claim'd a part:
Unrival'd while my longing Arms I caſt
About your lovely Neck and ſlender waſte,
And you to every one but me were chaſte;
I ſcorn'd the lofty *Perſian* Monarch's ſtate,
And thought my ſelf more happy and as great.

LYDIA.

While I enjoy'd you, and no fairer ſhe
Had ſtoln your wandring heart away from me;
While *Chloe* ſeem'd not *Lydia* to out-ſhine,
Nor gain'd a Conqueſt that before was mine;

Not

Not *Roman Ilia* more renown'd I thought,
Although a God her ſweet embraces ſought.

HORACE.

Now *Thracyan Chloe* has ſupply'd your place,
She charms me with her Muſick and her Face;
To ſave her life, I with my own would part,
And freely give it as I gave my heart.

LYDIA.

Fair *Calais* now the ſweet *Meſſenian* Boy,
Loves me, I him as equally enjoy;
If by my dying he might longer live,
I'd give two lives, if I had two to give.

HORACE.

What if kind *Venus* ſhould our hearts unite,
And force us to adore that Love we ſlight?
If *Chloe* with her golden locks ſhould yield,
And baniſh'd *Lydia* ſhould regain the Field?

LYDIA.

If ſo, tho' you are cruel and unkind,
Leſs to be truſted than the Seas or Wind;
Tho' he ſo kind ſo charming and ſo true,
I willingly wou'd live, wou'd dye, with you.

THE

THE III. ELEGY

Of the firſt Book of Propertius.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Adams.

AS on the Beach ſad *Ariadne* lay,
While the deaf Winds falſe *Theſeus* bore away;
As from the Rock *Andromeda* redeem'd,
More ſweet more fair in her firſt ſlumber ſeem'd;
Or as the no leſs weary *Bacchanal*
Surpris'd by ſleep near ſome ſmooth ſtream do's fall;
Such ſeem'd to me, ſo was my *Cynthia* lay'd,
While breathing ſoft repoſe the lovely Maid
On her fair hand reclin'd her bending head;
When I well drunk through the too narrow Street
Dragg'd home at Mid-night my unfaithful Feet;
But as ſh' appear'd ſo charming to my view,
Gently I preſt the Bed, and near her drew;
Thinking (for ſo much ſenſe I ſtill retain'd)
The Fort of Love might by ſurpriſe be gain'd;

Yet

'et tho' commanded by a double fire,
Both by the flames of Wine, and hot deſire;
Tho' my lewd hand would naughtily have ſtray'd,
And I would fain my Arms have ready made;
I durſt not in the ſoft aſſault engage,
Dreading to wake her well experienc'd rage;
But ſo my greedy eyes ſurvey'd her o'er,
The waking *Argus* watcht not *Io* more;
Sometimes I loos'd the Chaplet from my Brow,
And try'd how ſweetly 'twould on *Cynthia*'s ſhow.
Sometimes corrected her diſorder'd hair,
That looſely wanton'd with the ſportive Air;
And when ſhe ſigh'd, I credulouſly fear'd
Some frightful Viſion to my Love appear'd.
Till the bright Moon thro' the wide Window ſhone,
(The Moon that would not ſuddenly be gone;)
She with her ſubtile rays unclos'd her eyes,
When thus againſt me did her fury riſe.
At length affronted by ſome tawdry Jade,
Kick'd out of doors, your forc'd into my Bed;
For where is it you ſpend my Nights? you come
Drawn off and impotent at Morning home;

I wiſh

I wiſh, baſe man! I wiſh ſuch nights you had,
As you force me! unhappy me! to lead!
Sometimes I with my Needle ſleep deceive,
Then with my Lute my wearineſs relieve;
Then do I weep, and curſe your tedious ſtay,
While in ſome others Arms you melt away;
Till ſleeps ſoft wings my willing Eye-lids cloſe,
Beguile my Sorrows, and my Cares compoſe:

OUT OF

PETRONIUS ARBITER.

Fœda eſt in Coitu & brevis voluptas.

'TIs but a ſhort, but a filthy pleaſure,
And we ſoon nauſeate the enjoy'd treaſure;
Let not us then as luſtful Beaſts do,
Slovenly, abruptly, blindly fall to:
Leſt we put out Love's gentle fire,
And he droop, and languiſh in impotent deſire:

But

But thus we'll lye, and thus we'll kiſs,
Thus, thus improve the laſting bliſs!
There is no labour here, no ſhame,
The ſolid Pleaſure's ſtill the ſame,
Never, oh, never to be done,
Where Love is ever but begun.

EPISTLE

From Mr. *Otway*, to Mr. *Duke*.

My much lov'd Friend, when thou art from my eyes,
How do I loath the day, and light deſpiſe?
Night, kinder night's the much more welcome Gueſt,
For though it bring ſmall eaſe, it hides at leaſt;
Or if e'er ſlumbers and my eyes agree,
Tis when they're crown'd with pleaſing dreams of thee.
Laſt night methought (Heaven make the next as kind)
Free as firſt innocence, and unconfin'd

As

As our firſt Parents in their *Eden* were,
E're yet condemn'd to eat their bread with care;
We two together wander'd through a Grove,
'Twas green beneath us, and all ſhade above,
Mild as our Friendſhip, ſpringing as our Love;
Hundreds of chearful Birds fill'd every Tree,
And ſung their joyful Songs of Liberty;
While through the gladſome Choire well pleas'd we walk'd,
And of our preſent valu'd State thus talk'd;
How happy are we in this ſweet retreat?
Thus humbly bleſt, who'd labour to be great?
Who for Preferments at a Court would wait,
Where every Gudgeon's nibbling at the bait?
What Fiſh of ſenſe would on that ſhallow lye,
Amongſt the little ſtarving wriggling Frye,
That throng and crow'd each other for a Taſte
Of the deceitful, painted, poiſon'd Paſte;
When the wide River he behind him ſees,
Where he may lanch to Liberty and Eaſe?
No cares or buſineſs here diſturb our hours,
While underneath theſe ſhady, peaceful Bowers,

In

ı cool delight and innocence we ſtray,
nd midſt a thouſand Pleaſures waſte the day;
ometimes upon a Rivers bank we lye,
Vere skimming Swallows o'er the ſurface fly,
uſt as the Sun, declining with his Beams;
iſſes, and gently warms the gliding Streams;
midſt whoſe current riſing Fiſhes play,
nd rowl in wanton Liberty away.
erhaps, hard by there grows a little Buſh,
n which the Linnet, Nightingale and Thruſh,
ightly their ſolemn Orgyes meeting keep,
nd ſing their Veſpers e'er they go to ſleep:
here we two lye, between us may b'es ſpread
ome Book, few underſtand, tho' many read,
ometimes we *Virgil*'s Sacred Leaves turn o'er,
ill wond'ring, and ſtill finding cauſe for more.
ow *Juno*'s rage did good *Æneas* vex;
hen how he had revenge upon her Sex
ı *Dido*'s ſtate, whom bravely he enjoy'd;
nd quitted her as bravely too when cloy'd;
e knew the fatal danger of her Charms,
id ſcorn'd to melt his virtue in her Arms.

Next *Niſus* and *Eurialus* we admire,
Their gentle Friendſhip, and their martial Fire;
We praiſe their Valour 'cauſe yet matcht by none,
And love their Friendſhip, ſo much like our own,
But when to give our minds a Feaſt indeed,
Horace, beſt known and lov'd by thee, we read,
Who can our Tranſports, or our Longings tell,
To taſte of pleaſures, prais'd by him ſo well?
With thoughts of Love, and Wine, by him we're fir'd,
Two things in ſweet retirement much deſir'd,
A generous Bottle and a loveſome She,
Are th' only Joys in Nature, next to Thee:
To which retiring quietly at night,
If (as that only can) to add delight,
When to our little Cottage we repair,
We find a Friend or two, we'd wiſh for there,
Dear *B——ly*, kind as parting Lovers Tears,
Adderly, honeſt as the Sword he wears,
Wilſon, profeſſing friendſhip yet a Friend,
Or—*Short*, beyond what numbers can commend,
Finch, full of kindneſs, gen'rous as his blood,
Watchful to do, to modeſt merit good;

Who

Who have forſook the wild tumultuous Town,
And for a taſte of life to us come down;
With eager Arms, how cloſely then w' embrace,
What Joy's in every heart, and every face!
The moderate Table's quickly cover'd o'er
With choiceſt Meats at leaſt, though not with ſtore:
Of Bottles next ſucceeds a goodly Train,
Full of what chears the Heart, and fires the Brain.
Each waited on by a bright virgin Glaſs,
Clean, ſound and ſhining like its drinker's Laſs.
Then down we ſit, while every Genius tryes
T' improve, till he deſerves his Sacrifice:
No ſaucy hour preſumes to ſtint delight,
We laugh, love, drink, and when that's done 'tis night:
Well warm'd and pleas'd, as we think fit we part,
Each takes th' obedient Treaſure of his heart,
And leads her willing to his ſilent Bed,
Where no vexatious cares come near his Head,
But every ſenſe with perfect pleaſure's fed;
Till in full Joy diſſolv'd, each falls aſleep,
With twining Limbs, that ſtill loves poſture keep,

At dawn of morning to renew delight,
So quiet, craving love till the next night:
Then we the drowſie Cells of ſleep forſake,
And to our Books our earlieſt viſit make;
Or elſe our thoughts to their attendance call,
And there methinks, Fancy ſits Queen of all;
While the poor under Faculties reſort,
And to her fickly Majeſty make Court;
The Underſtanding firſt comes plainly clad,
But uſefully; no ent'rance to be had.
Next comes the Will, that Bully of the mind,
Follies wait on him in a Troop behind;
He meets Reception from the antick Queen,
Who thinks her Majeſty's moſt honour'd when
Attended by thoſe fine dreſt Gentlemen.
Reaſon, the honeſt Counſellor, this knows,
And into Court with reſolute Virtue goes;
Lets Fancy ſee her looſe irregular ſway,
Then how the flattering Follies ſneak away!
This Image when it came too fiercely ſhook
My Brain, which its ſoft quiet ſtraight forſook;

When

'hen waking as I caſt my eyes around,
'othing but old loath'd Vanities I found;
o Grove, no Freedom, and what's worſe to me,
'o Friend; for I have none compar'd with thee.
)on then my Thoughts with their old Tirant-Care
'ere ſeiz'd; which to divert I fram'd this pray'r,
ods! life's your gift, then ſeaſon't with ſuch fate,
'hat what ye meant a bleſſing prove no weight.
et me to the remoteſt part be whirl'd,
)f this your play-thing made in haſte, the World;
ut grant me Quiet, Liberty and Peace,
y day what's needful, and at night ſoft eaſe;
'he Freind I truſt in, and the She I love,
'hen fix me; and if e're I wiſh remove,
lake me as great (that's wretched) as ye can,
t me in power, the woful'ſt ſtate of Man;
o be by Fools miſs-led, to Knaves a prey,
ıt make Life what I ask, or tak't away.

A

LETTER to a FRIEND

A Youth once free and happy, now a Slave,
Found a retreat within a peaceful Cave;
Where no intruders durſt his hours moleſt,
(But the Dear Paſſion ſtill inflam'd his Breſt)
And where abandon'd to his reſtleſs Pains,
He weeps alone, and feels his weighty Chains.
From thence——
To a dear Friend (ſuch as are hard to find)
Known true and juſt, and longing to be kind,
Who always ſhar'd his pleaſures and his pain,
In theſe ſad terms writ the tormented Swain.

My only Friend, learn my unhappy Fate,
That I'm undone by Love, oppos'd by Hate;
Your pity e'er I ask I'm ſure to gain,
But cruel *Cynthia*'s never muſt obtain.
You are not ign'rant of her charms I know,
Too well by her they're known, and thence my woe

Ye

Yet muſt I not complain, I own the Fair
Has juſtly doom'd me to the pains I bear;
For I have long prophanely laught at Love,
And oft to make the World deſpiſe it, ſtrove.
Wanton till now were all the flames I knew,
With pleaſures wing'd my minutes gaily flew:
When Beauty wounded, Wine ſoon freed my Soul,
My peace came ſwimming in the healing Bowl;
Or if too weak the Wine againſt Love's charms,
I took ſome balmy Harlot to my Arms;
Which always did the raging pains remove,
And cool the ſtings of any other Love.
In peace and plenty, with ſtill new Delights,
I paſs my joyful Days and Amorous Nights.
But now in vain that freedom loſt I mourn,
My far fled Liberty will ne'er return;
Too ſtrong's my Paſſion, as the Nymph too Fair,
(Ah, lovely Nymph, muſt I for ever bear!)
In your bright Eyes ſuch Heav'nly Beauties ſhine,
You want but mercy to be all Divine;
Loſt freedom to regain I dare not trye,
That were Rebellion, and I ought to dye.

Why ſhou'd your pow'rful Charms your Pride create,
Your Pride your only Fault, my only Fate?
Thus oft I've mourn'd the Conqueſt of her Eyes,
Since firſt my Heart was made her Sacrifice,
And ſhe the panting Victim cou'd deſpiſe.
Yet ſpite of all her rigorous diſdain,
I love my Ruin, and I hugg my Chain.
Reaſon in vain endeavours to perſuade
That I ſhou'd quit this haughty, ſcornful Maid;
Small Paſſions often make our Reaſon yield,
When Love invades, it well may quit the Field.
Your hopeleſs Friend thus languiſhing remains,
Enſlav'd by one who will not eaſe his pains;
Smiles when he weeps, and frowns when he complains.

AN ELEGY BY

he Wife of St. ELEXIAS *(a Nobleman of* Rome*) complaining on his abſence, he having left her on his Wedding Night unenjoy'd, out of a Pious Zeal to go viſit the* Chriſtian Churches.

Written in Latin by Fran. Remond *a* Jeſuit.

[Prais'd and Lov'd by the beſt Youth of *Rome*,
My fatal Charms ſent many to their Tomb,
ow wretched Maid, and miſerable Wife,
Tears, and in Complaints, muſt waſte my Life;
bandon'd by my Husband e're enjoy'd,
ith thoughts of pleaſures yet untaſted cloy'd:
e leaves me to my anxious Cares a Prey;
h! my *Alexias*, whither do you ſtray;

Whilſt

Whilſt in my Maiden Widdow'd Bed I lye,
More wretched than the Dead; and wiſh to dye?
In you were all my hopes, dear Wanderer,
Your doubted ſafety now creates my Fear;
He broke his Vows, he broke our Marriage-bond,
What dangers may a perjur'd Wretch ſurround,
At leaſt his flight his tender Feet may wound?
Oh! that I knew which way his courſe he ſteers,
'Twou'd ſoften much my pains, and leſſen much my fears:
A Letter ſhou'd inform him of my cares,
And he with pity ſure wou'd read my Pray'rs;
I'd write him lines might move a ſenſeleſs Stone,
Nay his heard Heart to feel compaſſion.
But, when we write, too ſlow are the returns,
Too ſlow, for one that with my paſſion burns;
Letters I wou'd not truſt, my ſelf wou'd go,
And from my Mouth my ſorrows he ſhou'd know.
By ſtealth I'll leave my Father's Houſe, 'twas you
Did firſt, alas! the ſad Example ſhew.
My preſſing Love wou'd wing my willing Feet,
To fly, till my *Alexia's* I ſhou'd meet.

Through

ugh Deſarts I durſt go (a tender Maid)
arch of you I cou'd not be afraid.
angers ſhou'd my eager ſteps retard,
nocence, and Love wou'd be my guard.
agons againſt me their Creſts ſhou'd rear,
ou'd I meet a Lyon or a Bear,
er can be capable of Fear.
d (too young for toils) a tender Boy,
l the fierce Lyon, and rough Bear deſtroy;
his ſmall Hand a Pibble cou'd confound,
ſtrike the Mountain Gyant to the Ground.
Aſſyrian General, *Bethulia*'s dread,
chaſte Woman's hand did loſe his Head,
ſhe was by her Guardian Angel led.
may not my attempts ſucceſsful prove,
ed by Divinity, and Love?
a fearleſs courage I dare undertake
zing Actions, for my Husband's ſake:
ough all the World (my Life) I'll follow Thee,
ther by Land thou wand'reſt or by Sea;
ther on Shoar or on the ſwelling Main,
Houſe, one Boat may both of us contain:

If

If your ſharp Keel *Ionian* Waves divide,
On that *Ionian* Sea my Bark ſhall ride.
If (to contemplate on the ſufferings
And cruel Death of the bleſt King of Kings,)
A *Pilgrim* to the Holy-land you go,
I'll joyn in Adoration there with you.
If where th'ador'd, Silver *Jordan* flows,
With you in *Paleſtine* I'll offer holy Vows;
Or if to *Scythian* Mountains you repair,
And leave this temp'rate for that frozen Air;
With thee (my Soul) I willingly can dwell
On the cold Top of the *Caucaſian* Hill.
Or ſhou'd you wander o'er the *Lybian* Sand,
(That vaſt, and wild, unhoſpitable Land)
Through thoſe parcht Plains with thee (my Love)
Nor fear the hungry, ſavage Beaſts of Prey. [I'll ſtray,
I'll be a *Thracian*, if to *Thrace* you ſail;
My Love ſhall o'er my Sexes fears prevail,
Nothing to follow you wou'd ſeem a Toil.
Tho' to the utmoſt *Indies* you are driv'n,
Till I can reach your Arms I'll know no Hav'n.

Ah!

ıh! let chaſte Love, propitious Planets keep,
afe from the dangers of the greedy Deep;
'et if my Ship by Tempeſts muſt be torn,
3y artful ſtrokes above the Waters born
ın ſpite of Nature I ſhall ſwim to ſhoar,
For Love will give my untaught hands the pow'r.
The flaming Conſtellations are in Love,
And Seas, and all that in the Waters move;
But the unſettl'd Waves, nor the inconſtant Wind
Shall ever move my Faith, or ſhake my ſtedfaſt Mind.
But if inevitable Fates decree,
That I muſt ſuffer in the angry Sea,
Leviathan, let me become thy Prey;
(The only ſuccour ſuch a Fate can give)
In thy kind Bowels hidden let me live,
There let me reſt, till thou ſhalt find that ſhoar
Where my *Alexias* is a Wanderer,
There caſt me up unhurt, and leave me there.
So in the ſcaly Monſter *Jonas* lay,
Protected from the Fury of the Sea;
Both wondred at their Lot, and both rejoyc'd,
One with his gueſtwas pleas'd,the other with his hoſt;

The

The third day came, and then (by Heaven's command)
The Fiſh reſtor'd the Prophet to the Land.
But if to me no Fiſh will favour ſhew
And (dear *Alexias*) I muſt dy for you;
Oh Love Divine! I'm pleas'd for thee to fall,
For thee, chaſte Authour of my Funeral;
The Sea ſhall take my Name, and 'mongſt the Stars
I'll be a Guide to wandring Mariners:
While they with wonder ſhall repeat my Name,
A Faith like mine deſerves no leſs a Fame;
They'll doubtleſs pray that ſuch a Wife, above,
May be rewarded for ſo chaſte a Love;
And that her Husband there may conſtant prove,
And for the load of waters ſhe has born,
Her Aſhes may lye eaſie in their Urn.
Alas! I rave, with fancies I am fed,
Not knowing where my deareſt Husband's fled,
I ſearch him, dreaming in my widow'd Bed.
If to the Woods I go, or Rocks or Shoars,
From thee they've learn'd to ſcorn Love's mighty Powers.
Unhear'd, alas! I loſe my Amorous Groans,
The Winds and Waves refuſe to hear my Moans,

Echo

Echo alone can ſuffer my complaint,
And ſhe with repetition is grown faint.
Return (my Life) for what can cauſe your ſtay!
If thou haſt Pity, oh! come away:
Ah! ſuffer not thy abſence I ſhou'd mourn,
I'll come to thee, if thou canſt not return.

AMARYLLIS,

Or the Third *Idyllium* of

THEOCRITUS, Paraphras'd.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

TO *Amaryllis* Love compels my way,
My browzing *Goats* upon the Mountains ſtray:
O *Tityrus*, tend them well, and ſee them fed
In Paſtures freſh, and to their watering led;
And 'ware the Ridgling with his butting head.
Ah beauteous Nymph, can you forget your Love,
The conſcious *Grottos*, and the ſhady Grove;
Where ſtretcht at eaſe your tender Limbs were laid,
Your nameleſs Beauties nakedly diſplay'd?

Then

Then I was call'd your darling, your deſire,
With Kiſſes ſuch as ſet my Soul on fire:
But you are chang'd, yet I am ſtill the ſame,
My Heart maintains for both a double Flame.
Griev'd, but unmov'd, and patient of your ſcorn,
So faithful I, and you ſo much forſworn!
I dye, and Death will finiſh all my pain,
Yet e're I dye, behold me once again:
Am I ſo much deform'd, ſo chang'd of late?
What partial Judges are our Love and Hate!
Ten wildings have I gather'd for my Dear,
How ruddy like your Lips their ſtreaks appear!
Far off you view'd them with a longing Eye
Upon the topmoſt branch (the Tree was high;)
Yet nimbly up, from bough to bough I ſwerv'd;
And for to morrow have Ten more reſerv'd.
Look on me kindly and ſome pity ſhew,
Or give me leave at leaſt to look on you.
Some God transform me by his Heavenly Pow'r
Ev'n to a *Bee* to buzz within your Bow'r,
The winding Ivy-chaplet to invade,
And folded Fern that your fair Forehead ſhade.

Now

Now to my coſt the force of Love I find;
The heavy hand it bears on humane kind!
The Milk of *Tygers* was his Infant food,
Taught from his tender years the taſt of blood;
His brother whelps and he ran wild about the wood.
Ah Nymph, train'd up in his Tirannick Court,
To make the ſuff'rings of your Slaves your ſport!
Unheeded Ruin! treacherous Delight!
O poliſh'd hardneſs ſoften'd to the ſight!
Whoſe radient Eyes your Ebon Brows adorn,
Like Midnight thoſe, and theſe like break of Morn;
Smile once again, revive me with your Charms;
And let me dye contented in your Arms:
I would not ask to live another Day,
Might I but ſweetly kiſs my Soul away!
Ah, why am I from empty Joys debarr'd,
For Kiſſes are but empty, when compar'd!
I rave, and in my raging fit ſhall tear
The Garland which I wove for you to wear,
Of Parſly with a wreath of Ivy bound;
And border'd with a Roſie edging round.

What pangs I feel, unpity'd, and unheard!
Since I muſt dye, why is my Fate deferr'd!
I ſtrip my Body of my Shepherds Frock,
Behold that dreadful downfal of a Rock,
Where yon old *Fiſher* views the Waves from high
'Tis that convenient leap I mean to try.
You would be pleas'd, to ſee me plunge to ſhoar,
But better pleas'd if I ſhould riſe no more.
I might have read my Fortune long ago,
When, ſeeking my ſucceſs in Love to know,
I try'd th' infallible Prophetick way,
A Poppy leaf upon my Palm to lay;
I ſtruck, and yet no lucky crack did follow,
Yet I ſtruck hard, and yet the leaf lay hollow.
And which was worſe, if any worſe cou'd prove,
The with'ring leaf foreſhew'd your with'ring Lo
Yet farther (Ah, how far a Lover dares!)
My laſt recourſe I had to Seive and Sheeres;
And told the Witch *Agreo* my diſeaſe,
(*Agreo* that in Harveſt us'd to leaſe;
But Harveſt done, to Chare-work did aſpire;
Meat, Drink, and two-pence was her daily hire:

To work ſhe went, her Charms ſhe mutter'd o'er,
And yet the reſty Seive wagg'd ne'er the more;
I wept for woe, the teſty Beldame ſwore.
And foaming with her God, fortold my Fate;
That I was doom'd to Love, and you to Hate.
A milk-white Goat for you I did provide;
Two milk-white Kids run frisking by her ſide,
For which the Nut-brown Laſs, *Erithacis*,
Full often offer'd many a ſavoury Kiſs;
Hers they ſhall be, ſince you refuſe the price,
What madman wou'd o'erſtand his Market twice!
My right Eye itches, ſome good-luck is near,
Perhaps my *Amaryllis* may appear,
I'll ſet up ſuch a Note as ſhe ſhall heare
What Nymph but my melodious Voice wou'd move?
She muſt be Flint, if ſhe refuſe my Love.
Hippomenes, who ran with noble ſtrife
To win his Lady, or to loſe his Life,
(What ſhift ſome men will make to get a Wife?)
Threw down a golden Apple in her way,
For all her haſte ſhe could not chuſe but ſtay:

Renown ſaid run, the glitt'ring Bribe cry'd hold,
The Man might have been hang'd but for his Gold.
Yet ſome ſuppoſe 'twas Love (ſome few indeed,)
That ſtopt the fatal fury of her ſpeed:
She ſaw, ſhe ſigh'd; her nimble Feet refuſe
Their wonted ſpeed, and ſhe took pains to loſe.
A Prophet ſome, and ſome a Poet cry,
(No matter which, ſo neither of them lye.)
From ſteepy *Othrys* top, to *Pylus* drove
His Herd; and for his pains enjoy'd his Love:
If ſuch another Wager ſhou'd be laid,
I'll find the Man, if you can find the Maid.
Why name I Men, when Love extended finds
His pow'r on high, and in Celeſtial Minds?
Venus the Shepherd's homely habit took,
And manag'd ſomething elſe beſides the Crook.
Nay when *Adonis* dy'd, was heard to roar,
And never from her heart forgave the Boar.
How bleſt was fair *Endymion* with his Moon,
Who ſleeps on *Latmos* top from Night to Noon!
What *Jaſon* from *Medea*'s Love poſſeſt,
You ſhall not hear, but know 'tis like the reſt,

My

aking Head can ſcarce ſupport the pain;
is curſed Love will ſurely turn my brain:
l how it ſhoots, and yet you take no pity,
' then 'tis time to end my doleful ditty.
lammy ſweat does o'er my Temples creep;
heavy Eyes are urg'd with Iron ſleep:
y me down to graſp my lateſt Breath,
: Wolves will get a Breakfaſt by my Death;
ſcarce enough their hunger to ſupply,
Love has made me Carrion e're I dye.

PHARMACEUTRIA,

OR THE

ENCHANTRESS.

Simætha *is here introduc'd by the Poet in Love with one* Delphis, *and not having ſeen him in Twelve days, and ſuſpecting him to love ſome other Woman, She, by the help of her Maid* Theſtylis, *endeavours by Charms to reduce him.*

Tranſlated from THEOCRITUS, *by Mr.* William Bowles, *of King's College in* CAMBRIDGE.

THe Philters, *Theſtylis*, and Charms prepare,
I'll try, ſince neither Gods, nor *Delphis* hear,
If the falſe Man, by me in vain belov'd,
By Charms, and Arts more powerful, can be mov'd.
Twelve days, an Age to me, alas! are paſt
Since at theſe doors he knock'd, or me ſaw laſt;

Scorn'd

Scorn'd and neglected, if I live, or no,
Inhuman as he is, he does not know.
To ſome new Miſtreſs ſure he is inclin'd,
For Love has wings, and he a changing mind.
To morrow I'll to the *Palæſtra* go,
And tell him he's unkind to uſe me ſo.
Now to my Charm: but you, bright Queen of night,
Shine, and aſſiſt me with your borrow'd light,
You, mighty Goddeſs, I invoke; and you
Infernal *Hecate*——
(When you aſcend from the pale ſhades below
Through gaping Tombs, and the divided ground,
A ſudden horrour ſeizes all around.
The Dogs at your approach afrighted fly,)
Aſſiſt and with your pow'rful aid be nigh;
Inſpire this Charm, and may it prove as ſtrong
As *Circe's* or the bold *Medea's* Song,
Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
Throw Meal upon the hallow'd flames: d'you ſtand
Inſenſible, you Sot, when I command?

Or am I ſcorn'd, and grown a jeſt to you?
Strew Salt, and ſay, thus *Delphis* Bones I ſtrew.
Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
As *Delphis* me, ſo I this Laurel burn,
And as that burns, and does to Aſhes turn,
And cracks and in a glorious light expires,
So may falſe *Delphis* burn in quicker Fires.
Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
As the Wax mèlts, which in the Fire I caſt,
So in Loves flower flames may *Delphis* waſte:
And as this Wheel with motion quick turn'd round,
Tho' ſeeming to go on, and quit its ground,
Returns, and in its Magick Circle ſtill is found;
So, tho' averſe, and fled from my Embrace,
May he return, and ſtill maintain his place.
Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
Hail, *Artemis*, and aid me from above;
You all the ſtubborn Pow'rs below can move,

Th' in-

'h' infernal Judges and th 'infernal King:
ting, *Theſtylis*, the ſounding Braſs, haſte, ring;
he comes, the Goddeſs comes, the dreadful cry
)f howling Dogs gives notice ſhe is nigh.
Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
ee! ſilent are the Winds, a peaceful ſleep
Has calm'd the raging Seas, and ſmooth'd the Deep,
But the rough Tempeſt, that diſtracts my Breaſt,
No Calm can find, and will admit no reſt.
O Chaſtity, and violated Fame!
I burn for him whoſe Love's my only ſhame.
Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
Thus thrice I ſacrifice, and thrice I pray
You execute, great Goddeſs, what I ſay.
Whoe're ſhe be that ſhares his envy'd Bed,
Proud by her Conqueſt, and my Ruin made,
Her Honour loſt, and ſhe undone, as I,
Deſerted and abandon'd may ſhe lye,
As did on *Dia*'s ſhoar the Royal Maid
By perjur'd *Theſeus* cruelty betray'd.

Bring

Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
Hippomanes but taſted rage inſpires,
And with new heat the winged Courſers fires,
O'er Fields and Woods, and Mountains tops they go,
Their rage no bounds, and they no ſtop can know;
Such is the plant, and oh! that I might ſee
My *Delphis* with like rage run home to me.
Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
This fringe, which my Lov'd *Delphis* once did wear,
This once dear Relick thus enrag'd I tear:
How cruel is the Love, that Leech-like dreins
From my pale limbs the blood, and empty-veins!
Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
To morrow a dire portion I'll compound;
Now, *Theſtylis*, this Philter ſpread around
His fatal door——
(There all my thoughts, and my loſt ſenſes dwell,
There, tho' ill us'd, my Soul continues ſtill)

And

And ſpit and the ingrateful Man devove,
That ſlights my paſſion, and neglects my Love.
Bring back the ſacred herbs, and pow'rful charms,
Bring back the perjur'd Delphis *to my arms.*
She's gone; and ſince I now am left alone,
What ſhall I ſay? what firſt ſhall I bemoan?
What was the Cauſe? whence ſprung my ill plac'd Love?
Diana's Rites can tell, and fatal Grove;
When fair *Anaxo* to the Temple led,
Her Nuptial Vow to the chaſte Goddeſs paid,
With ſavage Beaſts the glorious Pomp was grac'd,
And a fierce Lyoneſs amidſt 'em plac'd.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Theucharila, my Nurſe, would ſee the ſhow,
She near us dwelt, and begg'd of me to go;
Her Pray'rs, and my ill Fate at laſt prevail'd,
There my kind Stars, and better *Genius* fail'd.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
There all my ills began; for there, alas!
Delphis ſaw, and *Eudamippus* paſs:

Their

Their golden Hair in careleſs Curls hung down,
And brighter, (*Cynthia*) far than you they ſhone.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
I ſaw, and was undone! a ſubtile fire
Ran through my Veins, and kindled hot deſire;
The ſhining Pomp could now no more ſurprize,
A nobler object now employ'd my Eyes.
When that was ended, I forgot to go,
How I return'd, or when I did not know;
Ten days, as many reſtleſs Nights I lay,
My Beauty to the fierce Diſeaſe a Prey.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
My Fleſh all waſted, and my Limbs all pale,
And all my Hair with the ſtrong Poiſon fell:
Ah, cruel Love, to what doſt thou inforce?
To what Enchantreſs had not I recourſe,
For skill in Herbs, and Magick Arts renown'd?
No remedy in their vain Arts I found.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.

h Sickneſs waſted, and with Grief oppreſt,
ıs to my Servant I at laſt confeſt:
:e, *Theſtylis*, thy dying Miſtreſs ſends,
Health on *Delphis*, and my Life depends,
)his, who gave, alone can cure the Wound;
remedy for Love but Love is found:
active Sports and Wreſtling he delights,
l in the bright *Palæſtra* often ſits.
'ell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
'ell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
ere watch your time, and ſoftly let him know
ætha ſent you, then my Lodgings ſhow.
: did, and ſtraight his ſounding feet I heard,
ds! but when lovely *Delphis* firſt appear'd!
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
ıd death-like cold ſeiz'd on me, from my Brow,
ke Southern dew, the liquid drops did flow,
ff and unmov'd I lay, and on my Tongue
y dying words, when I would ſpeak 'em, hung;
ı when imperfect ſounds from Children fall,
'hen in their Dreams they on their Mother call.

Tell,

Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came,
The cruel Man ſat down upon my Bed,
And then with Eyes caſt downward thus he ſaid:
In Love you are as far before me gone,
As young *Philinus* lately I out-run.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Had not your kinder Meſſage call'd me home,
By Love's ſweet Joys at Night I would have come,
Arm'd with my Friends I had beſet you round,
And my victorious Head with Poplar crown'd.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Had you admitted me, it had been well,
For I in ſwiftneſs, and in form excell,
But that my vanquiſh'd Equals beſt may tell;
Some ſmaller favour then I had deſir'd;
And modeſtly but with a Kiſs retir'd;
Had you been cruel, and your Doors been barr'd,
With Bars and Torches for the ſtorm I was prepar'd.

Tell

Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Now thanks to you great Queen of Love I owe,
And next, my fair Preſerver, next to you,
She ſaw the burning Pain which I endure,
And recommends to you the mighty Cure;
For cool and gentle are all other fires
Compar'd with thoſe which cruel Love inſpires.
Tell, ſilver Phœbe, *tell whence ſprung my flame,*
Tell, for you know whence the dire Paſſion came.
Love, tender Maids can from their Beds excite,
Nor darkneſs them, nor danger can affright,
Love's mighty power can the young Wife compel
From her warm ſleeping Husband's Arms to ſteal.
He ſaid: and I a fond, believing Maid
Preſt and reclin'd him gently on my Bed;
Now a new heat return'd with his embrace,
Warmth to my Blood, and Colour to my Face,
And, to be ſhort, with mutual Kiſſes fir'd,
To the laſt bliſs we eagerly aſpir'd,
And both attain'd, what both alike deſir'd.

Now

Now ſwift the hours, and wing'd with pleaſure flew,
Calm were our Paſſions, and no Tempeſt knew;
No quarrel could diſturb our peaceful Bed,
But all thoſe Joys this fatal Morning fled.
Aurora ſcarce had chas'd away the Night,
And o'er the World diſus'd her roſie Light,
Philiſta's Mother came, (and as ſhe ſtill
The Love, and News o'th' Town delights to tell;)
She told me firſt that *Delphis* lov'd, but who
She could not tell, but that he lov'd ſhe knew;
All ſigns of ſome new Love ſhe ſaid ſhe found,
His Houſe adorn'd, and Doors with Garlands crown'd.
She tells me true; oh my ill-boding fears!
And *Delphis* treachery too plain appears:
His viſits were more frequent, now at laſt,
Since he was here twelve tedious days are paſt.
'Tis ſo: and can he then ſo cruel prove,
And I ſo ſoon forgotten, and my Love?
Now I'm content to ſee what Charms can do,
But if he dares go on to uſe me ſo,
Provok'd at laſt a Potion I'll prepare,
That by his Death ſhall eaſe me of my care.

So

So ſure the Poiſon, and ſo ſtrong the Draught,
The ſecret was by an *Aſſyrian* taught.
You, *Cynthia*, now may to the Sea decline,
And to the riſing Sun your light reſign;
My Charm's now done, and has no longer force
To fix your Chariot, or retard your courſe;
I, what I can't redreſs, muſt learn to bear,
And a ſad Cure attend from my deſpair.
Adieu, O Moon, and every glimm'ring Light,
Adieu, ye gay Attendants on the Night.

THE

CYCLOPS.

Theocritus *Idyll.* 11*th.*

Engliſh'd by Mr. Duke *of* Cambridge.

Inſcrib'd to Dr. Short.

O *Short*, no Herb, no Salve was ever found
To eaſe a Lover's heart, or heal his wound;
No Medicine this prevailing Ill ſubdues,
None, but the Charms of the condoling Muſe:

Sweet to the Senſe, and eaſie to the Mind
The Cure, but hard, but very hard to find.
This you will know, and ſurely none ſo well,
Who both in Phyſick's ſacred Art excel,
And in Wit's Orb amongſt the brighteſt ſhine,
The love of *Phœbus*, and the tuneful Nine.
Thus ſweetly ſaid of old, the *Cyclops* ſtrove
To ſoften his uneaſie hours of Love.
Then when hot Youth urg'd him to fierce deſire,
And *Galatea*'s Eyes kindled the raging fire,
His was no common Flame, nor could he move
In the old Arts, and beaten Paths of Love;
Nor Flowers, nor Fruits ſent to oblige the Fair,
Nor more to pleaſe, curl'd his neglected Hair.
His was all Rage all Madneſs; to his Mind
No other Cares their wonted Entrance find.
Oft from the Field his Flock return'd alone
Unheeded, unobſerv'd: he on ſome ſtone,
Or craggy Cliff, to the deaf Winds and Sea
Accuſing *Galatea*'s Cruelty;
Till Night from the firſt dawn of opening day,
Conſumes with inward heat, and melts away.

Yet then a Cure, the only Cure he found,
And thus apply'd it to the bleeding Wound;
From a ſteep Rock, from whence he might ſurvey
The Flood, the (Bed where his lov'd Sea-Nymph lay,)
His drooping head with ſorrow bent he hung,
And thus his griefs calm'd with his mournful Song.
Fair *Galatea*, why is all my Pain
Rewarded thus? ſoft Love with ſharp diſdain?
Fairer than falling Snow or riſing Light,
Soft to the touch as charming to the ſight;
Sprightly as unyok'd Heifers, on whoſe head
The tender Creſcents but begin to ſpread;
Yet cruel you to harſhneſs more encline,
Than unripe Grapes pluck'd from the ſavage Vine.
Soon as my heavy Eye-lids ſeal'd with ſleep,
Hither you come out from the foaming deep;
But when ſleep leaves me, you together fly,
And vaniſh ſwiftly from my opening Eye,
Swift as young Lambs when the fierce Wolf they ſpy.
I well remember the firſt fatal day
That made my Heart your Beauty's eaſy Prey,

'Twas when the Flood you, with my Mother, left,
Of all its Brightneſs, all its Pride bereft,
To gather Flowers from the ſteep Mountain's Top,
Of the high Office proud, I led you up;
To Hyacinths, and Roſes did you bring,
And ſhew'd you all the Treaſures of the Spring.
But from that hour my Soul has known no reſt,
Soft peace is baniſh'd from my tortur'd Breaſt,
I rage, I burn. Yet ſtill regardleſs you
Not the leaſt ſign of melting pity ſhew:
No; by the Gods that ſhall revenge my pain!
No; you the more I love the more diſdain.
Ah! Nymph, by every Grace adorn'd, I know
Why you deſpiſe and fly the *Cyclops* ſo;
Becauſe a ſhaggy Brow from ſide to ſide,
Stretch'd in a line, does my large Forehead hide;
And under that one only Eye does ſhine,
And my flat Noſe to my big Lips does joyn.
Such tho' I am, yet know, a Thouſand ſheep,
The pride of the *Sicilian* Hills, I keep;
With ſweeteſt Milk they fill my flowing Pails,
And my vaſt ſtock of Cheeſes never fails;

In Summer's heat, or Winter's ſharpeſt cold,
My loaded Shelves groan with the weight they hold.
With ſuch ſoft Notes I the ſhrill Pipe inſpire,
That every liſtning *Cyclops* does admire;
While with it often I all Night proclaim,
Thy powerful Charms, and my ſucceſsleſs Flame.
For thee twelve Does all big with Fawn, I feed,
And four Bear-Cubs, tame to thy hand, I breed.
Ah! come, to me, fair Nymph, and you ſhall find
Theſe are the ſmalleſt Gifts for thee deſign'd.
Ah! come and leave the angry Waves to roar,
And break themſelves againſt the ſounding ſhoar.
How much more pleaſant would thy ſlumbers be
In the retir'd and peaceful Cave with me?
There the ſtreight Cypreſs and green Laurel joyn,
And creeping Ivy claſps the cluſter'd Vine;
There freſh, cool Rills, from *Ætna*'s pureſt Snow,
Diſſolv'd into Ambroſial Liquor, flow.
Who the wild Waves, and brackiſh Sea could chuſe,
And theſe ſtill Shades, and theſe ſweet Streams refuſe?
But if you fear that I, o'er-grown with Hair,
Without a fire defie the Winter Air,

Know I have mighty ſtores of Wood, and know
Perpetual Fires on my bright Hearth do glow.
My Soul, my Life it ſelf ſhould burn for thee,
And this one-Eye, as dear as Life to me,
Why was not I with Fins, like Fiſhes, made,
That I, like them, might in the Deep have play'd?
Then would I dive beneath the yielding Tide,
And kiſs your hand if you your lips deny'd.
To thee I'd Lillies and red Poppies bear,
And flowers that Crown each Seaſon of the Year.
But I'm reſolv'd I'll learn to ſwim and dive
Of the next Stranger that does hear arrive,
That th'undiſcover'd Pleaſures I may know
Which you enjoy in the deep Flood below.
Come forth, O Nymph, and coming forth forget,
Like me that on this Rock unmindful ſit,
(Of all things elſe unmindful but of thee)
Home to return forget, and live with me.
With me the ſweet and pleaſing Labour chuſe,
To feed the Flock, and milk the burthen'd Ewes,
To preſs the Cheeſe, and the ſharp *Runnet* to infuſe.

My

My Mother does unkindly uſe her Son,
By her neglect the *Cyclops* is undone;
For me ſhe never labours to prevail,
Nor whiſpers in your Ear my Am'rous Tale.
No; tho' ſhe knows I languiſh every day,
And ſees my Body waſte, and ſtrength decay.
But I more Ills than what I feel will feign,
And of my Head, and of my Feet complain;
That, in her Breaſt if any pity lye,
She may be ſad, and griev'd as well as I.
O *Cyclops*, *Cyclops*, where's thy Reaſon fled?
If your young *Lambs* with new pluckt boughs you fed,
And watch'd your Flock, would you not ſeem more [wiſe?
Milk what is next, purſue not that which flies.
Perhaps you may, ſince this proves ſo unkind,
Another fairer *Galatea* find.
Me many Virgins as I paſs invite
To waſte with them in Love's ſoft Sports the Night,
And if I but incline my liſtning Ear,
New Joys, new Smiles in all their Looks appear.
Thus we, it ſeems, can be belov'd; and we,
It ſeems, are ſomebody as well as ſhe.

Thus did the *Cyclops* fan his raging fire,
And ſooth'd with gentle Verſe his fierce deſire.
Thus paſs'd his hours with more delight and eaſe,
Than if the Riches of the World were his.

TO
CÆLIA.

By Mr. DUKE.

FLy ſwift, ye hours, ye ſluggiſh minutes fly,
Bring back my Love, or let her Lover dye.
Make haſte, O Sun, and to my Eyes once more,
My *Cælia* brighter than thy ſelf reſtore.
In ſpight of thee, 'tis Night when ſhe's away,
Her Eyes alone can the glad Beams diſplay,
That makes my Sky look clear, and guide my day.
O when will ſhe lift up her ſacred Light!
And chaſe away the flying ſhades of Night!
With her how faſt the flowing hours run on?
But oh! how long they ſtay when ſhe is gone?
So ſlowly Time when clogg'd with Grief does move;
So ſwift when born upon the Wings of Love!

Hardly

Hardly three days, they tell me, yet are paſt,
Yet 'tis an Age ſince I beheld her laſt.
O my auſpicious Star make haſte to riſe,
To charm our Hearts and bleſs our longing Eyes!
O how I long on thy dear Eyes to gaze,
And chear my own with their reflected rays!
How my impatient, thirſty Soul does long,
To hear the charming Muſick of thy Tongue!
Where pointed Wit with ſolid Judgment grows,
And in one eaſie ſtream united flows.
When e'er you ſpeak, with what delight we hear,
You call up every Soul to every Ear!
Nature's too prodigal to Woman-kind,
Ev'n where ſhe does neglect t' adorn the mind;
Beauty alone bears ſuch reſiſtleſs ſway,
As makes Man-kind with joy and pride obey.
But oh! when Wit and Senſe with Beauty's joyn'd,
The Woman's ſweetneſs with the manly mind,
When Nature with ſo juſt a hand does mix
The moſt engaging Charms of either Sex;
And out of both that thus in one combine
Does ſomething form not Humane but Divine,

What's

What's her command but that we all adore
The nobleſt work of her almighty power!
Nor ought our Zeal thy anger to create,
Since Love's thy debt, nor is our Choice but Fate.
Where Nature bids, worſhip I'm forc'd to pay,
Nor have the Liberty to diſobey.
And whenſoe'er ſhe does a Poet make,
She gives him Verſe but for thy Beauty's ſake.
Had I a Pen that could at once impart
Soft *Ovid*'s Nature and high *Virgil*'s Art,
Then the immortal *Sachariſſa*'s Name
Should be but ſecond in the lift of Fame;
Each *Grove* each *Shade* ſhould with thy praiſe be fill'd,
And the fam'd *Penſhurſt* to our *Windſor* yield.

Spoken

poken, To the QUEEN in *Trinity-College New-Court* in *CAMBRIDGE.*

Written by Mr. DUKE.

THou equal Partner of the Royal Bed,
That mak'ſt a Crown ſit ſoft on *Charles*'s Head;
n whom with Greatneſs, Virtue takes her Seat:
leekneſs with Power, and Piety with State;
Whoſe Goodneſs might even Factious Crouds re-
Win the Seditious and the Savage tame; [claim,
Tyrants themſelves to gentleſt Mercy bring,
And only uſeleſs is on ſuch a King;
See, mighty Princeſs, ſee how every Breſt,
With Joy and Wonder, is at once poſſeſt:
Such was the Joy, which the firſt Mortals knew,
When Gods deſcended to the Peoples view,
Such devout wonder did it then afford,
To ſee thoſe Pow'rs they had unſeen ador'd,
But they were Feign'd: nor if they had been true,
Could ſhed more Bleſſings on the Earth than you:
Our Courts enlarg'd, their former Bounds diſdain,
To make Reception for ſo great a Train;

Here

Here may your ſacred Breaſt rejoyce to ſee,
Your own Age ſtrive with Ancient Piety,
Soon now, ſince bleſt by your auſpicious Eyes,
To full perfection ſhall our Fabrick riſe.
Leſs powerful Charms than yours of old could cal
The willing Stones into the *Theban* Wall,
And ours which now its riſe to you ſhall owe,
More fam'd than that by your great Name ſhall gro

FLORIANA,

A Paſtoral upon the Death of her Grace th
Dutcheſs of *SOUTHAMPTON.*

By Mr. DUKE.

Damon.

TEll me my *Thyrſis*, tell thy *Damon*, why
Do's my lov'd Swain in this ſad poſture ly
What mean theſe ſtreams ſtill falling from thine ey
Faſt as thoſe ſighs from thy ſwoln Boſom riſe?
Has the fierce Wolf broke thro' the fenced groun
Have thy Lambs ſtray'd? or has *Dorinda* frown'

Thyr

Thyrſis. The Wolf? Ah! let him come, for now he
lave thy Lambs ſtray'd? let 'em for ever ſtray: [may:
Dorinda frown'd? No, She is ever mild;
Nay, I remember but juſt now ſhe ſmil'd:
Alas! ſhe ſmil'd; for to the lovely Maid
Some had the fatal Tidings yet convey'd:
Tell me then Shepherd, tell me, canſt thou find
As long as thou art true, and ſhe is kind,
A Grief ſo great, as may prevail above
Even *Damon's* friendſhip, or *Dorinda's* Love?

Damon. Sure there is none. *Thyrſ.* But, *Damon*
[there may be:
What if the charming *Floriana* die?

Damon. Far be the Omen! *Thyrſ.* But ſuppoſe it true.

Damon. Then ſhould I grieve my *Thyrſis*, more
[than you.
She is——*Thyrſ.* Alas! ſhe was, but is no more;
Now, *Damon*, now, let thy ſwoln Eyes run o'er:
Here to this Turf by thy ſad *Thyrſis* grow,
And when my ſtreams of Grief too ſhallow flow,
Let in thy Tide to raiſe the Torrent high,
Till both a Deluge make, and in it die.

Damon.

Damon. Then that to this wiſht height the
[Flood might ſwell,
Friend, I will tell thee. *Th.* Friend, I thee will tell,
How young, how good, how beautiful ſhe fell.
Oh! ſhe was all for which fond Mothers pray,
Bleſſing their Babes when firſt they ſee the day.
Beauty and She were one; for in her Face
Sate Sweetneſs temper'd with Majeſtick Grace;
Such pow'rful Charms as might the proudeſt aw,
Yet ſuch attractive Goodneſs as might draw
The humbleſt, and to both give equal Law.
How was ſhe wondred at by every Swain?
The Pride, the Light, the Goddeſs of the Plain:
On all ſhe ſhin'd, and ſpreading Glories caſt
Diffuſive of her ſelf, where-e're ſhe paſt,
There breath'd an Air ſweet as the Winds that blow
From the bleſt Shoars where fragrant Spices grow:
Even me ſometimes ſhe with a ſmile would grace,
Like the Sun ſhining on the vileſt place.
Nor did *Dorinda* bar me the delight
Of feaſting on her Eyes my longing ſight:

it to a Being ſo ſublime, ſo pure,
ar'd my Devotion, of my Love ſecure.
Damon. Her Beauty ſuch: but Nature did deſign
hat only as an anſwerable Shrine
o the Divinity that's lodg'd within.
er Soul ſhin'd through, and made her form ſo bright,
s Clouds are gilt by the Sun's piercing light.
n her ſmooth Forehead we might read expreſt
'he even clamneſs of her gentle Breaſt:
nd in her ſparkling Eyes as clear was writ
'he active Vigour of her youthful wit.
Each Beauty of the Body or the Face
Was but the ſhadow of ſome inward Grace.
Gay, ſprightly, chearful, free, and unconfin'd,
As Innocence could make it, was her Mind;
Yet prudent, though not tedious nor ſevere,
Like thoſe, who being dull, would grave appear:
Who out of guilt do chearfulneſs deſpiſe,
And being ſullen, hope Men think 'em wiſe.
How would the liſtning Shepherds round her throng,
To catch the words fell from her charming Tongue!

She

She all with her own Spirit and Soul inſpir'd,
Her they all lov'd, and her they all admir'd.
Even mighty *Pan*, whoſe powerful hand ſuſtains.
The Sovereign Crook that mildly aws the Plains,
Of all his Cares made her the tender'ſt part;
And great *Loviſa* lodg'd yet in her Heart.

Thyrſis. Who would not now a ſolemn Mourning keep,
When *Pan* himſelf and fair *Loviſa* weep?
When thoſe bleſt Eyes by the kind Gods deſign'd
To cheriſh Nature, and delight Man-kind,
All drown'd in Tears, melt into gentler Showers
Than *April*-drops upon the ſpringing Flowers;
Such Tears as *Venus* for *Adonis* ſhed,
When at her Feet the lovely Youth lay dead;
About her, all her little weeping Loves
Ungirt her *Ceſtos*, and unyok'd her Doves.

Damon. Come pious Nymphs, with fair *Loviſa* come,
And viſit gentle *Floriana*'s Tomb;
And as you walk the melancholy Round,
Where no unhallow'd Feet prophane the Ground,
With your chaſt hands freſh Flow'rs and Odours ſhed
About her laſt obſcure and ſilent Bed;

Still

ill praying as you gently move your Feet,
oft be her Pillow, and her Slumber ſweet.

Thyrſis. See where they come, a mournful lovely Train,
s ever wept on fair *Arcadia*'s Plain:
oviſa mournful far above the reſt,
n all the Charms of beauteous Sorrow dreſt:
uſt are her Tears, when ſhe reflects how ſoon
Beauty, ſecond only to her own,
loriſht, lookt gay, was wither'd, and is gone!

Damon. O ſhe is gone! gone like a new born flower,
That deck'd ſome Virgin Queens delicious Bower;
Torn from the Stalk by ſome untimely blaſt,
And 'mongſt the vileſt weeds and rubbiſh caſt:
But flow'rs return, and coming Springs diſcloſe,
The Lilly whiter, and more freſh the Roſe;
But no kind Seaſon back her Charms can bring,
And *Floriana* has no ſecond Spring.

Thyrſis. O ſhe is ſet! ſet like the falling Sun;
Darkneſs is round us, and glad Day is gone!
Alas! the Sun that's ſet, again will riſe,
And gild with richer Beams the Morning-Skies:

But Beauty, though as bright as they it ſhines,
When its ſhort Glory to the Weſt declines,
O there's no hope of the returning Light;
But all is long Oblivion, and eternal Night.

The Tears of *AMYNTA*, for the Death of *DAMON*.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

SONG.

ON a Bank, beſide a Willow,
Heav'n her Cov'ring, Earth her Pillow,
Sad *Amynta* ſigh'd alone:
From the chearleſs dawn of Morning
Till the Dews of Night returning
Singing thus ſhe made her mone:
Hope is baniſh'd
Joys are vaniſh'd,
Damon, my belov'd is gone!

2.

Time, I dare thee to diſcover
Such a Youth, and ſuch a Lover,

Or

ſo true, ſo kind was he!
non was the pride of Nature,
ırming in his every Feature,
von liv'd alone for me:
Melting Kiſſes
Murmuring Bliſſes,
o ſo liv'd and lov'd as we!

3.

ever ſhall we curſe the Morning,
er bleſs the Night returning,
et Embraces to reſtore:
er ſhall we both ly dying
ıre failing, Love ſupplying
he Joys he drain'd before:
Death come end me
To befriend me;
: and *Damon* are no more.

THE

Praiſes of *ITALY* out of *Virgil*'s ſecond *GEORGIC*.

By Mr. Chetwood.

Sed neque Medorum Sylvæ, &c.

BUt neither *Median* Groves, whoſe happy ſoyl
With choiceſt Fruits prevents the Labourer
Nor *Ganges* ſtreams bleſſing his fertile Land,
Nor *Hermis* ſelf roling on golden Sand,
Can with fair *Italy* the Prize conteſt,
Leſs gay the glorious Kingdoms of the Eaſt,
Nor *Araby*, with all her Gums and Spice, is half ſo
No *Hydra*'s ſhe, or monſtrous Bulls do's bear,
Who with their flaming Noſtrils blaſt the Air;
Nor Dragons Teeth ſown in the wond'ring Field
Do ſhort-liv'd Harveſts of arm'd Brethren yield:
But vital Fruits ſhe brings, Wine, Oyl, and Corn,
And faireſt Cattle do her Meads adorn.
Her warlike Horſe is of the nobleſt Race,
Who proudly prances o'er his native Place.

And where thy Magick ſtreams, *Clitumnus*, flow,
The flocks are white as the freſh falling Snow.
Heaven do's ſo much thoſe ſacred Victims prize
It will give a *Conqueſt* for a *Sacrifice*.
As in the North 'tis Winter makes the Year,
The Spring and Autumn are the Seaſons here,
Cattel breed twice, and twice the reſtleſs furrows bear.
But Heav'n has baniſh'd hence rough Beaſts of prey,
No hungry Lions on the Mountains ſtray,
Nor monſtrous Snakes make inſecure the fearful Travellers way.
Nature did this; but Induſtry and Art
To the rich maſs did nobler forms impart.
Her Marble Rocks into fair Cities riſe,
Which with their pointed Turrets pierce the Skies.
Here, pleaſant Seats, by which clear ſtreams do paſs
Gaze on their ſhadows in the liquid Glaſs:
There, big with ſtory, ancient Walls do ſhow
Their reverend heads; beneath fam'd Rivers flow,
The Sea, which would ſurround the happy place,
Do's it on both ſides with his Arms embrace:

And ſtately Gallys which the *Adria* ride,
Bring the World's Tribute with each gentle Tide.
The ſpacious Lakes with level proſpect pleaſe,
Or ſwell, an imitation of the Seas.
What ſhou'd I tell how Art cou'd undertake
To make a Haven in the *Lucrine* Lake?
The rocky Mole which bridles in the Main,
Whilſt angry Surges ſpend their rage in vain.
As *Ceſar*'s Arms all Nations can ſubdue,
So *Ceſar*'s Works can Conquer Nature too.
Her very Entrails veins of Silver hold,
And Mountains are all under arch'd with Gold;
But her chief Treaſures without which the reſt are
Are Men for labour, Generals made to reign. [vain
She bred the *Marſian* who ne'er knew to yield,
And tough *Ligurian*, fit for either Field:
Triumphant Cottagers, whoſe frugal hand
Held both the Spade and Truncheon of command
Decii devoted for the Publick Good,
Compounding for whole Armies with their Blood
Camillus Saviour of the ſinking State,
Who reſcu'd *Rome* ev'n from the midſt of Fate.

Mari

Marii who *Roman* Eagles bore ſo far,
And *Scipio's*, the two Thunder-bolts of War.
You laſt, Great *Ceſar*, whoſe green years did more
Than Generals old in Triumphs could before.
You towards th' Eaſt your glorious Courſe do run,
India forgets now to adore the Sun.
Hail! happy Soil, Learning and Empire's Seat,
Mother of Hero's, *Saturn's* ſoft Retreat.
To you I *Grecian* Arts in Triumph bring,
And your juſt praiſe in laſting Numbers ſing.

The Ninth Ode of the Fourth Book of *HORACE*

By Mr. STEPNEY.

VErſes Immortal (as my Bays) I ſing,
When ſuited to my trembling ſtring:
When by ſtrange Art both Voice and Lyre agree
To make one pleaſant Harmony.
All Poets are by their blind Captain led,
(For none e'er had the ſacrilegious pride

To tear the well-plac'd Laurel from his aged head,)
Yet *Pindars* rolling Dythyrambique Tide,
Hath ſtill this praiſe, that none preſume to fly
Like him, but flag too low, or ſoar too high.
Still do's *Steſichorus* his Tongue
Sing ſweeter than the Bird which on it hung.
Anacreon ne're to old can grow,
Love from every Verſe do's flow:
Still *Sappho*'s ſtrings do ſeem to move,
Inſtructing all her Sex to Love.

2

Golden Rings of flowing Hair,
More than *Hellen* did inſnare;
Others a Prince's Grandeur did admire,
And wondring, melted to deſire.
Not only skilful *Teucer* knew
To direct Arrows from the bending Ewgh.
Troy more than once did fall,
Tho' hireling Gods rebuilt it's nodding Wall.
Was *Stenelus* the only valiant He,
A Subject fit for laſting Poetry?

Was *Hector* that prodigious Man alone,
Who, to ſave others Lives, expos'd his own?
Was only he ſo brave to dare his Fate,
And be the Pillar of a tott'ring State?
No, others buried in Oblivion lye,
As ſilent as their Grave,
Becauſe no charitable Poet gave
Their well-deſerved Immortality.

3.

Virtue with Sloth, and Cowards with the brave,
Are levell'd in the impartial Grave,
If they no Poet have.
But I will lay my Muſick by,
And bid the mournful ſtrings in ſilence lye;
Unleſs my Songs begin and end with you,
To whom my Strings, to whom my Songs are due.
No pride does with your riſing honours grow,
You meekly look on ſuppliant Crowds below.
Should Fortune change your happy State,
You could admire, yet envy not, the Great.
Your equal Hand holds an unbyaſs'd Scale,
Where no rich Vices, guilded Baits prevail.

You

You with a gen'rous honeſty deſpiſe,
What all the meaner World ſo dearly prize.
Nor does your Virtue diſappear,
With the ſmall Circle of one ſhort-liv'd Year.
Others, like Comets, viſit and away;
Your Luſtre (great as theirs) finds no decay,
But with the conſtant Sun makes an eternal day.

4.

We barbarouſly call thoſe bleſt,
Who are of largeſt Tenements poſſeſt,
Whilſt ſwelling Coffers break their Owner's reſt.
More truly happy thoſe! who can
Govern the little Empire, Man:
Bridle their Paſſions, and direct their Will
Through all the glitt'ring paths of charming ill.
Who ſpend their Treaſure freely, as 'twas giv'n
By the large bounty of indulgent Heav'n.
Who in a fixt unalterable ſtate,
Smile at the doubtful Tide of Fate,
And ſcorn a-like her Frindſhip and her Hate.
Who Poyſon leſs than Falſhood fear,
Loth to purchaſe Life ſo dear;

But

But kindly for their Friend embrace cold Death,
And ſeal their Countries Love with their departing [breath.

HOR. Ode 15. *Lib.* 2. Imitated,

Jam pauca aratro jugera.

In ſui ſeculi luxuriam.

By Mr. Chetwood.

THen this unweildy Factious Town,
To ſuch prodigious Bulk is grown,
It on whole Counties ſtands, and now
Land will be wanting for the Plow,
Thoſe remnants too the *Boors* forſake,
Frith muſt the Nation undertake.
As in a *Plague* the Fields ſhall deſart lye,
Whilſt all men to the mighty *Peſthouſe* fly.

2.

If any Tree is to be ſeen,
'Tis Myrtle, Bays, and Ever-Green.
Lime-trees, and Plane, for pleaſure made,
Which for their Fruit bear only Shade.

Such

Such as do Female Men content,
With uſeleſs ſhew and barren ſcent.
The *Britiſh Oak* will ſhortly be as rare,
As Orange-Trees here once, or Cedar were.

3.

Not by theſe Arts, my Maſters, ſure
Your Fathers did thoſe Lands procure.
They preferr'd Uſe to empty ſhew,
No ſoftning *French* refinements knew.
Themſelves, their Houſe, their Table, plain,
Noble, and richly clad their Train.
Temp'rance did Health without Phyſicians keep,
And *Labour* crown'd hard Beds with eaſie ſleep.

4.

To th' Publick rich, in private poor,
Th' *Exchequer* held their greateſt ſtore.
They did adorn their Native Place
With Structures, which their Heirs deface.
They in large Palaces did dwell,
Which we to *Undertakers* ſell.
Stately Cathedrals they did found,
Whoſe Ruins now deform the Ground.

Churches

Churches and Colleges endow'd with Lands,
Whoſe poor Remains fear Sacrilegious Hands.

The Sixteenth ODE of the Second Book of HORACE.

By Mr. Otway.

IN Storms when Clouds the Moon do hide,
And no kind Stars the Pilot guide,
Shew me at Sea the boldeſt there,
Who does not wiſh for quiet here.
For quiet (Friend) the Souldier fights,
Bears weary marches, ſleepleſs Nights,
For this feeds hard, and lodges cold,
Which can't be bought with hills of Gold.
Since Wealth and Power too weak we find,
To quell the Tumults of the Mind;
Or from the Monarchs Roofs of State
Drive thence the Cares that round him wait.

Happy

Happy the man with little bleſt
Of what his Father left poſſeſt;
No baſe deſires corrupt his head,
No fears diſturb him in his bed.
What then in life, which ſoon muſt end,
Can all our vain deſigns intend?
From ſhoar to ſhoar why ſhould we run,
When none his tireſome ſelf can ſhun?
For baneful Care will ſtill prevail,
And overtake us under ſail,
'Twill dodge the Great Man's Train behind,
Out-run the Roe, out-fly the Wind.
If then thy Soul rejoyce to day,
Drive far to morrows cares away.
In laughter let them all be drown'd,
No perfect good is to be found.
One Mortal feels Fates ſudden blow,
Another's lingring Death comes ſlow;
And what of life they take from thee,
The Gods may give to puniſh me.
Thy portion is a wealthy ſtock,
A fertile Glebe, a fruitful Flock,

ſes and Chariots for thy eaſe,
h Robes to deck and make thee pleaſe.
me a little Cell I chuſe,
for my Mind, fit for my Muſe,
ich ſoft content does beſt adorn,
nning the Knaves and Fools I ſcorn.

The First EPODE of HORACE.

By Mr. Chetwood.

WHen you, *Maecenas*, with your Train,
Embarking on the Royal Fleet,
poſe your ſelves to the rough Main,
And *Cæſar*'s threatning danger meet.
hilſt in ignoble Eaſe I am left behind,
id ſhall I call you cruel, or too kind.

2.

ſtimes and Wine, which Verſe inſpire,
Are taſteleſs all now you are gone,
ntun'd is both my Mind and Lyre,
And in full Courts I ſeem alone.

The reliſh you to my enjoyments give,
And *life*, depriv'd of you, cou'd hardly *live*.

3.

Then ſhould I a young Seaman grow,
And take a Cutlace in my hand?
Yes, with you, to the Pole I'd go,
Or tread ſcorch'd *Afric*'s treacherous ſand.
And I perhaps could fight, or ſuch as I,
At leaſt, inſtead of better men could die.

4.

You'll ſay, what are my pains to you?
I'm not for War, and Action made:
Bid me my humble Care purſue,
Seek Winter Sun, and Summer ſhade.
Whilſt both your great Example, and commands
Require more active, and experienc'd Hands.

5.

If you ſay this, you never knew,
Friendſhip, the nobleſt part of love;
What for her Fawn can the old One do?
Or for her young the timorous Dove?

ey're more at eaſe, tho' helpleſs, being near,
l abſence, even in ſafety, cauſes fear.

6.

s Voyage, and a hundred more,
'o gain your favour I wou'd take:
don't what's ſaid on *vertues ſcore*,
'or *ſervile flattery* miſtake.
Jo City Palace, or large Country Seat
ek, nor aim ſo low as to be Great.

7.

:ver lik'd thoſe reſtleſs minds,
Which by mean Arts, with mighty pain,
mb to the *Region* of the *Wind*,
Then of Court Hurricanes complain.
)d Heav'n aſſures me I ſhall ne'er be poor,
d *Os* — *n* be damn'd to encreaſe his ſtore.

EPILOGUE intended to have been ſpoken by the Lady Henr. Mar. Wentworth *when* Caliſto *was Acted at Court.*

By Mr. DRYDEN.

AS *Jupiter* I made my Court in vain,
I'll now aſſume my Native ſhape again.
I'm weary to be ſo unkindly us'd,
And would not be a God to be refus'd.
State grows uneaſie when it hinders love,
A glorious Burden, which the wiſe remove.
Now as a Nymph I need not ſue nor try,
The force of any lightning but the Eye.
Beauty and Youth more than a God command;
No *Jove* could e'er the force of theſe withſtand.
'Tis here that Sovereign Power admits diſpute,
Beauty ſometimes is juſtly abſolute.
Our ſullen *Catoes*, whatſoe'er they ſay,
Even while they frown and dictate Laws, obey.
You, mighty Sir, our bonds more eaſie make,
And gracefully what all muſt ſuffer take.

Above

Above thoſe forms the Grave affect to wear;
For 'tis not to be wiſe to be ſevere.
True wiſdom may ſome gallantry admit,
And ſoften buſineſs with the charms of wit.
Theſe peaceful Triumphs with your cares you [bought,
And from the midſt of fighting Nations brought.
You only hear it thunder from afar,
And ſit in Peace the Arbiter of War.
Peace, the loath'd Manna, which hot Brains deſpiſe,
You knew its worth, and made it early prize:
And in its happy leiſure ſit and ſee
The promiſes of more felicity.
Two glorious Nymphs of your own God-like line,
Whoſe Morning Rays like Noontide ſtrike and ſhine.
Whom you to ſuppliant Monarchs ſhall diſpoſe,
To bind your Friends and to diſarm your Foes.

Sarpedon's *Speech to* Glaucus, *in the* 12*th of* Homer.

Thus to *Glaucus* ſpake

DIvine *Sarpedon*, ſince he did not find
Others as great in place, as great in Mind.
Above the reſt, why is our Pomp, our Power?
Our Flocks, our Herds and our Poſſeſſions more?
Why all the Tributes Land and Sea affords,
Heap'd in great Chargers, load our ſumptuous Boards?
Our chearful Gueſts carowſe the ſparkling tears
Of the rich Grape, whilſt Muſick charms their ears.
Why as we paſs do thoſe on *Xanthus* ſhore,
As Gods beholds us, and as Gods adore?
But that as well in danger, as degree,
We ſtand the firſt; that when our *Lycians* ſee
Our brave examples, they admiring ſay,
Behold our Gallant Leaders! Theſe are They

Deſerve

Deſerve the Greatneſs; and un-envied ſtand:
Since what they act, tranſcends what they command.
Could the declining of this Fate (oh friend)
Our Date to Immortality extend?
Or if Death ſought not them, who ſeek not Death,
Would I advance? Or ſhould my vainer breath
With ſuch a Glorious Folly thee inſpire?
But ſince with Fortune Nature doth conſpire,
Since Age, Diſeaſe, or ſome leſs noble End,
Though not leſs certain doth our days attend;
Since 'tis decreed, and to this period lead,
A thouſand ways, the nobleſt path we'll tread;
And bravely on, till they, or we, or all,
A common Sacrifice to Honour fall.

An ELEGIE

Upon the Death of the Lord HASTINGS.

By Sir *JOHN DENHAM.*

READER, preſerve thy peace: thoſe buſie eyes
Will weep at their own ſad Diſcoveries;
When every line they add, improves thy loſs;
Till, having view'd the whole, they ſum a Croſs,
Such as derides thy Paſſions beſt relief,
And ſcorns the ſuccours of thy eaſie Grief.
Yet leſt thy ignorance betray thy name
Of Man, and Pious; read, and mourn: the ſhame
Of an exemption from juſt ſenſe, doth ſhow
Irrational, beyond exceſſive Wo.
Since Reaſon then can priviledge a Tear,
Manhood, uncenſur'd, pay that Tribute here
Upon this noble Urn. Here, here remains
Duſt far more precious than in *India*'s veins:
Within theſe cold embraces raviſh'd lies
That which compleats the Ages Tyrannies;

Who

Who weak to ſuch another Ill appear:
For, what deſtroys our Hope, ſecures our Fear.
What Sin unexpiated in this Land
Of Groans, hath guided ſo ſevere a hand?
The late great Victim that your Altars knew,
You angry Gods, might have excus'd this new
Oblation; and have ſpar'd one lofty Light
Of Virtue, to inform our ſteps aright;
By whoſe Example good, condemned we
Might have run on to kinder Deſtiny.
But as the Leader of the Herd fell firſt,
A Sacrifice to quench the raging thirſt
Of inflam'd Vengeance for paſt Crimes: ſo none
But this white fatted Youngling could atone,
By this untimely Fate, that impious Smoke
That ſullied Earth, and did Heavens pity choke.
Let it ſuffice for us, that we have loſt,
In Him, more than the widow'd World can boaſt
In any lump of her remaining Clay.
Fair as the gray-ey'd Morn He was: the Day,
Youthful, and climbing upwards ſtill, imparts
No haſte like that of his increaſing Parts:

Like the Meridian-beam, his Vertues light
Was ſeen; as full of comfort, and as bright.
Ah that that Noon had been as fixt as clear! but He,
That only wanted Immortality
To make him perfect, now ſubmits to night;
In the black boſom of whoſe ſable Spight,
He leaves a cloud of Fleſh behind, and flies,
Refin'd all Ray and Glory, to the Skies.
Great *Saint* ſhine there in an eternal Sphere,
And tell thoſe Powers to whom thou now draw'ſt near,
That, by our trembling Senſe, in HASTINGS dead,
Their Anger, and our ugly Faults, are read:
The ſhort lines of whoſe Life did to our eyes,
Their Love and Majeſty epitomize.
Tell them whoſe ſtern Decrees impoſe our Laws,
The feaſted Grave may cloſe her hollow Jaws.
Though Sin ſearch Nature, to provide her here
A ſecond Entertainment half ſo dear;
She'll never meet a Plenty like this Herſe,
Till Time preſent her with the Univerſe.

Upon

Upon the death of the

Lord *HASTINGS.*

Written by Mr. DRYDEN, *in the year 1649, when at* Weſtminſter *School.*

MUſt Noble *Haſtings* Immaturely dye,
(The Honour of his ancient Family?)
eauty and Learning thus together meet,
'o bring a *Winding* for a *Wedding-Sheet*?
luſt *Virtue* prove *Death*'s Harbinger? muſt She,
Vith him expiring, feel Mortality?
Death (Sin's wages) Grace's now? ſhall Art
lake us more Learned, only to depart?
Merit be Diſeaſe, if Virtue Death;
'o be Good, not to be; who'd then bequeath
limſelf to Diſcipline? who'd not eſteem
abour a Crime, ſtudy ſelf-murther deem?
)ur Noble Youth now have pretence to be
)unces ſecurely, Ign'rant healthfully.

Rare

Rare Linguiſt! whoſe worth ſpeaks it ſelf, whoſe praiſe,
Tho' not his own, all *Tongues* beſides do raiſe:
Than whom, great *Alexander* may ſeem leſs;
Who Conquer'd Men, but not their Languages.
In his Mouth Nations ſpeak; his Tongue might be
Interpreter to *Greece*, *France*, *Italy*.
His Native Soyl was the four parts o' th' Earth;
All *Europe* was too narrow for his Birth.
A young Apoſtle; and (with rev'rence may
I ſpeak it) inſpir'd with gift of Tongues, as they.
Nature gave him, a Child, what Men in vain
Oft ſtrive, by Art though further'd, to obtain.
His Body was an Orb, his ſublime Soul
Did move on Vertue's, and on Learning's Pole:
Whoſe reg'lar motions better to our view,
Than *Archimedes* Sphere, the Heavens did ſhew.
Graces and Vertues, Languages and Arts,
Beauty and Learning, fill'd up all the parts.
Heav'ns Gifts, which do, like falling Stars, appear
Scatter'd in others; all, as in their Sphere,
Were fix'd and conglobat in's Soul; and thence
Shone th'row his Body, with ſweet influence;

Letting

Letting their Glories ſo on each Limb fall,
The whole Frame render'd was Celeſtial.
Come, learned *Ptolomy*, and trial make,
If thou this Hero's altitude canſt take;
But that tranſcends thy skill; thrice happy all,
Could we but prove thus Aſtronomical.
Liv'd *Tycho* now, ſtruck with this Ray, (which ſhone
More bright i' th' Morn, than others Beam at Noon)
He'd take his *Aſtrolabe*, and ſeek out here
What new Star 'twas did gilde our Hemiſphere.
Repleniſh'd then with ſuch rare Gifts as theſe,
Where was room left for ſuch a foul Diſeaſe?
The Nations ſin hath drawn that Veil, which ſhrouds
Our day-ſpring in ſo ſad benighting Clouds.
Heaven would no longer truſt its Pledge; but thus
Recall'd it; rapt its *Ganymede* from us.
Was there no milder way but the ſmall Pox,
The very filthineſs of *Pandora's* Box?
So many Spots, like *nævei*, our *Venus* ſoil?
One Jewel ſet off with ſo many a foil?
Siſters with pride ſwell'd, which th'row's fleſh did ſprout
Like Roſe-buds, ſtuck i' th' Lilly-skin about.

Each

Each little Pimple had a Tear in it,
To wail the fault its riſing did commit:
Who, Rebel-like, with their own Lord at ſtrife,
Thus made an inſurrection 'gainſt his Life.
Or were theſe Gems ſent to adorn his skin,
The Cab'net of a richer Soul within?
No Comet need foretel his change drew on,
Whoſe Corps might ſeem a *Conſtellation.*
O had he dy'd of old, how great a ſtrife [Life?
Had been, who from his death ſhould draw their
Who ſhould, by one rich draught, become what e're
Seneca, Cato, Numa, Cæſar, were:
Learned, Virtuous, Pious, Great; and have by this
An Univerſal *Metempſuchoſis.*
Muſt all theſe ag'd Sires in one Funeral
Expire? All die in one ſo young, ſo ſmall?
Who, had he liv'd his life out, his great Fame
Had ſwoln 'bove any *Greek* or *Roman* Name.
But haſty Winter, with one blaſt, hath brought
The hopes of Autumn, Summer, Spring, to nought.
Thus fades the Oake i' th' ſprig, i' th' blade the Corn;
Thus without Young, this *Phœnix* dies, new born.

Muſt

Muſt then old three-legg'd gray-beards with their Catarrhs, Rheums, Aches, live three ages out? [Gout,
Times Offal, only fit for th' Hoſpital,
Or t' hang Antiquaries Room withal;
Muſt Drunkards, Letchers, ſpent with ſinning, live
With ſuch helps as Broths, Poſſits, Phiſick give?
None live, but ſuch as ſhould die? Shall we meet
With none but Ghoſtly Fathers in the Street?
Grief makes me rail; Sorrow will force its way;
And Show'rs of Tears Tempeſtuous Sighs beſt lay.
The Tongue may fail; but over-flowing Eyes
Will weep out laſting ſtreams of *Elegies*.

But thou, O *Virgin-widow*, left alone,
Now thy beloved, Heaven-raviſht *Sponſe* is gone,
(Whoſe skilful Sire in vain ſtrove to apply
Med'cines, when thy Balm was no Remdey)
With greater than *Platonick* Love, O wed
His Soul, tho' not his Body, to thy Bed:
Let that make thee a Mother; bring thou forth
Th' *Idea*'s of his Virtue, Knowledge, Worth;

Tranſcribe

Tranſcribe th' Original in new Copies; give
Haſtings o' th' better part: ſo ſhall he live
In's nobler half; and the great Grandſire be
Of an Heroick Divine Progenie:
An Iſſue, which t' Eternity ſhall laſt,
Yet but th' Irradiations which he caſt.
Erect no *Mauſolæums*: for his beſt
Monument is his Spouſes Marble breaſt.

Upon *DESIRE.*

WHat art thou, Oh thou new found pain?
From what Infection doſt thou ſpring?
Tell me, O tell me, thou Inchanting thing,
Thy Nature and thy Name.
Inform me by what ſubtile Art,
What pow'rful Influence,
You got ſuch vaſt Dominion in a part
Of my unheeded and unguarded Heart,
That Fame and Honour cannot drive you thence?

Oh

Oh miſchievous Uſurper of my Peace!
Oh ſoft Intruder of my ſollitude!
Charming diſturber of my Eaſe,
That haſt my nobler Fate purſu'd;
And all the Glories of my Life ſubdu'd.

Thou haunt'ſt my inconvenient hours,
he buſineſs of the Day, nor ſilence of the Night,
That ſhou'd to Cares and Sleep invite,
an bid defiance to thy conquering Pow'rs.
Where haſt thou been this live-long Age,
That from my birth till now,
Thou never didſt one Thought ingage,
Or charm my Soul with the uneaſie rage,
That made it all its humbler Feebles know?
Where wer't thou, O malicious Sprite,
When ſhining Glory did invite?
When Int'reſt call'd then thou wer't ſhy,
Nor one kind Aid to my Aſſiſtance brought;
Nor would'ſt inſpire one tender Thought,
When Princes at my Feet did lye.

When thou could'ſt mix Ambition with my Joy,
Then, peeviſh Phantome, thou wer't nice and c
Not Beauty would invade thee then,
Nor all the Arts of laviſh Men;
Not all the pow'rful Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
Nor ſacred Wit cou'd charm thee on;
Not the ſoft Play that Lovers make,
Nor Sighs could fan thee to a Fire;
No pleading Tears or Vows could thee awake,
Nor charm the unform'd — *Something* — to *Deſire*

Oft I've conjur'd thee to appear,
By Youth, by Love, by all their Pow'rs,
Have ſearch'd and ſought thee every where,
In ſilent Groves, in lonely Bowers,
On flow'ry Beds, where Lovers wiſhing lye,
In ſheltring Woods, where ſighing Maids
To their aſſigning Shepherds hye,
And hide their Bluſhes in the gloom of Shades.
Yet there, ev'n there though Youth aſſail'd,
Where Beauty proſtrate lay, and Fortune woo'd,
My Heart (inſenſible) to neither bow'd;

Thy lucky aid was wanting to prevail.
In Courts I ſought thee then, thy proper Sphere,
But thou in Crouds wer't ſtifled there;
Intereſt did all the loving bus'neſs do,
Invites the Youths, and wins the Virgins too;
Or if by chance ſome Heart thy Empire own,
Ah, Pow'r ingrate! the Slave muſt be undone.

Tell me, thou nimble Fire, that doſt dilate
Thy mighty force through every part,
What God or human Power did thee create
In my (till now) unfacil Heart?
Art thou ſome welcome Plague ſent from above,
In this dear Form, this kind Diſguiſe?
Or the falſe Off-ſpring of miſtaken Love,
Begot by ſome ſoft Thought, that feeble ſtrove
With the bright-piercing Beauties of *Lyſander*'s Eyes.
Yes, yes, Tormenter, I have found thee now,
And found to whom thou doſt thy being owe;
'Tis thou the Bluſhes do'ſt impart,
'Tis thou that trembleſt in my Heart.

When thou could'ſt mix Ambition with my Joy,
Then, peeviſh Phantome, thou wer't nice and coy.
Not Beauty would invade thee then,
Nor all the Arts of laviſh Men;
Not all the pow'rful Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
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Thy

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For, tho' with Vertue I the World perp
Lyſander finds the feeble of my Sex:
So *Helen*, tho' from *Theſeus*'s Arms ſhe f
To charming *Paris* yields her Heart and

A N

EPITHALAMIU

Upon the

MARRIAGE of Capt. *William Bedl*

By Mr. DUKE.

Ille ego qui quondam gracili modulatus Av
Arma virumque Cano.

I, he, who Sung of Humble Oates *before,*
Now Sing a Captain *and a Man of W A R*

GOddeſs of Rhime, that didſt inſpire
The *Captain* with Poetick fire,
Adding freſh Laurels to that brow
Where thoſe of Victory did grow,
And ſtatelier Ornaments may flouriſh now.

f thou art well recover'd ſince
he *Excommunicated Prince*:
or that Important Tragedy
ould have kill'd any Muſe but Thee;
ither with ſpeed, oh! hither move,
ull Buskins off, and ſince to love
he ground is holy that you tread in,
nce bare-foot at the *Captains* Wedding.
See where he comes, and by his ſide
is Charming fair Angelick Bride:
ch, or leſs lovely was the Dame
o much Renown'd, *Fulvia* by name,
ith whom of old *Tully* did joyn,
hen when his Art did undermine
he *Horrid Popiſh Plot* of *Cateline*.
h faireſt Nymph of all great *Brittain*,
Though thee my Eyes I never ſet on)
uſh not on thy great Lord to ſmile,
he ſecond Saviour of our Iſle;
hat nobler Captain could have led,
hee to thy long'd-for Marriage Bed:

When thou could'ſt mix Ambition with my Joy,
Then, peeviſh Phantome, thou wer't nice and coy.
Not Beauty would invade thee then,
Nor all the Arts of laviſh Men;
Not all the pow'rful Rhet'rick of the Tongue,
Nor ſacred Wit cou'd charm thee on;
Not the ſoft Play that Lovers make,
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To their aſſigning Shepherds hye,
And hide their Bluſhes in the gloom of Shades.
Yet there, ev'n there though Youth aſſail'd,
Where Beauty proſtrate lay, and Fortune woo'd,
My Heart (inſenſible) to neither bow'd;

Thy

ıen Oh receive thy mighty prize
ith open Arms and wiſhing Eyes,
ſs that dear Face where may be ſeen
s worth and parts that ſculk within,
ıat Face that juſtly ſtil'd may be
ı true a Diſcoverer as he.
hink not he ever falſe will prove,
is well known Truth ſecures his Love;
o you a while divert his Cares
om his important grand Affairs:
:t him have reſpite now a while
:om kindling the mad Rabbles Zeal.
eal that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
hews plainly where its birth-place we may find,
Hell, where tho' dire Flames for ever glow,
t 'tis the place of utter darkneſs too.
ut to his Bed be ſure be true
s he to all the World and you,
e all your Plots will elſe betray
ll ye She-*Machiavils* can lay.
e all deſigns you know has found,
'ho' hatch'd in Hell, or under Ground:

When the dear Shepherd does appear,
I faint and die with pleaſing pain;
My words intruding ſighings break,
When e're I touch the charming Swain;
When e're I gaze, when e're I ſpeak,
Thy conſcious Fire is mingled with my Love.
As in the ſanctify'd Abodes
Miſguided Worſhippers approve
The mixing Idols with their Gods.
In vain (alas) in vain I ſtrive,
With Errours, which my Soul do pleaſe and vex:
For Superſtition will ſurvive,
Purer Religion to perplex.

Oh tell me, you Philoſophers in Love,
That can theſe burning Fev'riſh Fits controul,
By what ſtrange Arts you cure the Soul,
And the fiery Calenture remove?

Tell me, ye Fair ones, you that give Deſire,
How 'tis you hide the kindling Fire.

A

PROLOGUE

Written by

Mr. *DRYDEN.*

F yet there be a few that take delight
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And you are grown to judge like Forty Eight.
Such Cenſures our miſtaking Audience make,
That 'tis almoſt grown Scandalous to Take!
They talk of Fevers that infect the Brains,
But Non-ſence is the new Diſeaſe that reigns.
Weak Stomacks with a long Diſeaſe oppreſt,
Cannot the Cordials of ſtrong Wit digeſt.
Therefore thin Nouriſhment of Farce ye chuſe,
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A Meal of Tragedy wou'd make ye Sick,
Unleſs it were a very tender Chick.
Some Scenes in Sippets wou'd be worth our time,
Thoſe wou'd go down; ſome Love that's poach'd in [Rhime;
If theſe ſhou'd fail ———
We muſt lie down, and after all our coſt,
Keep Holy-day, like Water-men in Froſt,
Whilſt you turn Players on the Worlds great Stage,
And Act your ſelves the Farce of your own Age.

AN

AN EPILOGUE,

By Mr. *DRYDEN.*

LAdies, the Beardleſs Author of this Day,
Commends to you the Fortune of his Play.
A Woman Wit has often grac'd the Stage,
ut he's the firſt Boy-Poet of our Age.
'arly as is the Year his Fancies blow,
ike young *Narciſſus* peeping through the Snow;
'hus *Cowley* Bloſſom'd ſoon, yet Flouriſh'd long,
'his is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.
'outh with the Fair ſhou'd always Favour find,
r we are damn'd Diſſemblers of our kind.
/hat's all this Love they put into our Parts?
'is but the pit-a-pat of Two Young Hearts.
hou'd Hag and Gray-Beard make ſuch tender moan,
ith you'd e'en truſt 'em to themſelves alone,
nd cry let's go, here's nothing to be done.

Since

For know that thy all-daring *Will* is
As ſtout a *Hero* as *Achilles*;
And as great things for thee has done,
As *Palmerin* or th' *Knight of th' Sun.*
And is himſelf a whole Romance alone.
Let conſcious *Flanders* ſpeak, and be
The witneſs of his Chivalry.
Yet that's not all, his very Word
Has ſlain as many as his Sword:
Though common Bulleys with their Oaths
Hurt little till they come to blows,
Yet all his *Mouth-Granadoes* kill,
And ſave the pains of drawing Steel.
This *Hero* thy reſiſtleſs Charms
Have won to fly into thy Arms,
For think not any mean deſign,
Or the inglorious itch of Coin,
Could ever have his Breaſt controul'd,
Or make him be a Slave to Gold;
His Love's as freely given to Thee
As to the King his Loyalty.

ıen Oh receive thy mighty prize
'ith open Arms and wiſhing Eyes,
ſs that dear Face where may be ſeen
is worth and parts that ſculk within,
hat Face that juſtly ſtil'd may be
s true a Diſcoverer as he.
hink not he ever falſe will prove,
is well known Truth ſecures his Love;
o you a while divert his Cares
rom his important grand Affairs:
et him have reſpite now a while
rom kindling the mad Rabbles Zeal.
'eal that is hot as fire, yet dark and blind,
hews plainly where its birth-place we may find,
Hell, where tho' dire Flames for ever glow,
'et 'tis the place of utter darkneſs too.
ut to his Bed be ſure be true
ls he to all the World and you,
le all your Plots will elſe betray
ll ye She-*Machiavils* can lay.
le all deſigns you know has found,
Tho' hatch'd in Hell, or under Ground:

Oft to the World ſuch ſecrets ſhew
As ſcarce the Plotters themſelves knew;
Yet if by chance you hap to ſin,
And Love, while Honour's napping, ſhou'd creep in
Yet be deſcreet and do not boaſt
Oth' treaſon by the common Poſt.
So ſhalt thou ſtill make him love on
All Virtues in diſcretion.
So thou with him ſhalt ſhine, and be
As great a Patriot as He;
And when, as now in *Chriſtmaſs* all
For a new pack of Cards do call,
Another Popiſh Pack comes out
To pleaſe the Cits, and charm the Rout;

Thou mighty Queen ſhalt a whole Suit command,
A Crown upon thy Head, and Sceptre in thy Hand.

A Pro

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PROLOGUE

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Early as is the Year his Fancies blow,
Like young *Narciſſus* peeping through the Snow;
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This is as forward, and may prove as ſtrong.
Youth with the Fair ſhou'd always Favour find,
Or we are damn'd Diſſemblers of our kind.
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Shou'd Hag and Gray-Beard make ſuch tender moan,
Faith you'd e'en truſt 'em to themſelves alone,
And cry let's go, here's nothing to be done.

Since

Since Love's our Buſineſs, as 'tis your Delight,
The Young, who beſt can practiſe, beſt can Write
What though he be not come to his full Pow'r,
He's mending and improving every hour.
You ſly She-Jockies of the Box and Pit,
Are pleas'd to find a hot unbroken Wit,
By management he may in time be made,
But there's no hopes of an old batter'd Jade;
Faint and unnerv'd he runs into a Sweat,
And always fails you at the Second Heat.

Spoken upon his Royal Highneſs the Duke York *coming to the* Theatre, *Friday*, Ap 21. 1682.

Written by Mr. *OTWAY*.

WHen too much Plenty, Luxury, and Ea
Had ſurfeited this Iſle to a Diſeaſe;
When noiſome Blaines did its beſt parts oreſpre
And on the reſt their dire Infection ſhed;

C

Our *Great Phyſician*, who the Nature knew
Of the Diſtemper, and from whence it grew,
Fix't for Three Kingdoms quiet (Sir) on You:
He caſt his ſearching Eyes o're all the Frame,
And finding whence before one *ſickneſs* came,
How once before our *Miſchiefs* foſter'd were,
Knew well *Your Vertue*, and apply'd You there:
Where ſo Your Goodneſs, ſo Your Juſtice ſway'd,
You but appear'd, and the *wild Plague* was ſtay'd.
When, from the filthy Dunghil-faction bred,
New form'd Rebellion durſt rear up its head,
Anſwer me all: who ſtruck the Monſter dead?
See, ſee, the injur'd PRINCE, and bleſs his Name,
Think on the *Martyr* from whoſe Loynes he came:
Think on the Blood was ſhed for you before,
And Curſe the *Paricides* that thirſt for more.
His foes are yours, then of their *Wiles* beware:
Lay, lay him in your Hearts, and guard him there;
Where let his wrongs your Zeal for him improve;
He wears a Sword will juſtifie your Love.
With Blood ſtill ready for your good t' expend,
And has a heart that *ne're forgot* his friend.

His

His *Duteous Loyalty* before you lay,
And learn of him, *unmurm'ring* to obey.
Think what he'as born, your Quiet to reſtore;
Repent your madneſs and *rebell* no more.

No more let *Bout'feu's* hope to lead *Petitions*,
Scriv'ners to be Treas'rers; *Pedlars*, Politicians,
Nor ev'ry *fool*, whoſe Wife has *tript* at Court,
Pluck up a ſpirit, and turn *Rebel* for't.

In Lands where Cuckolds multiply like ours,
What Prince can be too Jealous of their powers,
Or can too often think himſelf alarm'd?
They're male-contents that ev'ry where go arm'd:
And when the *horned Herd*'s together got,
Nothing portends a Commonwealth like *that*.

Caſt, caſt your Idols off, your Gods of wood,
Er'e yet *Philiſtins* fatten with your blood:
Renounce your Prieſts of *Baal* with *Amen faces*,
Your *Wapping* Feaſts, and your *Mile-End* High-places.

Nail all your *Medals* on the Gallows Poſt,
In recompence th' *Original* was loſt:
At theſe, illuſtrious Repentance pay,
In his kind hands your humble Off'rings lay:

Let

Royal Pardon be by him implor'd,
Attoning Brother of your *Anger'd* Lord:
nly brings a *Medicine* fit to aſſwage
oples *folly*, and rowz'd Monarch's *rage*.
nfant Prince yet lab'ring in the womb,
l with wond'rous happineſs to come,
oes to fetch the mighty bleſſing home:
all your *wiſhes* with him, let the Air
1 gentle breezes waft it ſafely here,
Seas, like *what* they'l carry, *calm* and *fair*:
:he *Illuſtrious Mother* touch our Land----
lly, as hereafter may her Son Command;
:le our glad Monarch welcomes her to ſhoar,
h kind aſſurance; ſhe ſhall part *no more*.
: the *Majeſtick Babe* then ſmiling born,
all good ſigns of Fate his Birth adorn,
ive and grow, a conſtant pledge to ſtand
CÆSARS *Love* to an *obedient* Land.

Spoken

Spoken to Her

Royal HIGHNESS,

On her RETURN from

SCOTLAND,

In the Year 1682.

Written by Mr. *OTWAY.*

ALL you, who this Day's Jubilee attend,
And every Loyal Muſes Loyal Friend;
That come to treat your longing wiſhes here,
Turn your deſiring Eyes, and feaſt 'em there.
Thus falling on your Knees with me implore,
May this poor Land ne'er loſe that Preſence more:
But if there any in this Circle be,
That come ſo curſt to envy what they ſee:

From

m the vain Fool that would be great too ſoon,
the dull Knave that writ the laſt Lampoon!
ſuch, as Victims to that Beauty's Fame,
g their vile blaſted Heads, and Dye with ſhame.
mighty Bleſſing is at laſt return'd,
joy arriv'd for which ſo long we mourn'd:
n whom our preſent Peace we expect increas'd,
all our future Generations bleſt:
e have a Care: bring ſafe the hour of joy,
en ſome bleſt Tongue proclaims a Royal Boy:
when 'tis born, let Nature's hand be ſtrong;
him with days of ſtrength and make 'em long;
charg'd with honours we behold him ſtand,
ee Kingdoms Banners waiting his Command,
Father's Conquering Sword within his Hand:
n th' *Engliſh* Lions in the Air advance,
with them roaring Muſick to the Dance,
y a *Quo Warranto* into *France*.

When Men will, needleſly, their Freedom barter
For Lawleſs Pow'r, ſometimes they catch a Tart
(There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this cal
[Charter

But, ſince the Victory with Us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to Twelve in all our Gains:
(If you'll not think us ſawcy for our pains.)

Old Men ſhall have good old Plays to delight 'em:
And you, fair Ladies and Gallants that ſlight 'em,
We'll treat with good new Plays; if our new Wi
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We'll take no blundring Verſe, no fuſtian Tumou
No dribling Love, from this or that Preſumer:
No dull fat Fool ſhamm'd on the Stage for humou

For, faith, ſome of 'em ſuch vile ſtuff have made
As none but Fools or Fairies ever Play'd;
But 'twas, as Shop-men ſay, to force a Trade.

We'

ong, and auſpicious, be the Stars that reign,
he day you launch, and *Nereus* ſweep the Main.
ptune aloft, ſcowr all the Storms before,
id following *Tritons* wind you to the Shore;
hile on the Beach, like Billows of the Land,
bending Crowds the Loyal *Engliſh* ſtand:
me then, tho' late, your right receive at laſt;
hich Heav'n preſerv'd, in ſpite of Fortunes blaſt.
ccept thoſe hearts, that Offer on the Strand;
he better half of this divided Land.
enting their honeſt Souls in tears of Joy,
hey rave, and beg you wou'd their lives employ,
outing your ſacred name, they drive the air,
nd fill your Canvas Wings with gales of prayer.
ome then, I hear three Nations ſhout agen,
nd, next our *Charles*, in every boſom reign;
eaven's darling Charge, the care of regal ſtars,
ledge of our Peace, and Triumph of our Wars.
eaven eccho's Come, but come not Sir alone,
ring the bright pregnant Bleſſing of the Throne.
nd if in Poets charms be force or skill,
'e charge you, O ye Waves, and Winds be ſtill,

Soft as a ſailing Goddeſs bring her home,
With the expected Prince that loads her Womb,
Joy of this Age and Heir of that to come.
Next her the Virgin Princeſs ſhines from far,
Aurora that, and this the Morning Star.
Hail then, all hail, They land in *Charles*'s Arms,
While his large Breaſt the Nation's Angel warms.
Tears from his Cheeks with manly mildneſs roul,
Then dearly graſps the treaſure of his Soul:
Hangs on his Neck, and feeds upon his form,
Calls him his Calm, after a tedious Storm.
O Brother! He cou'd ſay no more, and then
With heaving Paſſion claſp'd him cloſe again.
How oft, he cry'd, have I thy abſence mourn'd?
But 'tis enough Thou art at laſt return'd:
Said I return'd! O never more to part,
Nor draw the vital warmth from *Charles* his heart.
Once more, O Heav'n, I ſhall his Virtue prove,
His Council, Conduct, and unſhaken Love.
My People too at laſt their Errour ſee,
And make their Sovereign bleſt in loving Thee.

Not but there is a ſtiff-neck'd harden'd Crew
That give not *Cæſar*, no nor God his due.
Reprobate Traytors, Tyrants of their Own,
Yet Grudge to ſee their Monarch in his Throne.
Their ſtubborn Souls with braſs Rebellion barr'd,
Deſert the Laws, and Crimes with Treaſon guard.
Whom I — but there he ſtop'd, and cry'd, 'tis paſt,
Pity's no more, this warning be their laſt;
Then ſighing ſaid, my Soul's dear purchas'd reſt,
Welcome, Oh welcome, to my longing Breaſt:
Why ſhould I waſte a tear while thou art by,
To all extreams of Friendſhip let us fly,
Diſdain the factious Crowd that would rebell,
And mourn the Men that durſt in death excell,
Their Fates were Glorious ſince for thee they fell.
And as a Prince has right his Arms to weild,
When ſtubborn Rebels force him to the Field;
So for the Loyal, who their Lives lay down,
He dares to Hazard both his Life and Crown.

A

PROLOGUE

TO THE

King and Queen,

Upon the Union of the two Companies, in the Year 1689.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

SInce Faction ebbs, and Rogues grow out of Faſhion,
Their penny-Scribes take care t'inform the Na-
How well men thrive in this or that Plantation. [tion,

How *Penſilvania*'s Air agrees with Quakers,
And *Corolina*'s with Aſſociators:
Both e'en too good for Madmen and for Traitors.

Truth

Truth is, our Land with Saints is ſo run o'er,
And every Age produces ſuch a ſtore,
That now there's need of two *New-Englands* more.

What's this, you'll ſay, to Us and our Vocation?
Only thus much, that we have left our Station,
And made this Theatre our new Plantation.

The Factious Natives never cou'd agree;
But aiming, as they call'd it, to be Free,
Thoſe Play-houſe Whiggs ſet up for Property.

Some ſay they no Obedience paid of late;
But wou'd new Fears and Jealouſies create;
Till topſy-turvy they had turn'd the State.

Plain Senſe, without the Talent of Foretelling,
Might gueſs 'twou'd end in down-right knocks and [quelling:
For ſeldom comes there better of Rebelling.

When Men will, needleſly, their Freedom barter
For Lawleſs Pow'r, ſometimes they catch a Tartar:
(There's a damn'd word that rhimes to this call'd
[Charter.)

But, ſince the Victory with Us remains,
You ſhall be call'd to Twelve in all our Gains:
(If you'll not think us ſawcy for our pains.)

Old Men ſhall have good old Plays to delight 'em:
And you, fair Ladies and Gallants that ſlight 'em,
We'll treat with good new Plays; if our new Wits
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We'll take no blundring Verſe, no fuſtian Tumour,
No dribling Love, from this or that Preſumer:
No dull fat Fool ſhamm'd on the Stage for humour.

For, faith, ſome of 'em ſuch vile ſtuff have made,
As none but Fools or Fairies ever Play'd;
But 'twas, as Shop-men ſay, to force a Trade.

We've

e've giv'n you Tragedies, all ſenſe defying.
id ſinging men, in woful Metre dying;
iis 'tis when heavy Lubbers will be flying.

l theſe diſaſters we well hope to weather;
e bring you none of our old Lumber hither:
'higg Poets and Whigg Sheriffs may hang together.

AN

EPILOGUE

On the ſame Occaſion.

Written by Mr. *DRYDEN.*

NEW Miniſters, when firſt they get in place
Muſt have a care to Pleaſe; and that's our
me Laws for publick Welfare we deſign, [Caſe:
you, the Power ſupreme, will pleaſe to joyn:

There

There are a ſort of Pratlers in the Pit,
Who either have, or who pretend to Wit:
Theſe noiſie Sirs ſo loud their Parts rehearſe,
That oft the Play is ſilenc'd by the Farce:
Let ſuch be dumb, this penalty to ſhun,
Each to be thought my Lady's eldeſt Son.
But ſtay: methinks ſome Vizard Mask I ſee,
Caſt out her Lure from the mid Gallery:
About her all the flutt'ring Sparks are rang'd;
The noiſe continues though the Scene is chang'd:
Now growling, ſputtring, wauling, ſuch a clutter,
'Tis juſt like Puſs defendant in a Gutter:
Fine Love no doubt, but e're two days are o'er ye,
The Surgeon will be told a woful ſtory.
Let Vizard Mask her naked Face expoſe,
On pain of being thought to want a Noſe:
Then for your Laqueys, and your Train beſide,
(By what e'er Name or Title dignify'd)
They roar ſo loud, you'd think behind the Stairs
Tom Dove, and all the Brotherhood of Bears:
They're grown a Nuſance, beyond all Diſaſters,
We've none ſo great but their unpaying Maſters.

We

We beg you, Sirs, to beg your Men, that they
Wou'd pleaſe to give you leave to hear the Play.
Next, in the Play-houſe ſpare your precious Lives;
Think, like good *Chriſtians*, on your *Bearns* and *Wives*:
Think on your Souls; but by your lugging forth,
It ſeems you know how little they are worth:
If none of theſe will move the warlike Mind,
Think on the helpleſs Whore you leave behind!
We beg you laſt, our Scene-Room to forbear,
And leave our Goods and Chattels to our Care:
Alas, our Women are but waſhy Toys,
And wholly taken up in Stage Employs:
Poor willing Tits they are: but yet I doubt
This double Duty ſoon will wear 'em out.
Then you are watch'd beſides, with jealous Care;
What if my Lady's Page ſhou'd find you there?
My Lady knows t'a tittle what there's in ye;
No paſſing your guilt Shilling for a Guiney.
Thus, Gentlemen, we have ſumm'd up in ſhort,
Our Grievances, from Country, Town and Court:
Which humbly we ſubmit to your good pleaſure;
But firſt Vote Money, then redreſs at leaſure.

EPI-

AN EPILOGUE

To *CONSTANTINE* the Great.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

OUr Hero's happy in the Plays Concluſion,
The holy Rogue at laſt has met Confuſion:
Tho' *Arius* all along appear'd a Saint,
The laſt Act ſhew'd him a true Proteſtant.
Euſebius (for you know I read *Greek* Authors,)
Reports, that after all theſe Plots and Slaughters,
The Court of *Conſtantine* was full of Glory,
And every *Trimmer* turn'd Addreſſing *Tory*;
They follow'd him in Heards as they were mad:
When *Clauſe* was King, then all the World was glad.
Whigs kept the Places they poſſeſt before,
And moſt were in a way of getting more;
Which was as much as ſaying, Gentlemen,
Here's Power and Money to be Rogues again.
Indeed there were a ſort of peaking Tools,
Some call them modeſt, but I call them Fools,

Men

Men much more Loyal, tho' not half ſo loud;
But theſe poor Divels were caſt behind the Croud.
For bold Knaves thrive without one grain of Senſe,
But good Men ſtarve for want of Impudence.
Beſides all theſe, there were a ſort of Wights,
(I think my Author calls them *Teckelites*;)
Such hearty Rogues againſt the King and Laws,
They favour'd even a Foreign Rebel's Cauſe.
When their own damn'd Deſign was quaſh'd and
At leaſt they gave it their good word abroad. [aw'd,
As many a Man, who, for a quiet Life,
Breeds out his Baſtard, not to noiſe his Wife;
Thus o're their Darling Plot theſe *Trimmers* cry;
And tho' they cannot keep it in their Eye,
They bind it Prentice to Count *Teckely*.
They believe not the laſt Plot, may I be curſt
If I believe they e're believ'd the firſt;
No wonder their own Plot, no Plot they think;
The Man that makes it, never ſmells the ſtink.
And, now it comes into my head, I'll tell
Why theſe damn'd *Trimmers* lov'd the *Turks* ſo well.

The

The Original *Trimmer*, tho' a Friend to no man,
Yet in his heart ador'd a pretty Woman
He knew that *Mahomet* laid up for ever,
Kind black-eyed Rogues, for every true Believer:
And, which was more than mortal Man e're taſted,
One Pleaſure that for threeſcore Twelve-months laſted:
To turn for this, may ſurely be forgiven:
Who'd not be circumcis'd for ſuch a Heaven!

A

PROLOGUE

Spoken by Mr. BETTERTON.

Written by Mr. DRYDEN.

HOW comes it, Gentlemen, that now adays,
When all of you ſo ſhrewdly judge of Plays,
Our Poets tax you ſtill with want of Sence?
All Prologues treat you at your own Expence.
Sharp Citizens a wiſer way can go;
They make you Fools, but never call you ſo.

They,

hey, in good Manners, ſeldom make a ſlip,
ut treat a common Whore with Ladyſhip:
ut here each ſaucy Wit at Random writes,
nd uſes Ladies as he uſes Knights.
)ur Author, Young, and Grateful in his Nature,
'ows, that from him no Nymph deſerves a Satyr.
Jor will he ever Draw——I mean his Rhime,
gainſt the ſweet Partaker of his Crime.
Jor is he yet ſo bold an Undertaker
To call MEN Fools, 'tis Railing at their MAKER.
Beſides, he fears to ſplit upon that Shelf;
He's young enough to be a FOPP himſelf.
And, if his Praiſe can bring you all A-bed,
He ſwears ſuch hopeful Youth no Nation ever bred.

Your Nurſes, we preſume, in ſuch a Caſe,
Your Father choſe, becauſe he lik'd the Face;
And, often, they ſupply'd your Mother's Place.
The Dry Nurſe was your Mothers ancient Maid,
Who knew ſome former Slip ſhe ne're betray'd.
Betwixt 'em both, for Milk and Sugar Candy,
Your ſucking Bottles were well ſtor'd with Brandy.

Your

Your Father to initiate your Diſcourſe
Meant to have taught you firſt to ſwear and curſe;
But was prevented by each careful Nurſe.
For, leaving Dad and Mam, as Names too common,
That taught you certain parts of Man and Woman.
I paſs your Schools, for there when firſt you came,
You wou'd be ſure to learn the Latin Name.
In Colledges you ſcorn'd the Art of thinking,
But learn'd all Moods and Figures of good Drinking:
Thence come to Town, you practiſe Play, to know
The vertues of the high Dice, and the low.
Each thinks himſelf a SHARPER moſt profound:
He cheats by Pence; is cheated by the Pound:
With theſe Perfections, and what elſe he Gleans,
The SPARK ſets up for Love behind our Scenes;
Hot in purſuit of Princeſſes and Queens.
There, if they know their Man, with cunning Car-
Twenty to one but it concludes in Marriage. [riage,
He hires ſome homely Room, Love's Fruits to gather,
And Garret-high Rebels againſt his Father.
But he once dead——

Brings

Such Virtue Him to thy great Sire commends,
The beſt of Princes, Subjects, Brothers, Friends!
The Peoples wonder, and the Courts delight,
Lovely in Peace as dreadful in the Fight!
What can ſuch Charms reſiſt? The Royal Maid
Loath to Deny is yet to Grant afraid;
But Love ſtill growing as her Fears decay,
Conſents at laſt and gives her Heart away.
Now with loud Triumphs are the Nuptials crown'd,
And with glad Shouts the Streets and Palace ſound!
Illuſtrious Pair! ſee what a general Joy
Do's the whole Lands united Voice employ!
From You they Omens take of happier Years,
Recall loſt Hopes, and baniſh all their Fears.
Let boding Planets threaten from above,
And ſullen *Saturn* joyn with angry *Jove*;
Your more auſpicious Flames that here unite,
Vanquiſh the Malice of their mingled Light!
Heaven of its Bounties now ſhall laviſh grow,
And in full Tides unenvy'd Bleſſings flow!
The ſhaken Throne more ſurely fixt ſhall ſtand,
And curs'd Rebellion fly the happy Land!

At Your bleſt Union Civil Diſcords ceaſe,
Confuſion turns to Order, Rage to Peace!
So when at firſt in Chaos and old Night
Hot things with Cold, and Moiſt with Dry did fight,
Love did the Warring ſeeds to Union bring,
And over all things ſtretch'd his peaceful wing;
The jarring Elements no longer ſtrove,
And a World ſtarted forth the Beauteous Work of [Love!

Upon the Nuptials of the Prince of Denmark, *and the Lady* ANN.

By *JAMES COMPTON*, Eſq;

AS through the flood to our expecting ſhore,
The Royal Fleet the Pride of *Denmark* bore;
Nereus commanded ſilence through the Deep,
And laid the Rage of Warring Winds aſleep,
Whilſt thus He ſung and ſmooth'd the Ocean's brow,
Go on in Triumph, Happy Hero, go,
Propitious Heaven that on thy Valour ſmiles,
Prepares a full Reward for all thy toils,

Thy

Pinch you but in one Vice, away you fly
To ſome new Friſk of Contrariety.
You rowl like Snow-Balls, gathering as you run,
And get ſeven Dev'ls, when diſpoſſeſs'd of one.
Your *Venus* once was a *Platonick* Queen,
Nothing of Love beſide the Face was ſeen;
But every Inch of Her you now Uncaſe,
And clap a Vizard-Maſk upon the Face.
For Sins like theſe, the Zealous of the Land,
With little Hair, and little or no Band,
Declare how circulating Peſtilences
Watch every Twenty Years, to ſnap Offences.
Saturn, even now, takes Doctoral Degrees,
He'll do your work this Summer, without Fees.
Let all the Boxes, *Phœbus*, find thy Grace,
And, ah, preſerve thy Eighteen-penny Place!
But for the Pit Confounders, let 'em go,
And find as little Mercy as they ſhow:
The Actors thus, and thus thy Poets Pray;
For every Critick ſav'd, thou damn'ſt a Play.

On the Marriage of GEORGE *Prince of* Denmark, *and the Lady* ANN.

By Mr. DUKE.

'TWas Love conducted thro' the *Britiſh* Main,
On a more high Deſign the Royal *Dane*,
Than when of old with an Invading hand
His fierce Forefathers came to ſpoil the land.
And Love has gain'd him by a nobler way
A braver conqueſt, and a richer Prey.
For Battels won, and Countreys ſav'd renown'd,
Shaded with Laurels and with Honours crown'd,
From Fields with ſlaughter ſtrew'd the Heroe came,
His Arms neglected to purſue his Flame.
Like *Mars* returning from the noble Chaſe
Of flying Nations thro' the Plains of *Thrace*,
When deckt with Trophyes and adorn'd with ſpoils
He meets the Goddeſs that rewards his Toils!
But oh! what tranſports did his heart invade,
When firſt he ſaw the Lovely, Royal Maid!

Fame,

Dead is the King, who all our Lives did bleſs!
)ur ſtrength in War, and our delight Peace!
Vas ever Prince like him to Mortals giv'n,
o much the Joy of Earth and Care of Heav'n!
Inder the preſſure of unequal Fate
)f ſo Erect a Mind and Soul ſo Great!
o full of Meekneſs and ſo void of Pride,
When born aloft by *Fortune*'s higheſt Tide!
His kindly Beams on the ungrateful Soil
)f this Rebellious, Stubborn, Murm'ring Iſle
Hatch'd Plenty, Eaſe and Riches did beſtow,
And made the Land with Milk and Hony flow!
Leſs bleſt was *Rome*, when mild *Auguſtus* ſway'd,
And the glad World for Love, not Fear, obey'd.
Mercy, like Heaven's, his chief Prerogative!
His Joy to ſave, and Glory to forgive!
Who lives, but felt his Influ'nce, and did ſhare
His boundleſs Goodneſs and paternal Care?
And whilſt with all th'endearing Arts he ſtrove
On every Subject's heart to ſeal his Love,
What Breaſt ſo hard? what heart of human make,
But ſoftning did the kind Impreſſion take?

Belov'd

Ah! generous Maid paſs nor relentleſs by,
Nor let War's Chief by cruel Beauty die!
Tho' unexperienc'd Youth fond ſcruples move,
And Bluſhes riſe but at the name of Love,
Tho' over all thy thoughts and every ſenſe,
The guard is plac'd of Virgin Innocence;
Yet from thy Father's generous blood we know,
Reſpect for Valour in thy Breaſt does glow,
'Tis but agreeing to thy Royal Birth,
To ſmile on Virtue and Heroick worth.
Love in ſuch noble ſeeds of Honour ſown,
The chaſteſt Virgin need not bluſh to own.
Whom would thy Royal Father ſooner find,
In thy lov'd Arms to his high Lineage joyn'd,
Than Him, whom ſuch exalted Virtues Crown,
That He might think 'em copy'd from his own?
Whom to the Field equal deſires did bring,
Love to his Brother, ſervice to his King.
Who *Denmark*'s Crown, and the Anointed head
Reſcu'd at once, and back in Triumph led,
Forcing his Paſſage thro' the ſlaughter'd *Swede*.

Such

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The beſt of Princes, Subjects, Brothers, Friends!
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Lovely in Peace as dreadful in the Fight!
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Go on in Triumph, Happy Hero, go,
Propitious Heaven that on thy Valour ſmiles,
Prepares a full Reward for all thy toils,

Thy

Thy Noble toils of War, that riſe above
All Recompence but thy bright *Anna*'s Love:
The faireſt Nymph of all the *Britiſh* Race,
Shall crown thy Courage, and thy Triumphs Grace;
For her thy Heart, not cuſtom'd to obey,
Shall loſe its fierceneſs and juſt Homage pay;
Where e're She looks She makes a Heart a Prize,
And ready Victory attends her Eyes.
To her bright Form do's ſilver *Thetis* yield,
And thou art Great as *Peleus* in the field.
Nor were their happy Nuptials grac'd more high,
When Gods deſcending left the empty'd Sky,
Than ſhall be thine, when mighty *Charles* and *James*
Shall bleſs your Love, and ſhall unite your Flames:
CHARLES that o're all the watry Globe doth Reign,
And lays his Laws o're the obedient Main:
And *James*, that in his Brother's Right hath dy'd
So oft with Hoſtile Blood the ſwelling Tide;
'Tis for their Sakes my Waves thus gently flow,
And I thus ſing and bleſs you, as you go:
'Tis the laſt time that I to you ſhall ſing,
Or my glad Waves to your attendance bring;

For

On the Death of King CHARLES *the* SECOND.

By Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES.

AH! where protecting Providence, Ah! where
Thoſe guardian *Angels*, and that watchful care,
That thro' arm'd Troops the Royal Charge untouch'd did bear!

From Civil Fury and Inteſtine Rage,
Which exercis'd his Youth, and vex'd his Age,
So often guarded; by a fierce Diſeaſe
He falls ſurpriz'd in the fallacious Calm of Peace.
Ah! mighty Prince! thy Mercy, Vertue ſuch,
That Heav'n ſure thought our Happineſs too much;
Inherent Goodneſs in thy Soul did ſhine,
Thou bright Reſemblance of the Pow'r Divine;
For ſure the Great Original is beſt
By *Mercy*, joyn'd with mighty *Power*, expreſt.
In thy bleſt Reign how juſtly mixt appear
The Father's kindneſs, and the Prince's Care!
Nor War, nor Exile, nor a Father's Blood,
Nor juſt Revenge for injur'd Virtue, cou'd

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Our ſtrength in War, and our delight Peace!
Was ever Prince like him to Mortals giv'n,
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Under the preſſure of unequal Fate
Of ſo Erect a Mind and Soul ſo Great!
So full of Meekneſs and ſo void of Pride,
When born aloft by *Fortune*'s higheſt Tide!
His kindly Beams on the ungrateful Soil
Of this Rebellious, Stubborn, Murm'ring Iſle
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What Breaſt ſo hard? what heart of human make,
But ſoftning did the kind Impreſſion take?

Belov'd

Belov'd and Loving! with ſuch Vertues grac'd,
As might on common Heads a Crown have plac'd!
How skill'd in all the Myſteries of State!
How fitting to ſuſtain an Empire's weight!
How quick to know! how ready to adviſe!
How timely to prevent! how more than *Senates* wiſe!
His Words how charming, affable and ſweet!
How juſt his Cenſure! and how ſharp his Wit!
How did his charming Converſation pleaſe
The bleſt Attenders on his Hours of eaſe;
When graciouſly he deign'd to condeſcend,
Pleas'd to exalt a Subject to a Friend!
To the moſt low how eaſie of acceſs!
Willing to hear and longing to redreſs!
His Mercy knew no bounds of Time or Place,
His Reign was one continu'd *Act of Grace*!
Good *Titus* could, but CHARLES could never, ſay
Of all his Royal Life he *loſt a Day.*
Excellent Prince! O once our Joy and Care,
Now our Eternal Grief and deep Deſpair!
O Father! or if ought than Father's more!
How ſhall thy Children their ſad loſs deplore?

How

low grieve enough; when anxious thoughts recal
The mournful Story of their Sov'raing's fall?
Oh! who that Scene of Sorrow can diſplay;
When, waiting Death, the fearleſs *Monarch* lay!
Tho' great the pain and anguiſh, that he bore,
His Friends and Subjects Grief afflict him more!
Yet even that, and coming *Fate*, he bears;
But ſinks and faints to ſee a *Brother*'s Tears!
The mighty Grief, that ſwell'd his Royal Breaſt,
Scarce reach'd by thought, can't be by words expreſt!
Grief for himſelf: For Grief for *Charles* is vain,
Who now begins a new Triumphant Reign,
Wellcom'd by all kind Spirits and Saints above,
Who ſee themſelves in him, and their own likeneſs
What Godlike *virtues* muſt that *Prince* adorn, [love!
Who can ſo pleaſe, while ſuch a Prince we mourn!
Who elſe, but that great He, who now commands
Th' united Nation's Voice and Hearts and Hands,
Could ſo the Love of a whole People gain,
After ſo excellent a Monarch's Reign!
Mean Virtues after Tyrants may ſucceed
And pleaſe; but after *Charles* a *James* we need.

This

This, this is He, by whoſe high Actions grac'd
The preſent Age contends with all the paſt:
Him Heaven a Pattern did for Heroes form,
Slow to Adviſe, but eager to Perform:
In Council calm, fierce as a Storm in Fight!
Danger His Sport, and Labour His Delight,
To Him the Fleet and Camp, the Sea and Field
Do equal Harveſts of bright Glory yield!
Who can forget, of Royal Blood how free
He did aſſert the Empire of the Sea!
The *Belgian* Fleet endeavour'd, but in vain,
The Tempeſt of his Fury to ſuſtain;
Shatter'd and torn before His Flag they fly
Like Doves, that the exalted Eagle ſpy
Ready to ſtoop and ſeize them from on high!
He, *Neptune* like (when from his watry Bed
Serene and Calm He lifts His awful head,
And ſmiles, and to His Chariot gives the Rein)
In Triumph rides o're the aſſerted Main!
Rejoycing Crowds attend Him on the Strand,
Lowd as the Sea and numerous as the Sand;

So

So Joy the Many: But the wiſer Few
The Godlike Prince with ſilent wonder view:
A Joy too great to be by Voice expreſt,
Shines in each Eye and beats in every Breaſt:
They ſaw him deſtin'd for ſome greater day,
And in his Looks the Omens read of his Imperial ſway!
Nor do his Civil Virtues leſs appear,
To perfect the Illuſtrious Character;
To Merit juſt, to needy Virtue kind!
True to his Word, and faithful to his Friend!
What's well reſolv'd, as firmly he purſues;
Fix'd in his Choice, as careful how to Chuſe!
Honour was born, not planted in his Heart;
And Virtue came by Nature not by Art.
Albion, forget thy ſorrows, and adore
That Prince, who all the Bleſſings does reſtore,
That *Charles* the Saint made thee enjoy before!
'Tis done; with Turrets Crown'd I ſee her riſe,
And Tears are wip'd for ever from her Eyes!

ON

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By Mr. WILLIAM BOWLES.

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Thoſe guardian *Angels*, and that watchful care,
That thro' arm'd Troops the Royal Charge un-
[touch'd did bear!
From Civil Fury and Inteſtine Rage,
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In thy bleſt Reign how juſtly mixt appear
The Father's kindneſs, and the Prince's Care!
Nor War, nor Exile, nor a Father's Blood,
Nor juſt Revenge for injur'd Virtue, cou'd

The

The native ſweetneſs of his mind controul,
Or change the Godlike Temper of his Soul.
Contending Rebels ſeem in vain to ſtrive,
They cou'd not more offend, than he forgive;
A nobler Triumph, and more glorious far,
Than all the Trophies of deſtructive War:
For mercy does a bloodleſs conqueſt find,
And with ſweet force the rudeſt Paſſions bind.
The gaping wounds of civil rage he mourn'd,
And ſav'd his Country firſt, and then adorn'd.
Our dreadful Navy does in Triumph ride,
And the World's riches flow with ev'ry tide;
And, as thoſe flying Tow'rs the Sea command,
His Caſtles grace at once, and guard, the Land.
To his Protection improv'd Arts we owe,
And ſolid knowledge does from Tryal grow;
(All ſubject Nature ours) new Worlds are found,
And Sciences diſdain their ancient bound.
Auguſtus ſo, the ſtorms of War o'er-blown,
Ægypt ſubdu'd, and, all the World his own,
His ſofter hours in Arts of Peace employ'd,
And *Rome* adorn'd, by Civil Fire deſtroy'd.

Nor was he made only to bleſs our Iſle,
But born for Peace, did *Europe* reconcile;
Contending Princes heard from him their Fate:
And the World's motion on his Will did wait.
The threatning Cloud we ſaw at laſt withdrawn,
And a new Morn of Triumphs ſeem'd to dawn,
Th' Auſpicious Proſpect did bright years foreſhow,
And Golden Times in long ſucceſſion ſeem'd to flow:
Once more he did our Civil jars compoſe,
And gain'd new glories from his Pardon'd Foes;
No private paſſion to revenge cou'd draw,
But Juſtice govern'd, and impartial Law.
So juſt, yet ſo indulgently ſevere,
Like Heav'n, he pity'd thoſe he cou'd not ſpare.
And, forc'd to draw the neceſſary ſword,
The ſad effects of their own crimes abhorr'd.
Now juſt Succeſs the Royal Conduct Crown'd,
And ſtubborn Factions their great Sovereign own'd,
But ah! black ſhades his ſacred Head ſurround.
Nor doſt thou fall unwept: Three Kingdoms groan,
And in their Ruler's Fate bewail their own.

Juſtice and equal Government are things
That Subjects make more happy than their Kings.
Thy Fame, beſt Prince, if Poets can divine,
Shall the *Great Troublers* of the World outſhine:
Succeſsful Robberies their Titles ſwell,
But thine from Juſtice riſe, and doing well.
Thy deathleſs Cares beyond ſhort life extend,
And nobly to ſucceeding Times deſcend,
And, that falſe Claims, and riſing Wars might ceaſe,
Secur'd *Succeſſion*, and ſecur'd our Peace,
Thy lateſt Toil! How Barb'rous was the Rage,
That of ſuch Heroes wou'd deprive our Age!
What Wonders may we from that Prince expect,
Whoſe private Valour cou'd our Iſle protect!
Whom ſuch amazing Virtues recommend,
The Kindeſt *Brother*, and the Braveſt *Friend*!

PORLOGUE

To *Lucius Junius Brutus.*

Written by Mr. DUKE.

LOng has the tribe of Poets on the Stage
Groan'd under perſecuting Criticks rage,
But with the ſound of railing, and of rhime,
Like Bees united by the tinkling Chime,
The little ſtinging Inſects ſwarm the more
And buz is greater than it was before.
But oh! you leading Voters of the Pit,
That infect others with your too much Wit,
That well affected Members do ſeduce,
And with your malice poyſon half the houſe,
Know your ill manag'd Arbitrary ſway,
Shall be no more endur'd, but ends this day.
Rulers of abler conduct we will chuſe,
And more indulgent to a trembling Muſe;
Women for ends of Government more fit,
Women ſhall rule the Boxes and the Pit,
Give Laws to Love and influence to Wit,

Find

Find me one man of ſence in all your roll,
Whom ſome one Woman has not made a fool.
Even buſineſs that intolerable load
Under which man does groan and yet is proud,
Much better they cou'd manage wou'd they pleaſe,
'Tis not their want of Wit, but love of Eaſe.
For, ſpite of Art, more Wit in them appears,
Tho' we boaſt ours, and they diſſemble theirs:
Wit once was ours, and ſhot up for a while,
Set ſhallow in a hot, and barren Soil;
But when tranſplanted to a richer Ground
Has in their *Eden* its perfection found.
And 'tis but juſt they ſhou'd our Wit invade,
Whilſt we ſet up their painting patching trade;
As for our Courage, to our ſhame 'tis known,
As they can raiſe it, they can pull it down.
At their own Weapons they our Bullies awe,
Faith let them make an Antiſalick Law;
Preſcribe to all mankind, as well as plays,
And wear the Breeches, as they wear the Bays.

A

PROLOGUE

By Sir *CHARLES SEDLEY.*

ENvy and Faction rule the grumbling Age,
The State they cannot, but they ſhake the Stage:
This barren Trade ſome would engroſs, ſtill hoping
From our poor Port to baniſh interloping;
And like the plodding Lawyers take great care
To elbow blooming Merit from the Bar.
In ev'ry Age there were a ſort of Men,
As you do know, damn'd all was written then;
Thouſands before 'em leſs provoke their pride
Than one poor Rival ſtreining by their ſide.
Such Vermin Criticks we expect to find,
For Nature knows not how to loſe a kind,
The ſtinking Pole-Cat, or the Mole that's blind.
But againſt old, as well as new to rage,
Is the peculiar frenzy of this Age.
Shakeſpear muſt down, and you muſt praiſe no more
Soft *Deſmodena*, nor the jealous *Moor*.

Shakeſpear

Shakeſpear, whoſe fruitful Genius, happy Wit,
Was fram'd and finiſh'd at a lucky hit;
The pride of Nature, and the ſhame of Schools,
Born to create, and not to learn from Rules,
Muſt pleaſe no more; his Baſtards now deride
Their Father's nakedneſs they ought to hide.
But when on Spurs their *Pegaſus* they force,
Their jaded Muſe is diſtanc'd in the Courſe.
All that is now hath been before, 'tis true;
But yet the Art, the Faſhion, may be new:
The old Materials the large Palace raiſe,
The skilful Architect deſerves his praiſe.
If nothing pleaſe, you are not nice but ſick,
'Tis want of ſtomack ever to diſlike:
On our paſt Poets petty Juries ſit.
The living ſink beneath your preſent ſpite,
As if this were the Dooms-day of all Wit.
But, Beaux, and Ladies, be you not too nice,
You'll break our Lott'ry if none draw a Prize,
Then down go half th' Artillery of your Eyes.
For this one Night do as kind Lovers uſe,
Tye up ſtrict judgment, and let fancy looſe.

A SONG

To a Lady, who diſcovered a new Star in *Caſſiopeia*.

The Words and Tune by Mr. C. DRYDEN.

1.

AS *Ariana*, Young and Fair,
By Night the Starry Quire did tell,
She found in *Caſſiopeia*'s Chair
One beauteous light the reſt excell:
This happy Star unſeen before,
Perhaps was kindled from her Eyes,
And made for mortals to adore
A new born Glory in the Skies.

2.

Or if within the Sphere it grew,
Before ſhe gaz'd the Lamp was dim;
But from her Eyes the Sparkles flew
That gave new Luſtre to the Gem.
Bright Omen! what doſt thou portend,
Thou threatning Beauty of the Skie?

What

What great, what happy Monarch's end?
or ſure by thee 'tis ſweet to dye.

3.

Whether to thy fore-boding Fire
/e owe the Creſcent in decay?
Or muſt the mighty *Gaul* Expire
Victim to thy fatal Ray?
Such a preſage will late be ſhown
efore the World in aſhes lies;
But if leſs ruin will attone,
et *Strephon*'s only fate ſuffice.

A SONG

By the E. *of* M.

1.

Since from my Dear *Aſtræa*'s ſight,
I was ſo rudely torn,
Soul has never known delight,
Unleſs it was to mourn.

2. But

2.

But oh, alas! with weeping Eyes
And bleeding Heart I lie;
Thinking on her whoſe abſence 'tis,
That makes me wiſh to die.

SONG.

By Mr. *PRYOR.*

WHilſt I am ſcorch'd with hot deſire,
In vain cold Friendſhip you return:
Your drops of pity on my fire,
Alas! but make it fiercer burn.

Ah! would you have the flame ſuppreſt
That kills the heart it heats too faſt;
Take half my Paſſion to your Breaſt,
The reſt in mine ſhall ever laſt.

ÆNIGMA.

By Mr. PRYOR.

BY Birth I'm a Slave, yet can give you a Crown,
I diſpoſe of all Honours, my ſelf having none.
I'm oblig'd by juſt Maxims to govern my life,
Yet I hang my own Maſter, and lie with his Wife.
When men are a gaming, I cunningly ſneak,
And their Cudgels and Shovels away from them take.
Fair Maidens and Ladies I by the hand get,
And pick off their Diamonds though ne're ſo well ſet.
But when I have Comrades, we rob in whole bands,
Then we preſently take off your Lands from your hands.
But this fury once over, I've ſuch winning arts,
That you love me much more than you do your own hearts.

Verſes

Verſes on the Snuff of a Candle; made in ſickneſs.

By Mrs. *WHARTON.*

SEE there the Taper's dim, and doleful Light,
In gloomy Waves ſilently rouls about.
And repreſents to my dim weary ſight,
My Light of Life almoſt as near burnt out.

Ah Health! Beſt part and ſubſtance of our joy,
(For without thee 'tis nothing but a ſhade)
Why doſt thou partially thy ſelf employ,
Whilſt thy proud Foes as partially invade?

What we, who ne're enjoy, ſo fondly ſeek,
Thoſe who poſſeſs thee ſtill, almoſt deſpiſe;
To gain immortal glory, raiſe the weak,
Taught by their former want thy worth to prize.

Dear melancholy Muſe, my conſtant guide,
Charm this coy Health back to my fainting Heart,

Or

I'll accuſe thee of vain-glorious pride,
I ſwear thou doſt but feign the moving Art.

ut why do I upbraid thee, gentle Muſe;
o for all ſorrows mak'ſt me ſome amends?
! Our ſickly minds ſometimes abuſe
beſt Phyſicians, and our deareſt Friends.

The Blaſted Swain.

HE Muſes Darling, Pride of all the Plains,
Daphnis, the ſoft, the ſweeteſt of the Swains
ong reign'd in Love, for every Nymph he view'd
le caught, he only lookt and he ſubdu'd:
ut now the melancholly Youth retires
hro' ſhady Groves, and wanders thro' the Briars
ad and alone: At laſt beneath a ſhade
f ſpreading Elm and Beech ſupinely laid
le ſigh'd, he ſhook his head, and thus he ſaid:
en I ſo long, ſo faithfully did wooe,
d did what Conſtancy and Truth could do,

Why

Why is my Suit refus'd, my Prayers in vain,
And warm Endeavours damp'd by cold diſdain?
Muſt Slights the lean rewards of Virtue prove!
Unhappy *Daphnis*, fatal in thy Love!
Long drought the flow'rs, and ſtorms the lab'ring Bee,
And unſucceſsful Love hath ruin'd Thee.
This Heaven, (had I obſerv'd the Omen well)
As conſcious of my Fate, did oft foretell;
It ſhow'd my flattering hope ſhould diſappear,
And waſte like Vapours toſt in flitting Air;
Laſt night when careful of my Flocks I went
To ſee my Lambs were fed, and Folds were pent,
A Flame ſhone round my head, but ſoon the Light
Decay'd, and all around ſtood deepeſt Night.
But is *Urania* ſo averſe to Love!
Could none of all the Rival Shepherds move?
Ah, *Ægon*, how I envy thy ſucceſs!
Thy Fortune greater, tho' thy Charms were leſs:
Without a long fatigue, and tedious Suit
The Door was open'd, and you reach'd the Fruit:
Oh how I pine at thy ſurprizing Joys!
Dye *Daphnis*, ſhe is partial in her Choice.

Yet

Yet once I hop'd (what cannot Love perſwade?)
More kind returns from the obliging Maid:
Her Looks were ſoft, ſmiles on her Cheeks did lye,
No cloudy frowns obſcur'd the pleaſing Sky:
Nor could I think that e'er the time would come
When conſtant Love ſhould prove the Lover's doom:
The Flowers I pluckt, the Garlands which I wove
She took, and wore as Badges of my Love:
She heard my Songs, nor did my Art contemn,
And ſometimes ſhe would ſtoop to be my Theme:
Damætas envy'd, *Colin* tun'd my Lays,
Whilſt ſhe ſate by, and gladly heard her praiſe:
Sooner ſhall Dolphins o'er the Mountains ſwim,
Does graze on Floods, and Bees forget their Thime,
Than I that day, when with a ſmile ſhe led
The joyful *Ægon* to her promis'd Bed,
With what a high diſdain he marcht along,
And proudly lookt on the deſpairing Throng!
Yet he ne'er fed the Flocks, ne'er pent the Fold,
Nor bore the Summer's heat, nor Winter's cold;
But he had Wealth, and that alone betray'd
The heedleſs mind of the unthinking Maid.

Curſt be the wretch that firſt did Gold diſpenſe,
And robb'd the happy Plains of Innocence!
Am I refus'd becauſe my Suit was plain,
The artleſs Courtſhip of an humble Swain?
You know me not, nor yet the pains I took,
Whilſt *Ægon* ſlept, to feed the weary Flock;
How often have the Nymphs beheld me ſweat
Beneath the fury of the Summer's heat,
How often ſeen the Froſt bind up my hair,
And cry'd, ah *Daphnis*, worn with two much care!
But what avails my care, what boots my pain,
But only yields a larger ſubject to complain.

I.

AT dead of Night, when rapt in ſleep
The peaceful Cottage lay,
Paſtora left her folded Sheep,
Her Garland, Crook, and uſeleſs Scrip;
Love led the Nymph aſtray.

II.

Looſe and undreſt ſhe takes her Flight
To a near Myrtle Shade;

The

The conſcious Moon gave all her Light,
To bleſs her raviſh'd Lover's ſight,
And guide the loving Maid.

III.

His eager Arms the Nymph embrace,
And, to aſſuage his pain,
His reſtleſs Paſſion he obeys:
At ſuch an hour, in ſuch a place,
What Lover could contain?

IV.

In vain ſhe call'd the conſcious Moon,
The Moon no ſuccour gave;
The cruel Stars unmov'd look'd on,
And ſeem'd to ſmile at what was done,
Nor would her Honour ſave.

V.

Vanquiſh'd at laſt, by pow'rful Love,
The Nymph expiring lay;
No more ſhe ſigh'd, no more ſhe ſtrove,
Since no kind Stars were found above,
She bluſh'd and dy'd away.

VI.

Yet bleſt the Grove, her conſcious Flight,
And Youth that did betray;
And panting, dying with delight,
She bleſt the kind tranſporting Night,
And curſt approaching Day.

Upon the

Duke of *Buckingham*'s

Being in Diſgrace at Court, in the Year 1674.

WHen *Great men* fall, great Griefs ariſe,
In one, two, three, four Families.
When *this Man* fell, there roſe great Sorrow
In *Rome*, *Geneva*, *Sodom* and *Gomorrah*.

THE

THE

POET'S Complaint of his Muſe.

ODE.

By Mr. THO. OTWAY.

TO a high Hill, where never yet ſtood Tree,
Where only Heath, courſe Fern, and Furzes grow,
Where (nipt by piercing Air)
The Flocks in tatter'd Fleeces hardly graze,
Led by uncouth Thoughts and Care,
Which did too much his penſive mind amaze,
A wandring Bard, whoſe Muſe was crazy grown,
Cloy'd with the nauſeous follies of the buzzing Town,
Came, look'd about him, ſigh'd, and laid him down.
'Twas far from any Path, but where the Earth
Was bare, and naked all as at her Birth,

When by the Word it firſt was made,
E're God had ſaid,
Let Graſs and Herbs and every green thing grow,
With fruitful Trees after their kind; and it was ſo.
The whiſtling Winds blew fiercely round his Head,
Cold was his Lodging, hard his Bed;
Aloft his Eyes on the wide Heav'ns he caſt,
Where we are told Peace only's found at laſt:
And as he did its hopeleſs diſtance ſee,
Sigh'd deep, and cry'd, How far is Peace from me?

2.

Nor ended there his Moan:
The diſtance of his future Joy
Had been enough to give him Pain alone;
But who can undergo [Woe?
Deſpair of eaſe to come, with weight of preſent
Down his afflicted Face
The trickling Tears had ſtream'd ſo faſt a pace,
As left a path worn by their briny race.
Swoln was his Breaſt with Sighs, his well-
Proportion'd Limbs as uſeleſs fell,

While

While the poor Trunk (unable to ſuſtain
t ſelf) lay rackt, and ſhaking with its Pain.
heard his Groans, as I was walking by,
And (urg'd by pity) went aſide, to ſee
What the ſad cauſe could be
Had preſs'd his State ſo low, and rais'd his Plaints
On me he fixt his Eyes. I crav'd, [ſo high.
Why ſo forlorn? He vainly rav'd.
Peace to his mind I did commend.
But, oh! my words were hardly at an end,
When I perceiv'd it was my Friend,
My much-lov'd Friend: ſo down I ſate,
And begg'd that I might ſhare his Fate:
laid my Cheek to his, when with a Gale
Sighs he eas'd his Breaſt, and thus began his Tale.

3.

I am a Wretch of honeſt Race:
My Parents not obſcure, nor high in Titles were;
They left me Heir to no Diſgrace.
My Father was (a thing now rare)
Loyal and brave; my Mother chaſt and fair.

Their pledge of Marriage-vows was only I;
Alone I liv'd their much-lov'd fondled Boy:
They gave me generous Education, high
They ſtrove to raiſe my Mind, and with it grew
their Joy.
The Sages that inſtructed me in Arts
And Knowledge, oft would praiſe my Parts,
And chear my Parents longing hearts.
When I was call'd to a Diſpute,
My fellow-Pupils oft ſtood mute:
Yet never Envy did disjoyn
Their hearts from me, nor Pride diſtemper mine.
Thus my firſt years in Happineſs I paſt,
Nor any bitter cup did taſt:
But, oh! a deadly Potion came at laſt.
As I lay looſely on my bed,
A thouſand pleaſant thoughts triumphing in my [Head,
And as my Senſe on the rich Banquet fed,
A Voice (it ſeem'd no more, ſo buſie I
Was with my ſelf, I ſaw not who was nigh) [dead.
Pierc'd through my Ears; Ariſe, thy good *Senander's*
It ſhook my Brain, and from their Feaſt my frighted
Senſes fled.

4.

From thence ſad Diſcontent, uneaſie Fears,
And anxious Doubts of what I had to do,
Grew with ſucceeding Years.
The World was wide, but whither ſhould I go?
I, whoſe blooming Hopes all wither'd were,
Who'd little Fortune, and a deal of Care?
To *Britain*'s great Metropolis I ſtray'd,
Where Fortune's general Game is play'd;
Where Honeſty and Wit are often prais'd,
But Fools and Knaves are fortunate and rais'd.
My forward Spirit prompted me to find
A Converſe equal to my Mind:
But by raw Judgment eaſily miſs-led,
(As giddy callow Boys
Are very fond of Toys)
I miſs'd the brave and wiſe, and in their ſtead
On every ſort of Vanity I fed.
Gay Coxcombs, Cowards, Knaves, and prating Fools,
Bullies of o're-grown Bulks, and little Souls,
Gameſters, Half-wits, and Spendthrifts, (ſuch as think
Miſchievous midnight frollicks bred by Drink

Are Gallantry and Wit,
Becauſe to their lewd underſtandings fit)
Were thoſe wherewith two years at leaſt I ſpent,
To all their fulſome Follies moſt incorrigibly bent:
Till all at the laſt, my ſelf more to abuſe,
I grew in love, with a deceitful Muſe.

5.

No fair Deceiver ever us'd ſuch Charms,
T'enſnare a tender Youth, and win his Heart:
Or when ſhe had him in her Arms,
Secur'd his love with greater Art.
I fancy'd, or I dream'd, (as Poets always do)
No Beauty with my Muſe's might compare.
Lofty ſhe ſeem'd, and on her front ſat a majeſtick Air,
Awful, yet kind; ſevere, yet fair.
Upon her Head a Crown ſhe bore
Of Laurel, which ſhe told me ſhould be mine:
And round her Ivory Neck ſhe wore
A Rope of largeſt Pearl. Each part of her did ſhine
With Jewels and with Gold,
Numberleſs to be told;
Which in Imagination as I did behold,

And

And lov'd, and wonder'd more and more,
Said ſhe, Theſe Riches all, my Darling, ſhall be thine,
Riches which never Poet had before.
She promis'd me to raiſe my fortune and my name,
By Royal Favour, and by endleſs Fame;
But never told
How hard they were to get, how difficult to hold.
Thus by the Arts of this moſt ſly
Deluder was I caught,
To her bewitching Bondage brought.
Eternal Conſtancy we ſwore,
A thouſand times our Vows were doubled o're.
And as we did in our Entrancements lie,
I thought no Pleaſure e're was wrought ſo high,
No Pair ſo happy as my Muſe and I.

6.

Ne'er was young Lover half ſo fond
When firſt his Puſillage he loſt,
Or could of half my Pleaſure boaſt.
We never met but we enjoy'd,
Still tranſported, never cloy'd.

Chambers,

Chambers, Cloſets, Fields and Groves,
Bore witneſs of our daily Loves;
And on the bark of every Tree
You might the marks of our Endearments ſee.
Diſtichs, Poſies, and the pointed Bits
Of Satyr, (written when a Poet meets
His Muſe in Caterwauling fits)
You might on every Rind behold, and ſwear
I and my *Clio* had been at it there.
Nay, by my Muſe too I was bleſt
With Off-ſprings of the choiceſt kinds,
Such as have pleas'd the nobleſt-minds,
And been approv'd by Judgments of the beſt.
But in this moſt tranſporting height,
Whence I look'd down and laugh'd at Fate,
All of a ſudden I was alter'd grown;
I round me look'd, and found my ſelf alone:
My faithleſs Muſe, my faithleſs Muſe was gone.
I try'd if I a Verſe could frame:
Oft I in vain invok'd my *Clio*'s name.

The more I ſtrove, the more I fail'd.
I chaf'd, I bit my Pen, curſt my dull Scull, and rail'd,
Reſolv'd to force m'untoward Thought, and at the
laſt prevail'd.
A Line came forth, but ſuch a one,
No trav'ling Matron in her Child-birth pains,
Full of the joyful Hopes to bear a Son,
Was more aſtoniſh'd at th' unlook'd for ſhape
Of ſome deform'd Baboon, or Ape,
Then I was at the hideous Iſſue of my Brains.
I tore my Paper, ſtabb'd my Pen,
And ſwore I'd never write again,
Reſolv'd to be a doating Fool no more.
But when my reck'ning I began to make,
found too long I'd ſlept, and was too late awake;
I found m'ungrateful Muſe, for whoſe falſe ſake
I did my ſelf undo,
Had robb'd me of my deareſt Store,
My precious Time, my Friends, and Reputation too;
And left me helpleſs, friendleſs, very proud, and
poor.

7.

Reaſon, which in baſe Bonds my Folly had enthrall'd,
I ſtrait to Council call'd;
Like ſome old faithful Friend, whom long ago
I had caſheer'd, to pleaſe my flatt'ring Fair.
To me with readineſs he did repair;
Expreſt much tender chearfulneſs, to find
Experience had reſtor'd him to my Mind;
And loyally did to me ſhow,
How much himſelf de did abuſe,
Who credited a flattering, falſe, deſtructive, treache-
I ask'd the Cauſes why. He ſaid, [rous Muſe.
'Twas never known a Muſe e're ſtaid
When Fortune fled; for Fortune is a Bawd
To all the Nine that on *Parnaſſus* dwell,
Where thoſe ſo fam'd, delightful Fountains ſwell
Of Poetry, which there does ever flow;
And Where Wit's luſty, ſhining God
Keeps his choice *Seraglio*.
So whilſt our Fortune ſmiles, our Thoughts aſpire,
Pleaſure and Fame's our bus'neſs, and deſire.

Then,

Then, too, if we find
A promptneſs in the Mind,
The Muſe is always ready, always kind.
But if th' old Harlot Fortune once denies
Her favour, all our Pleaſure and rich Fancy dies,
And then th' young, flippery Jilt, the Muſe too from us flies.

8.

To the whole Tale I gave Attention due;
And as right ſearch into my ſelf I made,
I found all he had ſaid
Was very honeſt, very true.
Oh how I hugg'd my welcome Friend!
And much my Muſe I could not diſcommend;
For I ne'er liv'd in Fortune's grace,
She always turn'd her back, and fled from me apace,
And never once vouchſaf'd to let me ſee her Face.
Then to confirm me more,
He drew the veil of Dotage from my eyes:
See here, my Son, (ſaid he) the valu'd Prize;
Thy fulſome Muſe behold, be happy, and be wiſe.
I look'd, and ſaw the rampant, tawdry Quean,
With a more horrid Train

Than

Than ever yet to Satyr lent a Tale,
Or haunted *Chloris* in the Mall.
The firſt was he who ſtunk of that rank Verſe
In which he wrote his *Sodom* Farce;
A Wretch whom old Diſeaſes did ſo bite,
That he writ Bawdry ſure in ſpight,
To ruin and diſgrace it quite.
Philoſophers of old did ſo expreſs
Their Art, and ſhew'd it in their Naſtineſs.
Next him appear'd that blundering Sot
Who a late *Seſſion of the Poets* wrote.
Nature has mark'd him for a heavy Fool;
By's flat broad Face you'l know the Owl.
The other Birds have hooted him from light;
Much buffeting has made him love the Night,
And only in the dark he ſtrays;
Still Wretch enough to live, with worſe Fools ſpends his days,
And for old Shoes and Scraps repeats dull Plays.
Then next there follow'd, to make up the Throng,
Lord Lampoon, and *Monſieur Song*,

Who

Who fought her love, and promis'd for't
To make her famous at the Court.
The *City Poet* too was there,
In a black Sattin Cap and his own Hair,
And begg'd that he might have the Honour
To beget a *Pageant* on her
For the City's next *Lord Mayor.*
Her Favours ſhe to none deny'd:
They took her all by turns aſide.
Till at the laſt up in the rear there came
The Poets Scandal, and the Muſes Shame,
A Beaſt of Monſtrous guiſe, and *LIBELL*
was his name.
But let me pauſe, for 'twill ask time to tell
How he was born, how bred and where, and where
he now does dwell.

9.

He paus'd, and thus renew'd his Tale.
Down in an obſcure Vale,
'Midſt Fogs and Fens, whence Miſts and Vapours
Where never Sun was ſeen by Eyes, [riſe,

Under

Under a deſart Wood, [bred,
Which no man own'd, but all wild Beaſts were
And kept their horrid Dens, by prey far forrag'd
An ill-pil'd Cottage ſtood, [fed,
Built of mens Bones ſlaughter'd in Civil War,
By Magick Art brought thither from afar.
There liv'd a widow'd *Witch*,
That us'd to mumble Curſes eve and morn,
Like one whom Wants and Care had worn;
Meagre her Looks, and ſunk her Eyes,
Yet Miſchiefs ſtudy'd, Diſcords did deviſe.
Sh' appeared humble, but it was her Pride:
Slow in her Speech, in ſemblance ſanctifi'd.
Still when ſhe ſpoke ſhe meant another way;
And when ſhe curſt, ſhe ſeem'd to pray.
Her helliſh Charms had all a holy dreſs,
And bore the name of *Godlineſs*.
All her Familiars ſeem'd the Sons of Peace.
Honeſt Habits they all wore,
In outward ſhow moſt lamb-like and divine:
But inward of all Vices they had ſtore,
Greedy as Wolves, and ſenſual too as Swine.

Like

ike her, the Sacred Scriptures they had all by heart;
oft eafily could quote, and turn to any part;
ackward repeat it all, as Witches Prayers do,
And for their turn, interpret backward too.
Idolatry with her was held impure;
ecauſe beſides her ſelf no Idol ſhe'd indure.
Though not to paint, ſh'ad arts to change the Face;
And alter it in Heav'nly faſhion.
Lewd *Whining* ſhe defin'd a *mark of Grace*,
And making *ugly faces* was *Mortification*.
Her late dead Pander was of well-known fame,
Old *Presbyter Rebellion* was his name:
She a ſworn Foe to *KING*, his Peace, and Laws,
So will be ever, and was call'd (bleſs us!) *THE GOOD OLD CAUSE*.

10.

A Time there was, (a ſad one too)
When all things wore the face of Woe;
When many Horrors rag'd in this our Land;
And a *deſtroying Angel* was ſent down,

To ſcourge the Pride of this Rebellious Town.
He came, and o're all *Britain* ſtretch'd his conqu'ring hand:
Till in th' untrodden Streets unwholſome Graſs
Grew of great ſtalk, its Colour groſs,
And melancholick pois'nous green;
Like thoſe courſe ſickly Weeds on an old Dunghill
Where ſome Murrain-murther'd Hog, [ſeen,
Poiſon'd Cat, or ſtrangled Dog,
In rottenneſs had long unburied laid,
And the cold Soil productive made.
Birds of ill Omen hover'd in the Air,
And by their Cries bad us for Graves prepare;
And, as our Deſtiny they ſeem'd t'unfold,
Dropt dead of the ſame fate they had foretold.
That dire Commiſſion ended, down there came
Another *Angel* with a *Sword of Flame*:
Deſolation ſoon he made,
And our new *Sodom* low in Aſhes laid.
Diſtractions and Diſtruſts then did amongſt us riſe,
When, in her pious old Diſguiſe,

This *Witch* with all her Miſchief-making Train
Began to ſhew her ſelf again.
The Sons of old *Rebellion* ſtrait ſhe ſummon'd all;
Strait they were ready at her call:
Once more th' old Bait before their eyes ſhe caſt.
That and her Love they long'd to taſt;
And to her Luſt ſhe drew them all at laſt.
So *Reuben* (we may read of heretofore) [Whore.
Was led aſtray, and had pollution with his Father's

II.

The better to conceal her lewd intent
In ſafety from obſerving eyes,
Th' old Strumpet did her ſelf diſguiſe
In comely Weeds, and to the City went,
Affected Truth, much Modeſty, and Grace,
And (like a worn-out-Suburb-Trull) paſt there for a new Face.
Thither all her Lovers flock'd,
And there for her ſupport ſhe found
A Wight, of whom Fame's Trumpet much does
With all ingredients for his bus'neſs ſtockt, [ſound,

Not unlike him whoſe Story has a place
In th' Annals of Sir *Hudibras*.
Of all her bus'neſs He took care,
And every Knave or Fool that to her did repair,
Had by him admittance there.
By his contrivance to her did reſort
All who had been diſguſted at the Court.
Thoſe whoſe Ambition had been croſt,
Or by ill manners had Preferments loſt,
Were thoſe on whom ſhe practis'd moſt her Charms,
Lay neareſt to her Heart, and oft'neſt in her Arms.
Int'reſt in every Faction, every Sect ſhe fought;
And to her Lure, flatt'ring their hopes, ſhe brought
All thoſe who uſe Religion for a Faſhion.
All ſuch as practiſe Forms, and take great pains
To make their *Godlineſs* their *Gains*,
And thrive by the Diſtractions of a Nation,
She by her Art enſnar'd, and fetter'd in her Chains.
Through her the Atheiſt hop'd to purchaſe *Toleration*,
The Rebel *Pow'r*, the beggar'd Spend-thrift *Lands*,
Out of the *King*'s or *Biſhop*'s hands.

Nay

Nay, to her ſide at laſt ſhe drew in all the rude,
Ungovernable, headlong Multitude:
Promis'd ſtrange *Liberties*, and ſure Redreſs
Of never-felt, unheard-of *Grievances*:
Pamper'd their Follies, and indulg'd their Hopes,
With *May-day*-Routs, *November* Squibs, and burning *Paſt-board Popes*.

12.

With her in common Luſt did mingle all the Crew,
Till at the laſt ſhe pregnant grew,
And from her Womb, in little time, brought forth
This monſtrous, moſt deteſted *Birth*.
Of Children born with Teeth w'ave heard,
And ſome like Comets with a Beard;
Which ſeem'd to be fore-runners of dire Change:
But never hitherto was ſeen,
Born from a *Wapping* Drab, or *Shoreditch* Quean,
A form like this ſo hideous and ſo ſtrange.
To help whoſe Mother in her Pains, there came
Many a well-known Dame.

The Bawd *Hypocriſie* was there,
And Madam *Impudence* the fair:
Dame *Scandal* with her ſquinting Eyes,
That loves to ſet good Neighbours at debate,
And raiſe Commotions in a jealous State,
Was there, and *Malice* Queen of far-ſpread Lies,
With all their Train of *Frauds* and *Forgeries*.
But Midwife *Mutiny*, that buſie Drab,
That's always talking, always loud,
Was ſhe that firſt took up the Babe,
And of the office moſt was proud.
Behold its head of horrid form appears:
To ſpight the Pillory it had no Ears.
When ſtrait the Bawd cry'd out, 'twas ſurely kin
To the bleſt Family of *Pryn*.
But *Scandal* offer'd to depoſe her word,
Or oath, the Father was a Lord.
The Noſe was ugly, long, and big,
Broad, and ſnowty like a Pig;
Which ſhew'd he would in Dunghills love to dig;
Love to caſt ſtinking Satyrs up in ill-pil'd Rymes,
And live by the Corruptions of unhappy Times.

13. They

13.

They promis'd all turns to take him,
And a hopeful Youth to make him.
To nurſe he ſtrait was ſent
To a *Siſter-witch*, though of another ſort,
One who profeſt no good, nor any meant:
All day ſhe practis'd Charms, by night ſhe hardly ſlept.
Yet in the outcaſts of a Northern factious Town,
A little ſmoaky Manſion of her own,
Where her Familiars to her did reſort,
A Cell ſhe kept.
Hell ſhe ador'd, and Satan was her God;
And many an ugly loathſome Toad
Crawl'd round her walls, and croak'd.
Under her Roof all diſmal, black, and ſmoak'd,
Harbour'd Beetles, and unwholſome Bats,
Sprawling neſts of little Cats;
All which were imps ſhe cheriſh'd with her blood,
To make her Spells ſucced and good,
Still at her rivell'd Breaſts they hung, when e'er mankind ſhe curſt, [nurſt.
And with theſe Foſter-brethren was our *Monſter*

In little time the Hell-bred Brat,
Grew plump and fat,
Without his Leading-ſtrings could walk,
And (as the Sorcereſs taught him) talk.
At ſeven years old he went to School,
Where firſt he grew a foe to Rule.
Never would he learn as taught,
But ſtill new Ways affected, and new Methods ſought.
Not that he wanted parts
T'improve in Letters, and proceed to Arts;
But as negligent as ſly,
Of all perverſeneſs brutiſhly was full,
(By Nature idle) lov'd to ſhift and lie,
And was obſtinately dull.
Till ſpight of Nature, through great pains, the Sot,
(And th' Influence of th' ill Genius of our Land)
At laſt in part began to underſtand.
Some inſight in the *Latin* Tongue he got;
Could ſmatter pretty well, and write too a plain hand.
For which his Guardians all thought fit,
In Compliment to his moſt hopeful Wit,

He ſhould be ſent to learn the Laws,
And out of the *good old* to raiſe a damn'd *new Cauſe.*

14.

In which the better to improve his Mind,
As by nature he was bent
To ſearch in hidden paths, and things long buried find,
A Wretch's Converſe much he did frequent:
One who this World, as that did Him, diſown'd,
And in an unfrequented Corner, where
Nothing was pleaſant, hardly healthful found,
He led his hated life.
Needy, and even of Neceſſaries bare,
No Servant had he, Children, Friend, or Wife:
But of a little remnant, got by Fraud,
(For all ill turns he lov'd, all good deteſted, and believ'd no God,)
Thrice in a week he chang'd a hoarded Groat,
With which of Beggars Scraps he bought.
Then from a neighb'ring Fountain Water got,
Not to be clean, but ſlake his Thirſt.
He never bleſt himſelf, and all things elſe he curſt.

The

The Cell in which he (though but ſeldom) ſlept,
Lay like a Den, uncleans'd, unſwept:
And there thoſe Jewels which he lov'd, he kept;
Old worn-out Statutes, and Records
Of *Commons Priviledges*, and the *Rights of Lords.*
But bound up by themſelves with care were laid
All the *Acts*, *Reſolves*, and *Orders* made
By the old *Long Rump-Parliament*,
Through all the Changes of its Government:
From which with readineſs he could debate
Concerning Matters of the State,
All down from *Goodly Forty one* to *Horrid Forty eight.*

15.

His Friendſhip much our *Monſter* ſought
By Inſtinct, and by Inclination too:
So without much ado
They were together brought.
To him Obedience *Libell* ſwore, and by him was he taught.
He learnt of him all Goodneſs to deteſt;
To be aſham'd of no Diſgrace;
In all things, but Obedience, to be Beaſt;
To hide a Coward's Heart, and ſhow a hardy Face.

He

He taught him to call Government a Clog,
But to bear beatings like a Dog:
T'ave no Religion, Honeſty, or Senſe,
But to *profeſs* them all for a Pretence.
Fraught with theſe Morals, he began
To compleat him more for Man:
Diſtinguiſht to him in an hour
'Twixt *Legiſlative*, and *Judicial* power;
How to frame a *Commonwealth*,
And *Democracy*, by ſtealth;
To palliate it at firſt, and Cry
'Twas but a *Well-mixt Monarchy*,
And *Treaſon Salus Populi*;
Into Rebellion to divide the Nation,
By fair *Committees of Aſſociation*;
How by a lawful means to bring,
In Arms againſt himſelf the *KING*,
With a diſtinguiſhing old Trick,
'Twixt perſons *Natural*, and *Politick*;
How to make faithful *Servants Traytors*
Through-pac'd *Rebels Legiſlators*,
And at laſt, *Troupers Adjutators*.

Thus

Thus well inform'd, and furniſht with enough
Of ſuch like wordy, canting Stuff,
Our Blade ſet forth, and quickly grew
A Leader in a factious Crew.
Where e'er he came, 'twas he firſt ſilence broke,
And ſwell'd with every word he ſpoke.
By which becoming ſawcy Grace,
He gain'd Authority and Place:
By many for Preferments was thought fit,
For talking Treaſon without Fear or Wit;
For opening Failings in the State;
For loving noiſie and unſound Debate,
And wearing of a Myſtical green Ribband in his [Hat.

16.

Thus, like *Alcides* in his Lion's skin,
He very dreadful grew.
But, like that *Hercules* when Love crept in,
And th' Hero to his Diſtaff drew,
His foes that found him ſaw he was but Man:
So when my faithleſs *Clio* by her Snare
Had brought him to her Arms, and I ſurpriz'd him
At once to hate and ſcorn him I began; [there,

To

To ſee how fooliſhly ſh'ad dreſt,
And for diverſion trickt the Beaſt.
He was Poetry all o're,
On ev'ry ſide, behind, before:
About him nothing could I ſee,
But particolour'd Poetry.
Painter's Advices, Letanies,
Ballads, and all the ſpurious exceſs
Of ills that Malice could deviſe,
Or ever ſwarm'd from a licentious Preſs,
Hung round about him like a Spell:
And in his own hand too was writ,
That worthy piece of modern Wit,
The Countrey's late *Appeal.*
But from ſuch ills when will our wretched State
Be freed? and who ſhall cruſh this Serpent's head?
'Tis ſaid, we may in Ancient Legends read
Of a huge Dragon, ſent by Fate
To lay a ſinful Kingdom waſt:
through it all he rang'd, devouring as he paſt,
And each day with a Virgin broke his faſt.

Till

Till wretched Matrons curſt their Wombs,
So hardly was their loſs endur'd:
The Lovers all deſpair'd, and ſought their Tombs
In the ſame Monſter's Jaws, and of their Pains were cur'd:
Till, like our *Monſter* too, and with the ſame
Curſt ends, to the Metropolis he came:
His Cruelties renew'd again,
And every day a Maid was ſlain.
The curſe through ev'ry Family had paſt,
When to the Sacrifice at laſt
Th'unhappy Monarch's only Child muſt bow:
A *Royal Daughter* needs muſt ſuffer then, a *ROYAL BROTHER* now.

17.

On him this Dragon *Libel* needs will prey;
On Him has caſt
His ſordid Venom, and prophan'd
With ſpurious Verſe his ſpotleſs Fame,
Which ſhall for ever ſtand
Unblemiſht, and to Ages laſt,
When all his Foes lie buried in their Shame.

Elſe tell me why (ſome Prophet that is wiſe)
Heaven took ſuch care
To make him every thing that's rare,
Dear to the Heart, deſirous to the Eyes.
Why do all Good men bleſs Him as he goes?
Why at his preſence ſhrink his Foes?
Why do the Brave all ſtrive his Honour to defend?
Why through the World is he diſtinguiſht moſt
By Titles, which but few can boaſt,
A moſt *Juſt Maſter*, and a *Faithful Friend*?
One who never yet did wrong
To high or low, to old or young?
Of Him what Orphan can complain?
Of Him what Widdow make her Moan?
But ſuch as wiſh Him here again,
And miſs his Goodneſs now He's gone.
If this be (as I am ſure 'tis) true,
Then prithee, Prophet, tell me too,
Why lives he in the World's Eſteem,
Not one Man's Foe? and why then are not all men
Friends with Him?

18. When

18.

When e'er his Life was ſet at ſtake
For his ungrateful Country's ſake,
What Dangers or what Labours did He ever ſhun?
Or what Wonders has not done?
Watchful all night, and buſie all the day,
(Spreading his Fleet in ſight of *Holland*'s ſhore)
Triumphantly ye ſaw his Flags and Streamers play.
Then did the *Engliſh* Lion roar,
Whilſt the *Belgian* couchant lay.
Big with the thoughts of Conqueſt and Renown,
Of *Brittain*'s Honour, and his own,
To them he like a threat'ning Comet ſhin'd,
Rough as the Sea, and furious as the Wind:
But conſtant as the Stars that never move;
Or as Women would have Love.
The trembling Genius of their State
Lookt out, and ſtrait ſhrunk back his head,
To ſee our daring Banners ſpread.
Whilſt in their Harbours they
Like Batten'd Monſters weltring lay:
The Winds, when Ours th'ad kiſs'd, ſcorn'd
with their Flags to play.

But drooping like their Captains hearts,
Each Pendant, every Streamer hung.
The Seamen ſeem'd t'have loſt their Arts.
ıeir Ships at Anchor now, of which w'had heard them boaſt,
ith ill-furl'd Sails, and Rattlings looſe, by every Billow toſt,
Lay like neglected Harps, untun'd, unſtrung;
Till at the laſt, provok'd with Shame,
Forth from their Dens the baited Foxes came:
Foxes in Council, and in Fight too Grave;
Seldom true, and now not brave.
They bluſter'd out the day with ſhew of Fight,
And ran away in the good-natur'd Night.

19.

A bloody Battel next was fought,
ıd then in Triumph home a welcome Fleet he brought,
With Spoils of Victory, and Glory fraught.
To Him then every Heart was open, down
From the Great Man to the Clown;
In Him Rejoyc'd, to Him enclin'd:

And as his Health round the glad Board did paſs,
Each honeſt fellow cry'd, Fill full my glaſs;
And ſhew'd the fullneſs of his Mind.
No diſcontented Vermin of ill Times
Durſt then affront him but in ſhow;
Nor *Libel* daſh Him with his dirty Rhymes:
Nor may he live in peace that does it now.
And whoſe Heart would not wiſh ſo too
That had but ſeen
When his tumultuous miſs-led Foes
Againſt Him roſe,
With what Heroick grace
He choſe the weight of wrong to undergo?
No tempeſt on his Brow, unalter'd in his Face,
True witneſs of the Innocence within.
But when the Meſſengers did Mandates bring
For his retreat to Foreign Land,
Since ſent from the relenting hand
Of the moſt *Loving BROTHER*, *Kindeſt KING*;
If in his heart Regret did riſe,
It never ſcapt his Tongue or Eyes:

With ſteady Virtue 'twas allay'd,
nd *like a mighty Conqu'rour He obey'd.*

20.

It was a dark and gloomy Day,
Sad as the Bus'neſs, ſullen too,
As proud men, when in vain they woo,
Or Soldiers cheated of their pay.
The Court, where Pleaſures us'd to flow,
ecame the ſcene of Mourning, and of Woe.
Deſolate was every Room,
Vhere men for News and Bus'neſs uſe to come.
:h folded Arms and down-caſt Eyes men walk'd,
In corners and with caution talk'd.
All things prepar'd, the Hour grew near
Vhen he muſt part: his laſt ſhort time was ſpent
n leaving Bleſſings on his Children dear.
'o them with eager Haſt and Love he went:
The Eldeſt firſt embrac'd,
As new-born Day in Beauty bright,
But ſad in Mind as deepeſt Night.
Vhat tendreſt Hearts could ſay, betwixt them paſt;

Till Grief too cloſe upon them crept:
So ſighing he withdrew, She turn'd away and wept.
Much of the Father in his Breaſt did riſe,
When on the next he fixt his Eyes,
A tender Infant in the Nurſe's Arms,
Full of kind play, and pretty Charms.
And as to give the Farewel kiſs He near it drew,
About his manly neck too little Arms it threw;
Smil'd in his Eyes, as if it begg'd his ſtay,
And look'd kind things it could not ſay.

21.

But the great pomp of Grief was yet to come.
Th' appointed time was almoſt paſt,
Th' impatient Tides knock'd at the Shore, and bid him haſt
To ſeek a Foreign Home.
The Summons he reſolv'd t' obey;
Diſdaining of his Suffering to complain,
Though every ſtep ſeem'd trod with pain;
So forth he came, attended on his way
By a ſad lamenting Throng,
That bleſt him and about him hung.

A weight his generous Heart could hardly bear,
But for the Comfort that was near,
His Beauteous MATE, the Fountain of his Joys,
That fed his Soul with Love;
The cordial that can mortal Pains remove,
To which all worldly Bleſſings elſe are Toys.
I ſaw them ready for departure ſtand,
Juſt when approach'd the *Monarch* of our Land,
And took the charming *Mourner* by the hand.
T'expreſs all nobleſt Offices he ſtrove,
Of *Royal Goodneſs*, and a *Brother's Love*,
Then down to the Shore ſide,
Where, to convey Them, did two Royal Barges ride,
With ſolemn pace they paſt:
And there ſo tenderly embrac'd,
All griev'd by ſympathy to ſee them part,
And their kind Pains touch'd each By-ſtander's heart.
Then hand in hand the pity'd Pair
Turn'd round, to face their Fate:
She ev'n amidſt Afflictions *Fair*;
He, though oppreſt, ſtill *Great*.

Into th' expecting Boat with haſt they went;
Where, as the troubled *Fair one* to the Shore ſome
wiſhes ſent,
For that dear Pledge ſh'ad left behind,
And as her Paſſion grew too mighty for her Mind,
She of ſome Tears her Eyes beguil'd;
Which, as upon her Cheek they lay,
The happy *Hero* kiſt away,
And, as ſhe wept, bluſht with Diſdain, and ſmil'd.
Straight forth they launch into the high-ſwoln
Thames:
The well-ſtruck Oars lave up the yielding Streams.
All fixt their longing Eyes, and wiſhing ſtood,
Till they were got into the wider Flood;
Till leſſen'd out of ſight, and ſeen no more:
Then ſigh'd, and turn'd into the hated Shore.

Ariadne

Ariadne *deſerted by* Theſeus, *as She ſits upon a Rock in the Iſland* Naxos, *thus complains.*

THeſeus! O *Theſeus* heark! but yet in vain
Alas deſerted I Complain,
It was ſome neighbouring Rock, more ſoft than he,
Whoſe hollow Bowels pitied me,
And beating back that falſe, and Cruel Name,
Did Comfort and revenge my flame.

Tell me you God's who e'er you are,
Why, O why made you him ſo fair?
And tell me, Wretch, why thou
Mad'ſt not thy ſelf more true?
Beauty from him may Copies take,
And more Majeſtick Heroes make,
And falſhood learn a While,
From him too, to beguile.
Reſtore my Clew
'Tis here moſt due,

For 'tis a Labyrinth of more ſubtile Art,
To have ſo fair a Face, ſo foul a Heart.

The ravenous Vulture tear his Breaſt,
The rowling Stone diſturb his reſt,
Let him next feel
Ixion's Wheel,
And add one Fable more
To curſing Poets ſtore;
And then—yet rather let him live, and twine
His Woof of days, with ſome thred ſtoln from mine
But if you'l torture him, how e'er,
Torture my Heart, you'l find him there.

Till my eyes drank up his,
And his drank mine,
I ne'er thought Souls might kiſs,
And Spirits joyn:
Pictures till then
Took me as much as Men,
Nature and Art
Moving alike my heart,

But his fair Viſage made me find
Pleaſures and Fears,
Hopes, Sighs, and Tears,
As ſeveral ſeaſons of the Mind.
Should thine Eye, *Venus*, on his dwell,
Thou wouldſt invite him to thy Shell,
And Caught by that live Jet
Venture the ſecond Net,
And after all thy dangers, faithleſs he,
Shouldſt thou but ſlumber, would forſake ev'n thee.

The Streams ſo Court the yielding Banks,
And gliding thence ne'er pay their thanks;
The Winds ſo woo the Flow'rs,
Whiſp'ring among freſh Bow'rr,
And having rob'd them of their ſmells,
Fly thence perfum'd to other Cells.
This is familiar Hate to Smile and Kill,
Though nothing pleaſe thee yet my Ruine will.
Death hover, hover o're me then,
Waves let your Cryſtal Womb

Be both my Fate, and Tomb,
I'll ſooner truſt the Sea, than Men.

And yet O Nymphs below who ſit,
In whoſe ſwift Floods his Vows he writ;
Snatch a ſharp Diamond from the richer Mines,
And in ſome Mirrour grave theſe ſadder Lines,
Which let ſome God Convey
To him, that ſo he may
In that both read at once, and ſee
Thoſe looks that Caus'd my deſtiny.
In *Thetis* Arms I *Ariadne* ſleep,
Drown'd firſt by my own Tears, then in the deep;
Twice baniſhed, Firſt by Love, and then by Hate,
The life that I preſerv'd became my Fate;
Who leaving all, was by him left alone,
That from a Monſter freed himſelf prov'd one.

That then I —— But look! O mine Eyes
Be now true Spies,
Yonder, yonder,
Comes my Dear,

Now

Now my wonder,
Once my fear,
See Satyrs dance along
In a confuſed Throng,
While Horns and Pipes rude noiſe
Do mad their luſty Joys,
Roſes his forehead Crown,
And that recrowns the Flow'rs,
Where he walks up and down
He makes the deſarts Bow'rs,
The Ivy, and the Grape
Hide, not adorn his Shape.
nd Green Leaves cloath his waving Rod,
'is either *Theſeus*, or ſome God.

TO

TO
Mr. *CREECH*
ON HIS
Tranſlation of *LUCRETIUS.*

By Mr. R. DUKE.

WHat to begin would have been madneſs thought,
Exceeds our Praiſe when to perfection brought;
Who could believe *Lucretius* lofty Song
Could have been reach'd by any modern Tongue?
Of all the Suitors to immortal Fame
That by Tranſlations ſtrove to raiſe a Name,
This was the Teſt, this the *Ulyſſes* Bow,
Too tough by any to be bent but you.
Carus himſelf of the hard task complains
To fetter *Grecian* thoughts in *Roman* Chains,
Much harder thine in an unlearned Tongue
To hold in Bonds, ſo eaſie yet ſo ſtrong,
The *Greek* Philoſophy and *Latin* Song.

If then he boaſts that round his ſacred head
Freſh Garlands grow, and branching Laurels ſpread,
Such as not all the mighty *Nine* before
E're gave, or any of their Darlings wore,
What Laurels ſhould be thine, what Crowns thy Due,
What Garlands, Mighty *Poet*, ſhou'd be grac'd by you?
Tho' deep, tho' wondrous deep his Senſe does flow,
Thy ſhining ſtile does all its Riches ſhow;
So clear the Stream, that thro' it we deſcry
All the bright Gems that at the bottom lie;
Here you the troublers of our Peace remove,
Ignoble Fear, and more Ignoble Love:
Here we are taught how firſt our race began,
And by what ſteps our Fathers climb'd to Man;
To Man as now he is---with Knowledge fill'd
In Arts of Peace and War, in Manners skill'd,
Equal before to his fellow Grazers of the field.
Nature's firſt ſtate, which well tranſpos'd; and own'd,
(For owners in all Ages have been found)
Has made a Modern Wit ſo much renown'd,

When

When thee we read, we find to be no more
Than what was Sung a thouſand Years before.
Thou only for this Noble task wert fit,
To ſhame thy Age to a juſt Senſe of Wit,
By ſhewing how the Learned *Romans* writ.
To teach fat heavy Clowns to know their Trade,
And not turn Wits, who were for Porters made,
But quit falſe Claims to the Poetick Rage,
For Squibs, and Crackers, and a *Smithfield* Stage;
Had Providence e're meant that in deſpight,
Of Art and Nature, ſuch dull Clods ſhould write,
Bavius and *Mævius* had been ſav'd by fate
For *Settle* and for *Shadwel* to Tranſlate,
As it ſo many Ages has for thee
Preſerv'd the mighty Work that now we ſee.

To

To his FRIEND
THE
TRANSLATOR
OF
FATHER *SIMON.*

By Mr. R. D.

WHat ſenſeleſs loads have overcharg'd the Preſs,
French impertinence, in Engliſh dreſs?
ow many dull Tranſlators every day
ing new ſupplies of Novel, Farce or Play?
ke damn'd French Penſioners, with foreign aid,
eir native Land with nonſenſe to invade;
ll we're o'rerun more with the Wit of *France*,
r nauſeous Wit, than with her Proteſtants.
t, Sir, this noble Piece obligeth more
an all their traſh has plagu'd the Town before:

With

With various Learning, Knowledge, ſtrength of thought,
Order and art, and ſolid judgment fraught;
No leſs a Piece than this could make amends
For all the trump'ry *France* amongſt us ſends.
Nor let ill-grounded, ſuperſtitious fear
Fright any but the fools from reading here.
The ſacred Oracles may well endure
The exacteſt ſearch, of their own truth ſecure;
Though at this Piece ſome noiſie Zealots bawl,
And to their aid a numerous Faction call
With ſtretch'd out arms, as if the Ark could fall;
Yet wiſer heads will think ſo firm it ſtands,
That, were it ſhook, 'twould need no mortal hands.

VIRGIL'S

Eclogues.

TRANSLATED

BY

SEVERAL HANDS.

LONDON,
ited for *Jacob Tonson*, within *Grays-Inn* Gate
next *Grays-Inn* Lane, 1702.

THE

Firſt Eclogue.

By *JOHN CARYLL*, Eſq;

THE Reader may be pleaſed to obſerve, that Virgil, *under the Name of* Tityrus, *perſonates himſelf, newly ſaved by the Favour of* Auguſtus Cæſar, *from the general Cay of his* Mantuan *Neighbours; whoſe Lands taken from them, and divided amongſt the Ve- Soldiers, for having been dipt (as may be ned) in the ſame Guilt with their Borderers of* ıona; *who in the Civil Wars, joyned with* us *and* Brutus. *Theſe* Mantuans *are likewiſe* ated *by* Melibeus; *as alſo by* Amarillis, *the of* Rome, *by* Galatea, *that of* Mantua *are* ſented. *The drift of this* Eclogue, *is to cele- the Munificence of* Auguſtus *towards* Virgil, *e he makes his tutelar God, and the better to his off, he brings in* Melibeus, *viz. By* Man- *Neighbours, pathetically relating their own*

deplorable Condition, and at the ſame time magnifying the felicity of Tytyrus. *This his Exemption from the common Calamity of his Country-men,* Virgil *ſhadows over with the Allegory of a Slave, recovering his Liberty: And becauſe Slaves did not commonly uſe to be infranchiſt, till Age had made them uſeleſs for Labour, to follow the Troop, he makes himſelf an old Man, as by the* Candidior Barba, *and the* Fortunate Senex, *ſufficiently appears; though in reallity,* Virgil *at that time was young, and then firſt made known to* Auguſtus, *by the recommendation of his Verſes, and of his Friends,* Varus *and* Mæcenas.

TITYRUS. MELIBEUS.

MELIBEUS.

IN peaceful Shades, which aged Oaks diffuſe,
You (*Tityrus*) enjoy your rural Muſe.
We leave our Home, and (once) our pleaſant Fields,
The native Swain to rude Intruders yields;
While you in Songs your happy Love proclaim,
And every Grove learns *Amarillis* Name.

TITY

TITYRUS.

. God (to me he always ſhall be ſo)
) *Melibeus*! did this Grace beſtow.
'he choiceſt Lamb, which in my Flock does feed,
hall each new Moon upon his Altar bleed:
e every Bleſſing on his Creatures brings;
y him the Herd does graze, by him the Herdſ-
[man ſings.

MELIBEUS.

envy not, but I admire your Fate,
Vhich thus exempts you from our wretched State.
ook on my Goats that browz, my Kids that play,
)riven hence my ſelf, theſe I muſt drive away,
nd this poor Mother of a new fall'n Pair,
[he Herds chief Hope (alas) but my Deſpair!)
as left 'em in yond Brakes, beſide the way,
xpos'd to every Beaſt and Bird of prey.
ad not ſome angry Planet ſtruck me blind,
his dire Calamity I had divin'd.
'was oft foretold me by Heavens loudeſt Voice,
ending our talleſt Oaks with diſmal noiſe:

Ravens ſpoke too, though in a lower tone,
And long from hollow Tree were heard to grone.
But ſay: What God has *Tityrus* reliev'd?

TITYRUS.

The place call'd *Rome*, I fooliſhly believ'd
Was like our *Mantua*, where, on Market-days,
We drive our well-fed Lambs, (the Shepherds praiſe;)
So Whelps (I knew) ſo Kids, their Dams expreſs,
And ſo the great I meaſur'd by the leſs.
But other Towns when you to her compare,
They creeping Shrubs to the tall Cypreſs are.

MELIBEUS.

What great occaſion call'd you hence to *Rome?*

TITYRUS.

Freedom, which came at laſt, though ſlow to come:
She came not till cold Winter bid begin,
And Age ſome Snow had ſprinkled on my Chin;
Nor then, till *Galatea* I forſook,
For *Amarillis* daign'd on me to look.
No hope for Liberty, I muſt confeſs,
No hope, nor care of Wealth, did me poſſeſs,

ilſt I with *Galatea* did remain:
though my Flock her Altars did maintain,
ough often I had made my Cheeſe-preſs groan,
gely to furniſh our ungrateful Town,
ſtill with empty hands I trotted home.

MELIBEUS.

onder'd (*Galatea*!) whence ſhould come,
y ſad Complaints to Heaven, and why ſo long
gathered on their Trees thy Apples hung?
'ent was *Tityrus*! Thee every Dale,
untain and Spring, thee every Tree did call!

TITYRUS.

iat ſhould I do? I could not here be free,
l only in that place could hope to ſee
ſod propitious to my Liberty.
ere I the Heavenly Youth did firſt behold,
ioſe monthly Feaſt, while ſolemnly I hold,
loaded Altars never ſhall be cold.
heard my Prayers, Go home (he cry'd) and feed
eace your Herd, let forth your Bulls for breed.

MELIBEUS.

Happy old Man! thy Farm untouch'd remains,
And large enough; tho' it may ask thy pains,
To clear the Stones, and Rushes dure by Drains.
Thy teeming Ewes will no strange Pastures try,
No murrain fear from tainted Company.
Thrice happy Swain! guarded from *Sirian* Beams,
By sacred Springs, and long acquainted Streams.
Look on that bordering Fence, whose Osier Trees
Are fraught with Flowers, whose Flowers are fraught
[with Bees:
How, with their drowsie tone, the whistling Air
(Your sleep to tempt) a Consort does prepare!
At farther distance, but with stronger Lungs,
The Wood-men joyns with these his Rustick
Songs:
Stock-Doves, and murmuring Turtles tune their
[Throat,
Those in a hoarser, these a softer Note.

TITYRUS.

Therefore the Land and Sea shall dwellers change:
Fish on dry Ground, Stags shall on Water range:

The

e *Parthians* ſhall commute their Bounds with
[*Francs*,
oſe ſhall on *Soan*, theſe drink on *Tygris* Banks,
e I his God-like Image from my Heart,
ffer with black ingratitude to part.

MELIBEUS.

t we muſt rome to Parts remote, unknown,
ıder the Torrid, and the Frigid Zone:
ıeſe Frozen *Scythia*, and parcht *Affrick* thoſe,
tan Oaxis others muſt incloſe:
me 'mongſt the utmoſt *Britains* are confin'd,
ɔom'd to an Iſle, from all the world disjoyn'd.
ı! muſt I never more my Country ſee,
t in ſtrange Lands an endleſs Exile be?
my eternal Baniſhment decreed,
om my poor Cottage, rear'd with Turf and Reed?
uſt impious Souldiers all theſe Grounds poſſeſs,
y Fields of ſtanding Corn, my fertile Leyes?
id I for theſe *Barbarians* Plow and Sow?
hat dire effects from civil Diſcord flow!

Graft

Graft Pears (O *Melibeus*!) plant the Vine!
The Fruit ſhall others be, the Labour thine.
Farewell my Goats! a happy Herd, when mine!
No more ſhall I, in the refreſhing Shade
Of verdant Grotto's, by kind Nature made,
Behold your climbing on the Mountain top,
The flowry Thyme, and fragrant Shrubs to crop.
I part with every Joy, parting from you;
Then farewell all the World! Verſes and Pipe,
adieu!

TITYRUS.

At leaſt this Night with me forget your care;
Cheſnuts, and well-preſt Cheeſe ſhall be your Fare;
For now the Mountain a long Shade extends,
And curling Smoak from Village tops aſcends.

THE

THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

Engliſh'd by Mr. TATE.

A Hopeleſs Flame did *Corydon* deſtroy,
The lov'd *Alexis* was his Maſter's Joy.
No reſpite from his Grief the Shepherd knew,
But daily walk'd where ſhady Beeches grew:
Where ſtretch'd on Earth, alone he thus complains,
And in theſe accents tells the Groves his pains.
Cruel *Alexis*! haſt thou no remorſe?
Muſt I expire, and have my Songs no force?
'Tis now high Noon, when Herds to Coverts run,
The very Lizards hide, that love the Sun.
The Reapers home to dinner now repair,
While buſie *Theſtylis* provides both Sawce and Fare.
Yet in the raging Heat I ſearch for thee,
Heat only known to Locuſts and to Me.
Oh was it not much better to ſuſtain,
The angry days of *Amarillis*'s Reign?

Or

Or ſtill be ſubject to *Menalchas* ſway,
Tho' he more balck than Night, and thou more [fair than Day.
O lovely Boy, preſume not on thy Form,
The faireſt Flow'rs are ſubject to a Storm:
Thou both diſdainſt my Perſon and my Flame,
Without ſo much as asking who I am!
How rich in Hiefers, all as white as Snow,
Or Cream, with which they make my Daries flow.
A thouſand Ewes within my Paſtures breed,
And all the Year upon New-milk I feed.
Beſides, the fam'd Amphious Songs I ſing,
That into *Theban* Walls the Stones did bring.
Nor am I ſo deform'd; for t'other day,
When all the dreadful Storm was blown away,
As on the Clifts, above the Sea I ſtood,
I view'd my Image in the Sea-green Flood;
And if I look as handſome all the Year,
To vie with *Daphnis* ſelf, I wou'd not fear.
Ah! wou'dſt thou once in Cottages delight,
And love, like me, to wound the Stag in flight!

Where

ıere wholſome Mallows grow our Kids to
[drive,
d in our Songs with *Pan* himſelf to ſtrive!
ɔm *Pan* the Reeds firſt uſe the Shepherd knew,
is *Pan* preſerves the Sheep and Shepherd too.
ſdain not then the tuneful Reed to ply,
ɔr ſcorn the Paſtime of a Deity.
hat task would not *Amyntas* undergo,
ɔr half the noble Skill I offer you?
Pipe with Quills of various ſize I have,
he Legacy *Dametas* dying gave;
nd ſaid, poſſeſs thou this, by right 'tis thine;
myntas then ſtood by, and did repine:
ɛſides two Kids that I from danger bore,
/ith ſtreak of lovely white enamell'd o'er;
/ho drein the bagging Udder twice aday,
nd both at home for thy acceptance ſtay.
ɔft *Theſtylis* for them has pin'd, and ſhe
hall have them, ſince thou ſcorn'ſt my Gifts and
[me.
ɔome to my Arms, thou lovely Boy, and take
'he richeſt Preſents that the Spring can make.

See

See how the Nymphs with Lillies wait on thee;
Fair *Nais*, ſcarce thy ſelf ſo fair as ſhe.
With Poppies, Daffadils and Violets joyn'd,
A Garland for thy ſofter Brow has twin'd.
My ſelf with downy Peaches will appear,
And Cheſnuts, *Amarillis* dainty Chear:
I'll crop my Laurel, and my Myrtle Tree,
Together bound, becauſe their ſweets agree.
Unbred thou art, and homely *Corydon*,
Nor will *Alexis* with thy Gifts be won:
Nor canſt thou hope, if Gifts his Mind cou'd ſway,
That rich *Iolas* wou'd to thee give way.
Ah me! while I fond wretch indulge my Dreams,
Winds blaſt my Flow'rs, and Boars bemire my Streams.
Whom flyeſt thou? Gods themſelves have had aboad
In Woods, and *Paris*, equal to a God.
Let *Pallas* in the Towns ſhe built, reſide,
To me a Grove's worth all the World beſide:
Lions chaſe Wolves, thoſe Wolves a Kid in prime,
That very Kid ſeeks Heaths of Flow'ring time,

While

While *Corydon* purſues with equal Flame;
Alexis, thee; each has his ſeveral Game.
See how the Ox unyok'd brings home the Plow,
The Shades increaſing as the Sun goes low.
Bleſt Fields reliev'd by Nights approach ſo ſoon,
Love has no Night! 'tis always raging Noon!
Ah *Corydon*! what frenzy fills thy Breaſt?
Thy Vineyard lies half prun'd and half undreſt.
Luxurious ſprouts ſhut out their rip'ning Ray,
The Branches ſhorn, not yet remov'd away,
Recal thy Senſes, and to work with ſpeed,
Of many Utenſils thou ſtands in need.
Fall to thy Labour, quit the peeviſh Boy;
Time, or ſome new deſire ſhall this deſtroy.

THE SECOND ECLOGUE.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Creech.

The Shepherd Corydon *wooes* Alexis, *but finding he could not prevail, he reſolves to follow his Affairs, and forget his Paſſion.*

ALEXIS.

YOung *Corydon* (hard Fate) an humble Swain
Alexis lov'd, the joy of all the Plain;
He Lov'd, but could not hope for Love again;
Yet every day through Groves he walk'd alone,
And vainly told the Hills and Woods his Moan:
Cruel *Alexis*! can't my Verſes move!
Haſt thou no pity? muſt I die for Love?
Juſt now the Flocks purſue the ſhades and cool,
And every Lizzard creeps into his hole:
Brown *Theſtylis* the weary Reapers ſeeks,
And brings their Meat, their Onions and their Leeks:

nd whilſt I trace thy ſteps, in every Tree
nd every Buſh, poor Inſects ſigh with me:
nd had it not been better to have born
he peeviſh *Amaryllis* Frown and Scorn,
r elſe *Menalcas*, then his deep deſpair?
hough He was black, and Thou art lovely fair!
h charming Beauty! 'tis a fading Grace,
ruſt not too much, ſweet Youth, to that fair Face:
hings are not always us'd that pleaſe the ſight,
We gather Black-berries when we ſcorn the white.
hou doſt deſpiſe me, thou doſt ſcorn my flame,
et doſt not know me, nor how rich I am:
thouſand tender Lambs, a thouſand Kine,
thouſand Goats I feed, and all are mine:
y Dairy's full, and my large Herd affords,
ummer and Winter, Cream, and Milk, and Curds.
pipe as well, as when through *Theban* Plains,
mphion fed his Flocks, or charm'd the Swains;
or is my Face ſo mean, I lately ſtood,
nd view'd my Figure in the quiet Flood,
nd think my ſelf, though it were judg'd by you,
s fair as *Daphnis*, if that Glaſs be true.

Oh that with me, the humble Plains would pleaſe,
The quiet Fields, and lowly Cottages!
Oh that with me you'd live, and hunt the Hare,
Or drive the Kids, or ſpread the fowling Snare!
Then you and I would ſing like *Pan* in ſhady Groves;
Pan taught us Pipes, and *Pan* our Art approves:
Pan both the Sheep, and harmleſs Shepherd loves.
Nor muſt you think the Pipe too mean for you,
To learn to Pipe, what won't *Amyntas* do?
I have a Pipe, well ſeaſon'd, brown, and try'd;
Which good *Dametas* left me when he dy'd:
He ſaid, here, take it for a Legacy,
Thou art my Second, it belongs to thee,
He ſaid, and dull *Amyntas* envy'd me:
Beſides, I found too wanton Kids at play
In yonder Vale, and thoſe I brought away,
Young ſportive Creatures, and of ſpotted hue,
Which ſuckle twice a day, I keep for you:
Theſe *Theſtylis* hath begg'd, and begg'd in vain,
But now they're hers, ſince you my gifts diſdain:

Come,

Come, lovely Boy, the Nymphs their Baskets fill,
With Poppy, Violet, and Daffadil,
The Roſe, and thouſand other fragrant Flowers,
To pleaſe thy Senſes in thy ſofteſt hours;
Theſe *Nais* gathers to delight my Boy,
Come dear *Alexis*, be no longer coy.
I'll ſeek for Cheſnuts too in every Grove,
Such as my *Amaryllis* us'd to love.
The gloſſie Plums, and juicy Pears I'll bring,
Delightful All, and many a pretty thing:
The Lawrel and the neighbouring Myrtle Tree,
Confus'dly planted 'cauſe they both agree
And prove more ſweet, ſhall ſend their boughs to thee.
Ah *Corydon!* Thou art a fooliſh Swain,
And coy *Alexis* doth thy Gifts diſdain;
Or if Gifts could prevail, if Gifts could wooe,
Iolus can preſent him more than you.
What doth the mad Man mean? He idly brings
Storms on his Flowers, and Boars into his Springs.
Ah! whom doſt thou avoid? whom fly? the Gods
And charming *Paris* too, have liv'd in Woods:

Let *Pallas*, ſhe, whoſe Art firſt rais'd a Town,
Live there, let us delight in Woods alone:
The Boar the Wolf, the Wolf the Kid purſues,
The Kid her Thyme, as faſt as t'other do's,
Alexis, *Corydon*, and him alone,
Each hath his Game, and each purſues his own:
Look how the weary'd Ox brings home the Plow,
The Sun declines, and Shades are doubled now:
And yet my Paſſion nor my Cares remove,
Love burns me ſtill, what flame ſo fierce as Love!
Ah *Corydon!* what fury's this of thine!
On yonder Elm, there hangs thy half prun'd Vine:
Come, rather mind thy uſeful work, prepare
Thy Harveſt Baskets, and make thoſe thy care,
Come, mind thy Plow, and thou ſhalt quickly find
Another, if *Alexis* proves unkind.

THE THIRD ECLOGUE.

Or *PALEMON.*

Engliſh'd by Mr. CREECH.

Menalcas *and* Dametas *upbraid each other with their faults; by and by they challenge one another, and pipe for a Wager;* Palemon *coming that way by chance, is choſen Judge; he hears them pipe, but cannot determine the Controverſie.*

MENALCAS.

TEll me *Dametas*, tell whoſe Sheep theſe are?

DAMETAS.

Egon's, for *Egon* gave 'em to my care.

MENALCAS.

Whilſt he *Neæra* Courts, but courts in vain,
And fears that I ſhall prove the happier Swain.
Poor Sheep! whilſt he is hopeleſs Love purſues,
Here twice an hour, his Servant milks his Ewes:

The Flock is drain'd, the Lambkins ſwigg the Teat.
But find no moiſture, and then idly bleat,

DAMETAS.

No more of that, *Menalcas*, I could tell,
And you know what, for I remember well;
I know when, where, and what the Fool deſign'd,
And what had happen'd, but the Nymphs were kind.

MENALCAS.

'Twas then perhaps, when ſome obſerv'd the Clown
Spoil *Mico*'s Vines, and cut his Olives down.

DAMETAS.

Or rather when, where thoſe old Beeches grow,
You broke young *Daphnis*'s Arrows and his Boy,
You ſaw them given to the lovely Bow,
Ill-natur'd you, and envy'd at his Joy,
But hopes of ſweet revenge thy Life ſupply'd,
And hadſt thou not done miſchief thou hadſt dy'd:

MENALCAS.

What will not Maſter Shepherds dare to do,
When their baſe ſlaves pretend as much as you?
Did not I ſee, not I, you pilfering Sot,
When you lay cloſe, and ſnapt rich *Damon*'s Goat?

His

His Spoch-Dog barkt, I cry'd, the Rober, ſee,
Guard well your Flock, you skulkt behind a Tree.

DAMETAS.

I tell thee Shepherd, 'twas before my own,
We two pip'd for him, and I fairly won:
This he wou'd own, and gave me cauſe to boaſt,
Tho' he refus'd to pay the Goat he loſt.

MENALCAS.

You pipe with him! thou never hadſt a Pipe,
Well joyn'd with wax, and fitted to the Lip,
But under Hedges to the long-ear'd Rout,
We'rt wont, dull Fool, to toot a ſchreeching Note.

DAMETAS.

And ſhall we have a trial of our Skill?
I'll lay this Heifer, 'twill be worth your while,
Two Calves ſhe ſuckles, and yet twice a day
She fills two Pails; Now ſpeak, what dare you lay?

MENALCAS.

I cannot ſtake down any of my Flock,
My Fold is little, and but ſmall my Stock:
Beſides, my Father's covetouſly croſs,
My Stepdame curſt, and they will find the loſs:

For both ſtrict Eyes o'er all my Actions keep,
One counts my Kids, and both twice count my [Sheep:
But yet I'll lay what you muſt grant as good,
(Since you will loſe) two Cups of Beechen wood,
Alcimedon made them, 'tis a work Divine,
And round the brim ripe Grapes and Ivy twine;
So curiouſly he hits the various Shapes,
And with pale Ivy cloaths the bluſhing Grapes;
It doth my Eyes, and all my Friends delight,
I'm ſure your Mouth muſt water at the ſight:
Within two Figures neatly carv'd appear,
Conon, and He, who was't? that made the Sphear,
And ſhow'd the various Seaſons of the Year,
What time to ſheer our Sheep, what time to plow,
'Twas never us'd, I kept it clean till now.

DAMETAS.

Alcimedon too made me two Beechen Pots,
And round the Handles wrought ſmooth Ivy knots;
Orpheus within, and following wood, around,
With bended Tops, ſeem liſtning to the ſound.

ever us'd them, never brought them forth;
to my Heifer, theſe are little worth.

MENALCAS.

pay thee off, I'm ready, come, let's try,
d he ſhall be our Judge, that next comes by;
, 'tis *Palemon*; come, I'll ne'er give o'er,
l thou ſhalt never dare to challenge more.

DAMETAS.

gin, I'll not refuſe the skilful'ſt Swain,
corn to turn my back for any Man;
now my ſelf; but pray judicious Friend,
'is no ſmall matter) carefully attend.

PALEMON.

ıce we have choſen a convenient place,
ıce Woods are cloath'd with Leaves, the Fields
[with Graſs;
ıe Trees with Fruit, the Year ſeems fine and gay,
ımetas firſt, then next *Menalcas* play,
turns, for Verſe the Muſes love by turns.

DAMETAS.

y Muſe begin with *Jove*, all's full of *Jove*,
ıe God loves me, and doth my verſes love,

ME-

MENALCAS.

And *Phœbus* mine: on *Phœbus* I'll beſtow
The bluſhing Hyacinth, and Lawrel bough.

DAMETAS.

Sly *Galatea* drives me o'er the Green,
And Apples throws, then hides, yet wou'd be ſeen.

MENALCAS.

But my *Amyntas* doth his Paſſion tell,
Our Dogs ſcarce know my *Delia* half ſo well.

DAMETAS.

I'll have a Gift for *Phillis* e'er be long,
I know where Stock-doves build, I'll take their young.

MENALCAS.

I pluckt my Boy nine Pears, I ſent him ten,
'Twas all I had, but ſoon I'll ſend again.

DAMETAS.

What things my Nymph did ſpeak; what tales of Love!
Winds bear their Muſick to the Gods above.

MENALCAS.

What boot's it Boy, you not contemn my Flame?
Since whilſt I hold the Net, you hunt the Game.

DAME-

DAMETAS.

My Birth-day comes, ſend *Phillis* quickly home,
But at my Shearing-time, *Iolas* come.

MENALCAS.

And I love *Phillis*, for her Charms excel,
She ſigh'd, farewel, dear Youth, a long farewel.

DAMETAS.

Wolves ruin Flocks, Wind Trees, when newly blown,
Storms Corn, and me my *Amaryllis*'s Frown.

MENALCAS.

Dew ſwells the Corn, Kids browz the tender Tree,
The Goats love ſallow; fair *Amyntas* me.

DAMETAS.

Mine *Pollio* loves, though 'tis a ruſtick Song,
Muſe feeds a Steer, for him that reads thee long.

MENALCAS.

Nay *Pollio* writes, and at the King's Command,
Muſe feed the Bulls that puſh, and ſpurn the Sand.

DAMETAS.

Let *Pollio* have what e'er thy wiſh provokes,
Myrrh from his Thorns, and Honey from his Oaks.

MENALCAS.

He that loves *Bavius* Songs, may fancy thine,
The ſame may couple Wolves, and ſhear his Swine.

DAMETAS.

Ye Boys that pluck the Beauties of the Spring,
Fly, fly, a Snake lies hid, and ſhoots a Sting.

MENALCAS.

Beware the Stream, drive not the Sheep too nigh;
The Bank may fail, the Rain is hardly dry.

DAMETAS.

Kids from the River drive, and ſling your Hook;
Anon I'll waſh them in the ſhallow Brook.

MENALCAS.

Drive to the Shades, when Milk is drain'd by heat,
In vain the Milk-maid ſtroaks an empty Teat.

DAMETAS.

How lean my Bull is in my fruitful Field!
Love has the Herd, and Love the Herdſman kill'd.

MENALCAS.

Sure theſe feel none of Love's devouring flames,
Meer skin and bone, and yet they drain the Dams:
Ah me! what Sorcereſs has bewitch'd my Lambs!

DA-

DAMETAS.

Tell me where Heaven is juſt three inches broad,
And I'll believe Thee Prophet, or a God:

MENALCAS.

Tell me where Names of Kings in riſing Flowers
Are writ, and grow, and *Phillis* ſhall be yours.

PALEMON.

I cannot judge which Youth does moſt excel,
For you deſerve the Steer, and he as well.
Reſt equal happy both; and all that prove
A bitter, or elſe fear a pleaſing Love:
But my work calls, let's break the meeting off,
Boys ſhut your ſtreams, the Fields have drunk e-
[nough.

THE FOURTH ECLOGUE.

POLLIO.

Engliſh'd by Mr. DRYDEN.

The Poet celebrates the Birth-day of Salonius, *the Son of* Pollio, *born in the Conſulſhip of his Father, after the taking of* Salonæ, *a City in* Dalmatia. *Many of the Verſes are tranſlated from one of the* Sybils, *who propheſie of our Saviour's Birth.*

Sicilian Muſe begin a loftier ſtrain! [Plain,
Though lowly Shrubs and Trees that ſhade the
Delight not all, if thither I repair,
My Song ſhall make 'em worth a Conſul's care.
The laſt great Age foretold by ſacred Rhymes,
Renews its finiſh'd Courſe, *Saturnian* times
Rowl round again, and mighty years, begun
From their firſt Orb in radiant Circles run.

The

The baſe degenerate Iron-off-ſpring ends;
A golden Progeny from Heav'n deſcends;
O chaſt *Lucina* ſpeed the Mother's pains
And haſte the glorious Birth; thy own *Apollo* reigns!

The lovely Boy, with his auſpicious Face,
Shall *Pollio*'s Conſulſhip and Triumph Grace;
Majeſtick Months ſet out with him to their appointed Race.

The Father baniſh'd Virtue ſhall reſtore,
And Crimes ſhall threat the guilty world no more.
The Son ſhall lead the life of Gods, and be
By Gods and Heroes ſeen, and Gods and Heroes ſee.
The jarring Nations he in Peace ſhall bind,
And with paternal Virtues rule Mankind.
Unbidden Earth ſhall wreathing Ivy bring,
And fragrant Herbs (the promiſes of Spring)
As her firſt Off'rings to her Infant King.
The Goats with ſtrutting Dugs ſhall homeward ſpeed,
And lowing Herds, ſecure from Lions feed.

His

His Cradle ſhall with riſing Flowers be Crown'd;
The Serpents Brood ſhall die: the ſacred Ground
Shall Weeds and pois'nous Plants refuſe to bear,
Each common Buſh ſhall *Syrian* Roſes wear:
But when Heroick Verſe his Youth ſhall raiſe,
And form it to Hereditary Praiſe;
Unlabour'd Harveſts ſhall the Fields adorn,
And cluſter'd Grapes ſhall bluſh on every Thorn.
The knotted Oaks ſhall ſhow'rs of Honey weep,
And through the matted Graſs the liquid Gold
[ſhall creep.
Yet, of old Fraud ſome footſteps ſhall remain,
The Merchant ſtill ſhall plough the deep for gain:
Great Cities ſhall with Walls be compaſs'd round;
And ſharpen'd Shares ſhall vex the fruitful Ground.
Another *Typhis* ſhall new Seas explore,
Another *Argos* on the *Iberian* Shore
Shall land the choſen Chiefs:
Another *Helen* other Wars create, [Fate:
And great *Achilles* ſhall be ſent to urge the *Trojan*
But when to ripen'd Man-hood he ſhall grow,
The greedy Sailer ſhall the Seas forego;

No

No Keel ſhall cut the Waves for foreign Ware;
For every Soil ſhall every Product bear.
The labouring Hind his Oxen ſhall disjoyn,
No Plow ſhall hurt the *Glebe*, no Pruning-hook the Vine:
Nor Wooll ſhall in diſſembled colours ſhine.
But the luxurious Father of the Fold,
With native Purple, or unborrow'd Gold,
Beneath his pompous Fleece ſhall proudly ſweat:
And under *Tyrian* Robes the Lamb ſhall bleat.
The Fates, when they his happy Web have ſpun,
Shall bleſs the ſacred Clue, and bid it ſmoothly run.
Mature in years, to awful Honours move,
O of Cœleſtial Stem! O foſter Son of *Jove!*
See, labouring Nature calls thee to ſuſtain
The nodding Frame of Heav'n, and Earth, and Main;
See to their Baſe reſtor'd, Earth, Seas, and Air,
And joyful Ages from behind, ſtand crowding to appear.

To ſing thy Praiſe, wou'd Heav'n my Breath prolong,
Infuſing Spirits worthy ſuch a Song;
Not *Thracian Orpheus* ſhould tranſcend my Lays,
Nor *Linus* crown'd with never-fading Bays:

Though each his Heav'nly Parent ſhou'd inſpire;
The Muſe inſtruct the Voice, and *Phœbus* tune the
[Lyre.

Shou'd *Pan* contented with me, and thou my Theme,
Arcadian Judges ſhou'd their God condemn.
Begin, auſpicious Boy, to caſt about
Thy Infant Eyes, and with a ſmile, thy Mother
[ſingle out;

Thy Mother well deſerves that ſhort delight,
The nauſeous Qualms of ten long Months and
[Travel to requite.

Then ſmile; the frowning Infant's Doom is read,
No God ſhall crown the Board, nor Goddeſs bleſs
[the Bed.

THE FIFTH ECLOGUE.

DAPHNIS.

English'd by Mr. DUKE.

MENALCAS. MOPSUS.

MENALCAS.

Mopſus, ſince chance does us together bring,
And you ſo well can pipe, and I can ſing,
Why ſit we not beneath this ſecret Shade,
By Elms and Hazels mingling Branches made?

MOPSUS.

Your Age commands Reſpect, and I obey,
Whether you in this lonely Copſe will ſtay,
Where weſtern Winds the bending Branches ſhake,
And in their play the Shades uncertain make:

Or whether to that ſilent Cave you go,
The better choice! ſee how the wild Vines grow
Luxuriant round, and ſee how wide they ſpread,
And in the Cave their purple cluſters ſhed!

MENALCAS.

Amyntas only dares contend with you.

MOPSUS.

Why not as well contend with *Phœbus* too?

MENALCAS.

Begin, begin, whether the mournful Flame
Of dying *Phillis*, whether *Alcon*'s Fame,
Or *Codrus*'s Brawls thy willing Muſe provoke;
Begin, young *Tytirus* will tend the Flock.

MOPSUS.

Yes, I'll begin, and the ſad Song repeat,
That on the Beech's Bark I lately writ,
And ſet to ſweeteſt Notes; yes, I'll begin,
And after that, bid you *Amyntas* ſing.

MENALCAS.

As much as the moſt humble Shrub that grows,
Yields to the beauteous Bluſhes of the Roſe,

Or bending Oſiers to the Olive Tree;
So much, I judge, *Amyntas* yields to thee.

MOPSUS.

Shepherd, to this Diſcourſe, here put an end,
This is the Cave, ſit and my Verſe attend.

MOPSUS.

When the ſad Fate of *Daphnis* reach'd their Ears,
The pitying Nymphs diſſolv'd in pious Tears.
Witneſs, you Hazels, for you heard their Cries;
Witneſs, you Floods, ſwoln with their weeping Eyes.
The mournful Mother (on his Body caſt)
The ſad remains of her cold Son embrac'd,
And of th' unequal Tyranny they us'd,
The cruel Gods and cruel Stars accus'd.
Then did no Swain mind how his Flock did thrive,
Nor thirſty Herds to the cold River drive;
The generous Horſe turn'd from freſh Streams his Head,
And on the ſweeteſt Graſs refus'd to feed.
Daphnis, thy death, even fierceſt Lions mourn'd,
And Hills and Woods their cries and groans return'd.
Daphnis Armenian Tygers fierceneſs broke,
And brought 'em willing to the ſacred Yoke:

Daphnis to *Bacchus* Worſhip did ordain
The Revels of his conſecrated Train;
The Reeling Prieſts with Vines and Ivy crown'd,
And their long Spears with cluſtered branches bound.
As Vines the Elm, as Grapes the Vine adorn,
As Bulls the Herd, as Fields the ripen'd Corn;
Such Grace, ſuch Ornament wert thou to all
That glory'd to be thine: ſince thy ſad Fall,
No more *Apollo* his glad preſence yields,
And *Pales* ſelf forſakes her hated Fields.
Oft where the fineſt Barley we did ſow,
Barren Wild-Oates, and hurtful Darnel grow;
And where ſoft Violets did the Vales adorn,
The Thiſtle riſes and the prickly Thorn.
Come Shepherds, ſtrow with Flow'rs the hallow'd (ground,
The ſacred Fountains with thick Boughs ſurround;
Daphnis theſe Rites requires: to *Daphnis*'s praiſe
Shepherds a Tomb with this Inſcription raiſe,
Here fam'd from Earth to Heaven I Daphnis *lie*;
Fair was the Flock I fed, but much more fair was I.

MENALCAS.

Such, divine Poet, to my raviſh'd Ears
Are the ſweet numbers of thy mournful Verſe,
As to tir'd Swains ſoft ſlumbers on the Graſs;
As freſheſt Springs that through green Meadows (paſs,
To one that's parch'd with thirſt and ſummers heat.
In thee thy Maſter does his equal meet:
Whether your Voice you try, or tune your Reed,
Bleſt Swain, 'tis you alone can him ſucceed!
Yet, as I can, I in return will ſing:
I too thy *Daphnis* to the Stars will bring,
I too thy *Dapnis* to the Stars, with you,
Will raiſe; for *Daphnis* lov'd *Menalcas* too.

MOPSUS.

Is there a thing that I could more deſire?
For neither can there be a ſubject higher,
Nor, if the praiſe of *Stimichon* be true,
Can it be better ſung than 'tis by you?

Daphnis to *Bacchus* Worſhip did ordain
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For neither can there be a ſubject higher,
Nor, if the praiſe of *Stimichon* be true,
Can it be better ſung than 'tis by you?

To Thee as to thoſe Gods ſhall Vows be made,
And Vengeance wait on thoſe, by whom they are (not paid.

MOPSUS.

What Preſent worth thy Verſe, can *Mopſus* find?
Not the ſoft whiſpers of the Southern Wind
So much delight my Ear, or charm my Mind;
Not ſounding ſhores beat by the murm'ring tide,
Nor Rivers that through ſtony Valleys glide.

MENALCAS.

Firſt you this Pipe ſhall take: and 'tis the ſame
That play'd poor *Corydon*'s unhappy Flame: *Ecl.*2.
The ſame that taught me *Meliboeus*'s Sheep. *Ecl.*3.

MOPSUS.

You then ſhall for my ſake this Sheephook keep,
Adorn'd with Braſs, which I have oft deny'd
To young *Antigenes* in his Beauties pride.
And who cou'd think he then in vain could ſue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

THE

To *Daphnis* two, to *Phœbus* two we raiſe,
To pay the yearly Tribute of our Praiſe:
Sacred to thee they each returning year
Two bowls of Milk and two of Oyl ſhall bear:
Feaſts I'll ordain, and to thy deathleſs praiſe
Thy Votaries exalted Thoughts to raiſe,
Rich *Chian* Wines ſhall in full Goblets flow,
And give a taſte of *Nectar* here below.
Dametas ſhall with *Lictian Ægon* joyn,
To celebrate with Songs the Rites divine.
Alphiſibæus with a reeling Gate,
Shall the wild Satyrs dancing imitate.
When to the Nymphs we Vows and Offerings pay,
When we with ſolemn Rites our Fields ſurvey,
Theſe Honours ever ſhall be thine; the Bore
Shall in the Fields and Hills delight no more;
No more in Streams the Fiſh, in Flow'rs the Bee,
E're, *Daphnis*, we forget our Songs to thee:
Off'rings to thee the Shepherds every year
Shall, as to *Bacchus* and to *Ceres*, bear.

To Thee as to thoſe Gods ſhall Vows be made,
And Vengeance wait on thoſe, by whom they are (not paid.

MOPSUS.

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Adorn'd with Braſs, which I have oft deny'd
To young *Antigenes* in his Beauties pride.
And who cou'd think he then in vain could ſue?
Yet him I would deny, and freely give it you.

THE

THE SIXTH ECLOGUE.

SILENUS.

Engliſh'd by the Earl of ROSCOMON.

My Aim being only to have Virgil *underſtood by ſuch who do not underſtand* Latine, *and cannot (probably) be acquanted with ſome Names and Paſſages of this* Eclogue, *I have directed them by Figures to the* Poſtſcript, *where they will find the beſt account that I can give, of all that is out of the common Road.*

I Firſt of *Romans* ſtoop'd to Rural ſtrains,
Nor bluſh'd to dwell among [1] *Sicilian* Swains,
When my [2] *Thalia* rais'd her bolder Voice,
And Kings and Battels were her lofty Choice.
Phœbus did kindly humbler Thoughts infuſe,
And with this whiſper check th' aſpiring Muſe.

From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular ſucceſſive order ſprings.

By what degrees this Earth's compacted Sphere
Was hardned, Woods and Rocks and Towns to bear;
How ſinking Waters (the firm Land to drain)
Fill'd the capacious Deep, and form'd the Main,
While from above, adorn'd with radiant Light,
A new-born Sun ſurpriz'd the dazled ſight;
How Vapours turn'd to Clouds abſcure the Sky,
And Clouds diſſolv'd the thirſty Ground ſupply;
How the firſt Forreſt rais'd its ſhady Head,
Till when, few wandring Beaſts on unknown [Mountains fed.

Then *Pyrrha*'s ſtony Race roſe from the Ground,
Old *Saturn* reign'd with golden Plenty crown'd,
And bold *Prometheus* (whoſe untam'd deſire
Rival'd the Sun with his own heavenly Fire)
Now doom'd the *Scythian* Vultures endleſs prey,
Severely pays for animating Clay. [tell?)
He nam'd the Nymph (for who but Gods could
Into whoſe Arms the lovely *Hylas* fell;

Al-

Drop'd from his Head, a wreath lay on the Ground;
In haſte they ſeiz'd him, and in haſte they [5] bound;
Eager, for both had been deluded long
With fruitleſs hope of his inſtructive Song:
But while with conſcious fear they doubtful ſtood,
Ægle, the faireſt [6] *Nais* of the Flood,
With a [7] Virmilion Dye his Temples ſtain'd.
Waking, he ſmil'd, and muſt I then be chain'd?
Looſe me, he cry'd; 'twas boldly done, to find
And view a God, but 'tis too bold to bind.
The promis'd Verſe no longer I'll delay,
(She ſhall be ſatisfy'd another way.)

With that, he rais'd his tuneful Voice aloud,
The knotty Oaks their liſtning branches bow'd,
And Savage Beaſts, and Sylvan Gods did crow'd;

For lo! he ſung the World's ſtupendious Birth,
How ſcatter'd ſeeds of Sea, and Air, and Earth,
And purer Fire, through univerſal Night
And empty ſpace, did fruitfully unite;

From

From whence th' innumerable race of things,
By circular ſucceſſive order ſprings.

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Severely pays for animating Clay. [tell?)
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Into whoſe Arms the lovely [a] *Hylas* fell;

Al-

Alcides wept in vain for *Hylas* loſt,
Hylas in vain reſounds through all the Coaſt.

He with compaſſion told *Paſiphae*'s fault,
Ah! wretched Queen! whence came that guilty [thought?

The Maids of *Argos*, who with frantick Cries
And imitated lowings fill'd the Skies,
(Though metamorphos'd in their wild conceit)
Did never burn with ſuch unnatural heat.
Ah! wretched Queen! while you on Mountains ſtray,
He on ſoft Flow'rs his ſnowy ſide does lay;
Or ſeeks in Herds a more proportion'd Love:
Surround, my Nymphs, ſhe crys, ſurround the [Grove;

Perhaps ſome footſteps printed in the Clay,
Will to my Love direct your wandring way;
Perhaps, while thus in ſearch of him I rome,
My happier Rivals have intic'd him home.

He ſung how *Atalanta* was betray'd
By thoſe *Heſperian* Baits her Lover laid,

And

And the ſad Siſters who to Trees were turn'd,
While with the World th' ambitious Brother burn'd,
All he deſcrib'd was preſent to their Eyes,
And as he rais'd his Verſe, the Poplars ſeem'd to
[riſe.

He taught which Muſe did by *Apollo*'s will
Guide wandring [11] *Gallus* to the *Aonian* Hill:
(Which place the God for ſolemn meetings choſe)
With deep reſpect the learned Senate roſe,
And [12] *Linus* thus (deputed by the reſt)
The Hero's welcome, and their thanks expreſs'd:
This Harp of old to *Heſiod* did belong,
To this, the Muſes Gift, joyn thy harmonious
[Song;
Charm'd by theſe ſtrings, Trees ſtarting from the
[ground,
Have follow'd with delight the powerful ſound.
Thus conſecrated, thy [13] *Grynæan* Grove
Shall have no equal in *Apollo*'s Love.

Why ſhould I ſpeak of the [14] *Megarian* Maid,
For Love perfidious, and by Love betray'd?

And

And [15] her, who round with barking Monſters [arm'd,

The wandring *Greeks* (ah frighted men) alarm'd;
Whoſe only hope on ſhatter'd Ships depends,
While fierce Sea-dogs devour the mangled friends.

Or tell the *Thracian* Tyrants alter'd ſhape,
And dire revenge of *Philomela's* Rape,
Who to thoſe Woods directs her mournful courſe,
Where ſhe had ſuffer'd by inceſtuous force,
While loth to leave the Palace too well known,
Progne flies, hovering round, and thinks it ſtill her [own.

Whatever near [17] *Eurota's* happy Stream
With Laurels crown'd had been *Apollo's* Theam,
Silenus ſings; the neighbouring Rocks reply,
And ſend his Myſtick numbers through the Sky,
Till Night began to ſpread her gloomy Veil,
And call'd the counted Sheep from every Dale;
The weaker Light unwillingly declin'd, [reſign'd.
And to prevailing ſhades the murmuring World

15. *Her who round*——Another *Scylla*, Daughter of *Phorcis*, whoſe lower Parts were turned into Dogs by *Circe*; and ſhe, in deſpair, flung her ſelf into the Sea.

16. *Whoſe only Hope*——*Ulyſſes*'s Ships were not loſt, though *Scylla* devoured ſeveral of his Men.

17. *Eurotas*——a River in *Greece* whoſe Banks were ſhaded with Laurels; *Apollo* retired thither to lament the Death of his dear *Hyacinthus* whom he had accidentally killed.

9. *Hylas*——Favourite of *Hercules*, who was drown'd in a well, which made the Poets ſay that a Nymph had ſtole him away: I uſe the word *reſounds* (in the preſent Tenſe) becauſe *Strabo* (who lived at the ſame time as *Virgil*) ſeems to intimate, that the *Pruſians* continued then their annual Rites to his Memory, repeating his name with loud cries.

10. *The Maids of Argos*——Daughters of *Prætis*, King of *Argus*, who preſumed ſo much upon their Beauty, that they preferr'd it to *Juno*'s, who in revenge, ſtruck them with ſuch madneſs, that they thought themſelves Cows. They were at laſt cured by *Melampodes* with Helebore, and for that reaſon, black Helebore is called *Melampodion*.

11. *Gallus*——An excellent Poet and great Friend of *Virgil*, he was afterwards Prætor of *Ægypt*, and being accuſed of ſome Conſpiracy, or rather called upon for ſome Moneys, of which he could give no good account, he killed himſelf. It is the ſame *Gallus* you read of in the laſt Eclogue: And *Suidas* ſays, that *Virgil* means him by *Ariſtæus*, in the divine Concluſion of his Georgicks.

12. *Linus*, Son of *Apollo* and *Calliope*.

13. *The Grynæan Grove*——Conſecrated to *Apollo*; by this he means ſome Poem writ upon that ſubject by *Gallus*.

14. *The Megarian Maid*——*Sylla*, Daughter of *Niſus* King of *Megara*, who falling in Love with *Minos*, betrayed her Father and Country to him, but he abhorring her Treaſon, rejected her.

Hither the father of my Flock had ſtray'd,
While ſhelters I for my young Myrtles made;
Here I fair *Daphnis* ſaw; when me he ſpy'd,
Come hither quickly, gentle Youth! he cry'd.
Your Goat and Kids are ſafe, O ſeek not thoſe,
But if you've leiſure in this ſhade repoſe:
Hither to water, the full Heifers tend,
When length'ning Shadows from the Hills deſcend,
Mincius with Reeds here interweaves his bounds,
And from that ſacred Oak a buſie ſwarm reſounds.
What ſhould I do? nor was *Alcippe* there,
Nor *Phillis*, who might of my Lambs take care;
Yet to my buſineſs, I their ſports prefer,
For the two Swains with great Ambition ſtrove,
Who beſt could tune his Reed, or beſt could ſing
[his Love;

Alternate Verſe their ready Muſes choſe;
In Verſe alternate each quick fancy flows;
Theſe ſang young *Coridon*, young *Thyrſis* thoſe.

CORIDON.

Ye much lov'd Muſes! ſuch a Verſe beſtow,
As does from *Codrus*, my lov'd *Codrus* flow,

Or

THE SEVENTH ECLOGUE.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Adams.

This Eclogue is wholly Paſtoral, and conſiſts of the Contention of two Shepherds, Thyrſis *and* Coridon, *to the hearing of which,* Melibæus *was invited by* Daphnis, *and thus relates it.*

MELIBÆUS.

WHile *Daphnis* ſate beneath a whiſp'ring ſhade,
Thyrſis and *Coridon* together fed
Their mingling Flocks; his Sheep with ſofteſt Wooll
Were cloath'd, his Goats of ſweeteſt Milk were full.
Both in the beauteous ſpring of blooming Youth,
The worthy Pride of bleſt *Arcadia* both;
Each with like Art, his tuneful Voice cou'd raiſe,
Each anſwer readily in Rural Lays;

THYRSIS.

O may I harſh as bittereſt Herbs appear,
Rough as wild Myrtle, vile as Sea-weeds are;
If years ſeem longer than this tedious day,
Haſte home my Glutton Herd, haſte haſte away.

CORIDON.

Ye Moſſie Springs! ye Paſtures! ſofter far
Than thoughtleſs hours of ſweeteſt ſlumbers are,
Ye Shades! protect my Flock, the Heats are near;
On the glad Vines the ſwelling Buds appear.

THYRSIS.

Here on my Hearth a conſtant flame does play,
And the fat Vapour paints the Roof each day;
Here we as much regard the cold North-wind
As Streams their Banks, or Wolves do number mind.

CORIDON.

Look how the Trees rejoyce in comely Pride,
While their ripe Fruit lies ſcatter'd on each ſide;
All Nature ſmiles, but if *Alexis* ſtay,
From our ſad Hills the Rivers weep away.

THYR-

Or if all can't obtain the Gift Divine,
My Pipe I'll conſecrate on yonder Pine.

THYRSIS.

T' *Arcadian* Swains with Ivy Wreaths adorn
Your Youth, that *Codrus* may with ſpight be torn;
Or, if he praiſe too much, apply ſome charm,
Leſt his ill Tongue your future Poet harm.

CORIDON.

Theſe branches of a Stag, this Wild-Boar's Head,
By little *Mycon*'s on thy Altar laid:
If this continue, *Delia*! thou ſhalt ſtand
Of ſmootheſt Marble by the skilful'ſt Hand.

THYRSIS.

This Milk, theſe Cakes, *Priapus*, every year
Expect, a little Garden is thy care,
Thou'rt a Marble now, but if more Land I hold,
If my Flock thrive, thou ſhalt be made of Gold.

CORIDON.

O *Galatea*! ſweet as *Hyblas* Thyme;
White as, more white, than Swans are in their prime.
Come, when the Herds ſhall to their Stalls repair,
O come, if e'er thy *Coridon*'s thy care.

THYRSIS.

O may I harſh as bittereſt Herbs appear,
Rough as wild Myrtle, vile as Sea-weeds are;
If years ſeem longer than this tedious day,
Haſte home my Glutton Herd, haſte haſte away.

CORIDON.

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Than thoughtleſs hours of ſweeteſt ſlumbers are,
Ye Shades! protect my Flock, the Heats are near;
On the glad Vines the ſwelling Buds appear.

THYRSIS.

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And the fat Vapour paints the Roof each day;
Here we as much regard the cold North-wind
As Streams their Banks, or Wolves do number mind.

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While their ripe Fruit lies ſcatter'd on each ſide;
All Nature ſmiles, but if *Alexis* ſtay,
From our ſad Hills the Rivers weep away.

THYR-

THYRSIS.

The dying Graſs, with ſickly Air does fade,
No Field's unparcht, no Vines our Hills do ſhade;
But if my *Phillis* come all ſprouts again,
And bounteous *Jove* deſcends in kindly Rain.

CORIDON.

Bacchus the Vine, the Laurel *Phœbus* loves,
Fair *Venus* cheriſhes the Myrtle Groves,
Phillis the Hazels loves, while *Phillis* loves that Tree,
Myrtles and Laurels of leſs fame ſhall be.

THYRSIS.

The lofty Aſh is Glory of the Woods,
The Pine of Gardens, Poplar of the Floods;
If oft thy Swain fair *Lycidas* thou ſee,
To thee the Aſh ſhall yield, the Pine to thee.

MELIBÆUS.

Theſe I remember well
While vanquiſht *Thyrſis* did contend in vain,
Thence *Coridon*, young *Coridon*, does reign
The beſt, the ſweeteſt on our wondring Plain.

THE

O happy Nymph, bleſt in a wondrous choice,
or *Mopſus* you contemn'd my Verſe and Voice:
'or him my Beard was ſhaggy in your Eye;
'or him, you laugh'd at every Deity,
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

When firſt I ſaw thee young and charming too,
'Twas in the Fences, where our Apples grew.
My thirteenth year was downy on my Chin,
And hardly could my hands the loweſt branches win;
How did I gaze? how did I gazing dye?
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

I knew thee Love, on Mountains thou wert bred,
And *Thracian* Rocks thy Infant fury fed:
Hard ſoul'd, and not of human Progeny.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

[illegible]ght the cruel Mother to imbrue

Night ſcarce was paſt, the Morn was yet ſo new,
And well pleas'd Herds yet roul'd upon the dew ;
When *Damon* ſtretch'd beneath an Olive Lay,
And ſung, Riſe *Lucifer*, and bring the Day :
Riſe, riſe, while *Niſa's* falſhood I deplore,
And call thoſe Gods to whom ſhe vainly ſwore,
To hear my ſad expiring Muſe and me.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-
[mony.

On *Mænalus* ſtand ever-ecchoing Groves,
Still truſted with the harmleſs Shepherds loves :
Here *Pan* reſides, who firſt made Reeds and Verſe
[agree.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-
[mony.

Mopſus is *Niſa's* choice ; how juſt are Lovers fears?
Now Mares with Griffins joyn, and following years
Shall ſee the Hound and Deer drink at a Spring.
O worthy Bridegroom light thy Torch, and fling
Thy Nuts, ſee modeſt *Heſper* quits the Sky.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-
[mony.

O

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For him my Beard was ſhaggy in your Eye;
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And *Thracian* Rocks thy Infant fury fed:
Hard ſoul'd, and not of human Progeny.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your harmony.

Love taught the cruel Mother to imbrue
Her hands in blood: 'twas Love her Children ſlew:

Was

Was ſhe more cruel, or more impious he?
An impious Child was Love, a cruel Mother ſhe.
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-
[mony.

Now let the Lamb and Wolf no more be foes,
Let Oaks bear Peaches, and the Pine the Roſe;
From Reeds and Thyſtles, Balm and Amber ſpring,
And Owles and Daws provoke the Swan to ſing:
Let *Tityrus* in Woods with *Orpheus* vie,
And ſoft *Arion* on the Waves defie;
To *Mænalus* my Pipes and Muſe tune all your har-
[mony.

Let all be *Chaos* now, farewel ye Woods:
From yon high Cliff, I'll plunge into the Floods.
O *Niſa* take this diſmal Legacy;
Now ceaſe my Pipes and Muſe, ceaſe all your har-
[mony.

Thus He, *Alpheſibæus* Song rehearſe:
Ye ſacred Nine above my Rural Verſe;
Bring Water, Altars bind with myſtick Bands,
Burn Gums and Vervain, and lift high the Wands;
We'll

Caſt o'er your Head the Aſhes in the Brook,
Caſt backward o'er your Head, nor turn your look.
I ſtrive, but Gods and Art he ſlights: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Behold new flames from the dead Aſhes riſe,
Bleſt be the Omen, bleſt the Prodigies,
For *Hylax* barks, ſhall we believe our Eyes?
Or do we Lovers dream? ceaſe, ceaſe, my Charms,
My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my Arms.

The ſame ECLOGUE,

By Mr. CHETWOOD.

I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
The Shepherds envy, and the Fields delight:
Whom as they ſtrove, the liſt'ning Heifers ſtood,
Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food;

They

I burn theſe Leaves, but he burns me: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Let *Daphnis* rage as when the bellowing Kind,
Mad with deſire, run round the Woods to find
Their Mates; when tir'd, thier trembling Limbs [they lay
Near ſome cool Stream, nor mind the ſetting day:
Thus let him rage, unpitied too: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Theſe Garments once were my perfidious Swain's,
Which to the Earth I caſt: Ah dear remains!
Ye owe my *Daphnis* to his Nymph: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Mœris himſelf theſe Herbs from *Pontus* brought,
Pontus for every Noble Poyſon ſought;
Aided by theſe, he now a Wolf becomes,
Now draws the buried ſtalking from their Tombs.
The Corn from field to field tranſports: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Caſt

Caſt o'er your Head the Aſhes in the Brook,
Caſt backward o'er your Head, nor turn your look.
I ſtrive, but Gods and Art he ſlights: my Charms,
Return, return, return my *Daphnis* to my Arms.

Behold new flames from the dead Aſhes riſe,
Bleſt be the Omen, bleſt the Prodigies,
For *Hylax* barks, ſhall we believe our Eyes?
Or do we Lovers dream? ceaſe, ceaſe, my Charms,
My *Daphnis* comes, he comes, he flies into my [Arms.

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The Shepherds envy, and the Fields delight:
Whom as they ſtrove, the liſt'ning Heifers ſtood,
Greedy to hear, forgetful of their Food;

They

They charm'd the rage of hungry Wolves, and led
The wandring Rivers from their wonted Bed.
I *Damon* and *Alpheus* Loves recite,
The Shepherd's Envy, and the Fields delight.

And you great Prince, whoſe Empire unconfin'd,
As Earth, and Seas, yet narrower than your Mind,
Whether you with Victorious Troops paſs o'er
Timavus Rocks, or coaſt th' *Illyrian* ſhore;
Shall I, beginning with theſe Rural Lays,
Ever my Muſe to ſuch perfection raiſe,
As without raſhneſs to attempt your Praiſe?
And thro' the ſubject World your Deeds rehearſe,
Deeds worthy of the Majeſty of Verſe!
My firſt Fruits now I to your Altar bring;
You, with a riper Muſe, I laſt will ſing.
Mean while among your Laurel wreaths allow
This Ivy branch to ſhade your Conquering Brow.

Scarce had the Sun diſpell'd the ſhades of Night,
Whilſt dewy browz the Cattel does invite;

When in a mournful poſture, pale, and wan
The luckleſs *Damon* thus his plaints began.

Thus drowſie Star of Morning, come away,
Come and lead forth the ſacred Lamp of day;
Whilſt I by *Niſa* baffl'd and betray'd,
Dying to Heaven, accuſe the perjur'd Maid,
But Prayers are all loſt Breath; the Powers above
Give Diſpenſations for falſe Oaths in Love.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

'Tis a moſt bleſſed Place, that *Arcady!*
And Shepherds bleſs'd, who in thoſe Coverts lie!
Muſick and Love is all their buſineſs there,
Pan doth himſelf part in thoſe Conſorts bear:
The Vocal Pines with claſping Arms conſpire,
To cool the Sun's, and fan their amorous Fire.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Mopſus

Mopſus does *Niſa* a cheap Conqueſt gain,
Preſented, woo'd, betroth'd to me in vain,
What hour ſecure, what reſpite to his Mind
In this falſe World can a poor Lover find?
Let Griffins, Mares, and Eagles Turtles wooe,
And tender Fawns the ravening Dogs purſue:
Theſe may indeed ſubject of wonder prove,
But nothing to this Prodigy of Love.
Mopſus buy Torches: *Hymen* you muſt joyn;
Beſpeak our *Bride-Cake*, *Heſperus* all is thine.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

A worthy Match, and juſt reward of Pride!
Whilſt you both *Damon*, and his Pipe deride!
Too long my Beard, nor ſmooth enough my Face!
And with my Perſon, you my Flocks diſgrace.
There are revenging Gods, proud Nymphs, there are,
And injur'd Love is Heav'ns peculiar care.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Early I walk'd one Morn with careleſs thought
Your Mother you into our Garden brought,
And ruddy wildings round the Hedges ſought;
The faireſt Fruit, and glittering all with Dew,
(The Boughs were high, but yet) I reach'd for you:
I came, I ſaw, I gaz'd my heart away,
Me, and my Flocks, and all my Life that minute led aſtray.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Now Love I know you, for my ſelf, too late:
But Shepherds take ye warning by my Fate.
Truſt not this flattering Voice, or ſmiling Face,
A *Canibal*, or born in rocky *Thrace*,
Not one of us, nor like the *Britiſh* Race,
She Wolves gave ſuck to the *pernicious Boy*,
The *Shepherds he*, *they* do the *Flocks* deſtroy.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Miſchief is all his ſport; at his Commands,
In her Son's Blood *Medea* bath'd her hands;

A ſad unnatural Mother ſhe, 'tis true,
But *Love*, that cruelty ſhe learn'd of *you*.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

Nature which with this dotage hath begun,
Now into all extravagance will run:
The Tamarisk bright Amber ſhall diſtil,
And the courſe Elder bear ſoft Daffadil.
Shortly the Screech-*Owl*, with her boading Throat,
The *Swans* ſhall *Rival* in their *dying* Note,
S——— and *O*——— the Bays ſhall claim,
And equal *Dr*——— and *Roſ*———'s Fame.
Begin with me, my Flute, begin ſuch ſtrains,
As *Pan* our Patron taught th' *Arcadian* Swains.

May the Work ſink with me! farewel ye Groves,
Haunts of my Youth, and Conſcious of my Loves:
Down from the Precipice my ſelf I'll caſt,
Accept this preſent *Niſa*—'tis my laſt.
Then ceaſe, my Flute, for ever ceaſe thy ſtrains,
Bid a ſad ſilence through th' *Arcadian* Plains.

THE NINTH ECLOGUE.

By Mr. DRYDEN.

When Virgil *by the favour of* Auguſtus *had recover'd his Patrimony near* Mantua, *and went in hope to take poſſeſſion, he was in danger to be ſlain by* Arius *the* Centurion, *to whom theſe Lands were aſſign'd by the Emperour in Reward of his Service againſt* Brutus *and* Caſſius. *This* Eclogue *therefore is fill'd with Complaints of his hard Uſage; and the Perſons introduc'd, are the Bayliff of* Virgil, *and his Friend.*

LYCIDAS. MOERIS.

LYCIDAS.

HO, *Moeris*! whither on thy way ſo faſt?
This leads to Town.

MOERIS.

O *Lycidas* at laſt
The time is come, I never thought to ſee,
(Strange Revolution for my Farm and me)

When

When the grim Captain in a ſurly tone
Cries out, Pack up ye Raſcals and begone.
Kick'd out, we ſet the beſt face on't we cou'd,
And theſe two Kids, t' appeaſe his angry Mood
I bear, of which the Devil give him good.

LYCIDAS.

Good Gods, I heard a quite contrary Tale;
That from the ſloaping Mountain to the Vale,
And dodder'd Oak, and all the Banks along,
Menalcas ſav'd his Fortune with a Song.

MOERIS.

Such was the News, indeed, but Songs and Rhimes
Prevail, as much in theſe hard iron Times,
As would a plume of trembling Fowl, that riſe
Againſt an Eagle ſouſing from the Skies.
And had not *Phœbus* warn'd me by the croak
Of an old Raven from a hallow Oak,
To ſhun debate, *Menalcas* had been ſlain,
And *Moeris* not ſurviv'd him to complain.

LYCIDAS.

Now Heaven defend! could barbarous rage prevail
So far, the ſacred Muſes to aſſail?

Who then ſhou'd ſing the Nymphs, or who rehearſe
The Waters gliding in a ſmoother Verſe!
Amaryllis praiſe that Heavenly Lay,
That ſhorten'd as he went, our tedious way;
O *Tytirus*, tend my Herd and ſee them fed,
To Morning Paſtures Evening Waters led:
And 'ware the *Lybian* Ridgil's butting Head.

MOERIS.

Or what unfiniſh'd He to *Varus* read;
Thy name, O *Varus* (if the kinder Pow'rs
Preſerve our Plains, and ſhield the *Mantuan* Tow'rs,
Obnoxious by *Cremona*'s neighb'ring Crime,)
The Wings of Swans, and ſtronger pinion'd Rhyme,
Shall raiſe aloft, and ſoaring bear above
Th' immortal Gift of gratitude to *Jove*.

LYCIDAS.

Sing on, ſing on, for I can ne'er be cloy'd,
So may thy Swarms the baleful Eugh avoid:
So may thy Cows their burden'd Bags diſtend,
And Trees to Goats their willing Branches bend;

Mean

Mean as I am, yet have the Muſes made
Me free, a Member of the tuneful Trade:
At leaſt the Shepherds ſeem to like my Lays,
But I diſcern their flattery from their praiſe:
I nor' to *Cinna*'s Ears, nor *Varus* dare aſpire;
But gabble like a Gooſe, amidſt the Swan-like [Quire.

MOERIS.

'Tis what I have been conning in my Mind:
Nor are they Verſes of a vulgar kind.
Come *Galatea*, come, the Seas forſake,
What pleaſures can the Tides with their hoarſe [murmurs make?

See on the Shore inhabits purple Spring;
Where Nightingales their Love-ſick ditty ſing;
See Meads with purling Streams, with Flow'rs the [Ground,
The Grottoes cool, with ſhady Poplars crown'd,
And creeping Vines to Arbours weav'd around;
Come then and leave the Waves tumultuous roar,
Let the wild ſurges vainly beat the Shore.

LYCIDAS.

Or that ſweet Song I heard with ſuch delight;
The ſame you ſung alone one ſtarry Night;
The tune I ſtill retain, but not the words.

MOERIS.

Why, *Daphnis*, doſt thou ſearch in old Records,
To know the ſeaſons when the Stars ariſe?
See *Ceſar*'s Lamp is lighted in the Skies:
The Star, whoſe Rays the bluſhing Grapes adorn,
And ſwell the kindly ripening Ears of Corn.
Under this influence, graft the tender Shoot;
Thy Childrens Children ſhall enjoy the Fruit.
The reſt I have forgot, for Cares and Time
Change all things, and untune my Soul to Rhime:
I cou'd have once ſung down a Summers Sun,
But now the Chime of Poetry is done.
My Voice grows hoarſe; I feel the Notes decay,
As if the Wolves had ſeen me firſt to day.
But theſe, and more than I to mind can bring,
Menalcas has not yet forgot to ſing.

LYCIDAS.

Thy faint Excuſes but inflame me more;
And now the Waves roul ſilent to the ſhore.
Huſht Winds the topmoſt branches ſcarcely bend,
As if the tuneful Song they did attend:
Already we have half our way o'ercome;
Far off I can diſcern *Bianor*'s Tomb;
Here, where the Labourers hands have form'd a Bow'r
Of wreathing Trees, in ſinging waſte an hour.
Reſt here thy weary Limbs, thy Kids lay down,
We've day before us, yet to reach the Town:
Or if e're night the gathering Clouds we fear,
A Song will help the beating ſtorm to bear.
And that thou may'ſt not be too late abroad,
Sing, and I'll eaſe thy ſhoulders of thy load.

MOERIS.

Ceaſe to entreat me, let us mind our way;
Another Song requires another day.
When good *Menalcas* comes, if he rejoyce,
And find a friend at Court, I'll find a Voice.

THE TENTH ECLOGUE.

GALLUS.

Engliſh'd by Mr. Stafford.

Sicilian Nymph, aſſiſt my mournful ſtrains;
The laſt I ſing in Rural Notes to Swains:
Grant then a Verſe ſo tender and ſo true,
As even *Lycoris* may with pity view:
Who can deny a Verſe to Grief and *Gallus* due?
So, when thy waters paſs beneath the Tide,
Secure from briny mixture may they glide.
Begin my *Gallus* Love and hapleſs Vows;
While, on the tender Twigs the Cattel browz:
Nothing is deaf; Woods liſten while they ſing,
And ecchoing Groves reſound, and Mountains ring.

Ye

Ye *Naiades*, what held you from his aid,
When to unpity'd flames he was betray'd?
Nor *Aganippe* tempted you away,
Nor was *Parnaſſus* guilty of your ſtay:
The Bays, whoſe Honours he ſo long had kept,
The lofty Bays and humble Herbage wept.
When ſtretch'd beneath a Rock, he ſigh'd alone,
The Mountain Pines and *Menalus* did groan,
And cold *Lyceus* wept from every ſtone.
His Flock ſurrounded him: nor think thy fame
Impair'd (great Poet) by a Shepherd's name;
E're thou and I our Sheep to Paſtures led,
His Flocks the Goddeſs lov'd *Adonis* fed,
The Shepherds came; the ſluggiſh Neat-herd [Swains,
And Swine-herds reeking from their Maſt and [Grains.
All ask'd from whence this frenzy? *Phœbus* came
To ſee his Poet, *Phœbus* ask'd the ſame:

And is (he cry'd) that cruel Nymph thy care,
Who, flying thee, can for thy Rival dare
The Froſts, and Snow, and all the frightful forms
[of War.

Sylvanus came, thy fortune to deplore;
A wreath of Lillies on his Head he wore.
Pan came, and wondring we beheld him too,
His Skin all dy'd of a vermillion hue:
He cry'd, what mad deſigns doſt thou purſue?
Nor ſatisfy'd with Dew the Graſs appears,
With browz the Kids, nor cruel Love with Tears.
When thus (and ſorrow melted in his Eyes)
Gallus to his *Arcadian* Friends replies:
Ye gentle Swains, ſing to the Rocks my moan,
(For you *Arcadian* Swains ſhould ſing alone:)
How calm a reſt my wearied Ghoſt wou'd have,
If you adorn'd my Love and mourn'd my Grave?
O that your Birth and Buſineſs had been mine,
To feed a Flock, or preſs the ſwelling Vine!
Had *Phillis*, or had *Galatea* been
My Love, or any Maid upon the Green,

(What

(What if her Face the Nut-brown Livery wear,
Are Violets not ſweet, becauſe not fair?)
Secure in that unenvied ſtate, among
The Poplars, I my careleſs Limbs had flung;
Phillis had made me Wreaths, and *Galatea* ſung.
Behold, fair Nymph, what bliſs the Country yields,
The flowry Meads, the purling Streams, the laughing
[Fields.

Next all the Pleaſures of the Foreſt ſee,
Where I could melt away my years with thee.
But furious Love denies me ſoft repoſe,
And hurls me on the pointed Spears of Foes.
While thou (but ah! that I ſhould find it ſo,)
Without thy *Gallus* for thy Guide, doſt go
Through all the *German* Colds, and *Alpine* Snow.
Yet, flying me, no hardſhip may'ſt thou meet;
Nor Snow nor Ice offend thoſe tender Feet.
But let me run to Deſarts, and rehearſe
On my *Sicilian* Reeds *Euphorion*'s Verſe;
Ev'n in the Dens of Monſters let me lie,
Thoſe I can tame, but not your cruelty.

On ſmootheſt rinds of Trees, I'll carve my woe;
And as the rinds encreaſe, the Love ſhall grow.
Then, mixt with Nymphs, on *Menalus* reſort,
I'll make the Boar my danger and my ſport.
When, from the Vales the jolly cry reſounds,
What rain or cold ſhall keep me from my Hounds?
Methinks my Ears the ſprightly Conſort fills;
I ſeem to bound thro' Woods and mount o'er Hills.
My Arm of a *Cidonian* Jav'lin ſeiz'd,
As if by this my madneſs cou'd be eas'd;
Or, by our mortal woes, the cruel God appeas'd.
My frenzy changes now; and Nymphs and Verſe I hate,
And Woods; for ah, what toil can ſtubborn Love abate!

Shou'd we to drink the frozen *Hebrus* go,
And ſhiver in the cold *Sythonian* Snow,
Or to the ſwarthy *Ethiopes* Clime remove,
Parch'd all below, and burning all above,
Ev'n there wou'd Love o'er-come; then, let us yield to Love.

Let

Let this ſad Lay ſuffice, by ſorrow breath'd,
While bending Twigs I into Baskets wreath'd:
My Rural Numbers, in their homely guiſe,
Gallus, becauſe they came from me, will prize:
Gallus, whoſe growing Love my Breaſt does rend,
As ſhooting Trees the burſting Bark diſtend.
Now riſe, for Night and Dew the Fields invade;
And *Juniper* is an unwholeſome ſhade:
Blaſts kill the Corn by Night, and Flow'rs with Mildew fade.
Bright *Heſper* twinkles from afar; away
My Kids, for you have had a feaſt to day.

THE LAST ECLOGUE.

Tranſlated, or rather Imitated, in the Year 1666.

By Sir William Temple, *Bar.*

ONe labour more, O *Arethuſa*, yield
Before I leave the Shepherds and the Field:
Some Verſes to my *Gallus* e're we part,
Such as may one day break *Licoris* Heart,
As ſhe did his, who can refuſe a Song,
To one that lov'd ſo well, and dy'd ſo young!
So may'ſt thou thy belov'd *Alpheus* pleaſe,
When thou creep'ſt under the *Sycanian* Seas.
Begin, and ſing *Gallus* unhappy fires,
Whilſt yonder Goat to yonder branch aſpires
Out of his reach. We ſing not to the deaf;
An anſwer comes from every trembling Leaf.
What Woods, what Foreſts had intic'd your ſtay?
Ye *Nyades*, why came ye not away?

When

When *Gallus* dy'd by an unworthy Flame,
Parnaſſus knew, and lov'd too well his Name
To ſtop your courſe; nor could your haſty flight
Be ſtay'd by *Pindus*, which was his delight.
Him the freſh Laurels, him the lowly Heath
Bewail'd with dewy Tears; his parting Breath
Made lofty *Mænalus* hang his piny Head;
Lycæan Marbles wept when he was dead.
Under a lonely Tree he lay and pin'd,
His Flock about him feeding on the Wind,
As he on Love; ſuch kind and gentle Sheep,
Even fair *Adonis* would be proud to keep.
There came the Shepherds, there the weary Hinds,
Thither *Menalcas* parcht with Froſts and Winds.
All ask him whence, for whom this fatal Love?
Apollo came his Arts and Herbs to prove?
Why *Gallus*! why ſo fond, he ſays? thy flame,
Thy care, *Licoris*, is another's game;
For him ſhe ſighs and raves, him ſhe purſues
Thorough the mid-day heats and morning dews;
Over the ſnowy Cliffs and frozen Streams,
Through noiſy Camps. Up *Gallus*, leave thy Dreams.

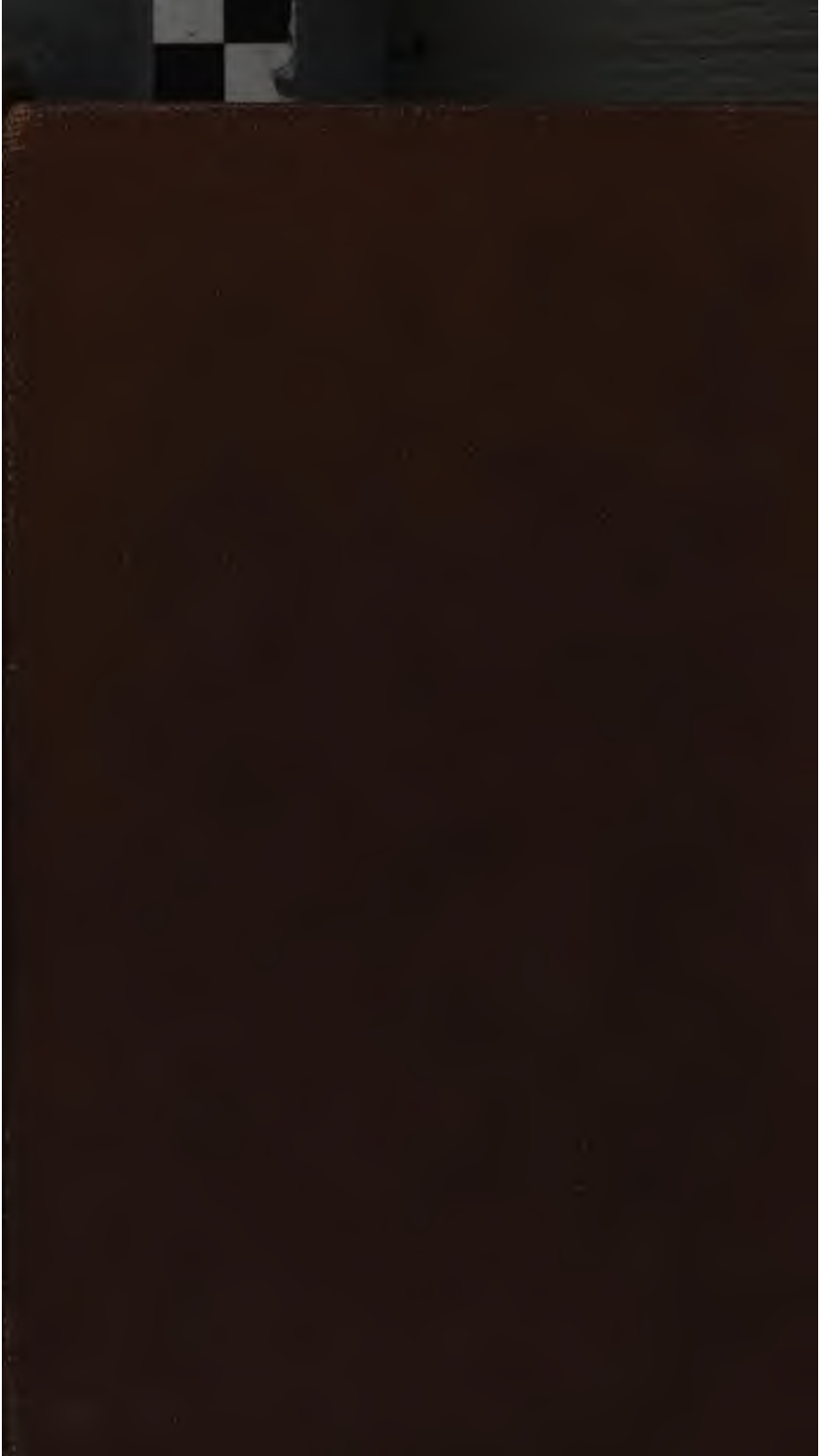
She has left thee. Still lay the drooping Swain
Hanging his mournful head, *Phœbus* in vain
Offers his Herbs, employs his Counſel here;
'Tis all refus'd, or anſwer'd with a tear.
What ſhakes the branches? what makes all the Trees
Begin to bow their Heads, the Goats their Knees?
Oh! 'tis *Silvanus*, with his moſſie Beard
And leafy Crown, attended by a Herd
Of Wood-born Satyrs; ſee! he ſhakes his Spear,
A green young Oak, the talleſt of the year.
Pan, the *Arcadian* God, forſook the Plains,
Mov'd with the ſtory of his *Gallus* pains.
We ſaw him come with Oaten-pipes in hand,
Painted with Berries-juice; we ſaw him ſtand
And gaze upon his Shepherds bathing Eyes;
And What, no end, no end of Grief, he cries!
Love little minds all thy conſuming care,
Or reſtleſs thoughts, they are his daily fare.
Nor cruel Love with tears, nor Graſs with ſhow'rs,
Nor Goats with tender ſprouts, nor Bees with flow'rs
Are ever ſatisfy'd. Thus ſpoke the God,
And touch'd the Shepherd with his Hazle Rod:

He,

He, ſorrow ſlain, ſeem'd to revive, and ſaid,
But yet *Arcadians* is my Grief allay'd,
To think that in theſe Woods, and Hills, and Plains,
When I am ſilent in the Grave, your Swains
Shall ſing my Loves, *Arcadian* Swains inſpir'd
By *Phœbus*; Oh! how gently ſhall theſe tir'd
And fainting Limbs repoſe in endleſs ſleep,
While your ſweet Notes my Love immortal keep!
Would it had pleas'd the Gods, I had been born
Juſt one of you, and taught to wind a Horn,
Or weild a hook, or prune a branching Vine,
And known no other Love, but, *Phillis*, thine;
Or thine, *Amyntas*; what though both are brown,
So are the Nuts and Berries on the Down,
Amongſt the Vines, the Willows and the Springs,
Phillis makes Garlands, and *Amyntas* ſings.
No cruel abſence calls my Love away,
Farther than bleating Sheep can go aſtray:
Here my *Licoris*, here are ſhady Groves,
Here Fountains cool, and Meadows ſoft, our Loves
And Lives may here together wear, and end:
O the true Joys of ſuch a Fate and Friend!

I now am hurried by ſevere Commands,
Into remoteſt Parts, among the Bands
Of armed Troops; there by my Foes purſu'd,
Here by my Friends; but ſtill my Love ſubdu'd.
Thou far from home, and me, art wand'ring o'er
The *Alpine* Snows, the fartheſt Weſtern ſhore,
The frozen *Rhine*. When are we like to meet?
Ah, gently, gently, leaſt thy tender Feet
Be cut with Ice. Cover thy lovely Arms;
The Northern cold relents not at their Charms:
Away I'll go into ſome ſhady Bowers,
And ſing the Songs I made in happier hours,
And charm my woes. How can I better chuſe,
Than amongſt wildeſt Woods my ſelf to loſe,
And carve our Loves upon the tender Tree;
There they will thrive? See how my Love agrees,
With the young Plants: look how they grow together,
In ſpight of abſence, and in ſpight of Weather.
Mean while, I'll climb that Rock, and ramble o'er
Yon woody Hill; I'll chaſe the grizly Boar,

I'll

I'll find *Diana*'s and her Nymphs reſort;
No Froſts, no Storms, ſhall ſlack my eager Sport.
Methinks I'm wandring all about the Rocks
And hollow ſounding Woods: look how my Locks
Are torn with Boughs and Thorns; my Shafts are gone,
My Legs are tir'd, and all my Sport is done.
Alas! this is no cure for my Diſeaſe;
Nor can our toils that angry God appeaſe.
Now neither Nymphs, nor Songs can pleaſe me more,
Nor hollow Woods, nor yet the chafed Boar:
No ſport, no labour, can divert my grief:
Without *Licoris* there is no relief.
Though I ſhould drink up *Heber*'s Icy ſtreams,
Or *Scythian* Snows, yet ſtill her fiery Beams
Would ſcorch me up. Whatever we can prove,
Love conquers all, and we muſt yield to Love.

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